SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII MARCH, 1898 NO. 3

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

I—IN THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED

ROOMS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, ILL.
Saturday Evening, December 5, 1891.

A NEW phase of my experiment is begun. Hitherto I have been in the open country, and have found work with surprising readiness. Now I am in the heart of a congested labor market, and I am learning, by experience, what it is to look for work and fail to find it; to renew the search under the spur of hunger and cold, and of the animal instinct of self-preservation until any employment, no matter how low in the scale of work, that would yield food and shelter, appears to you the very Kingdom of Heaven; and if it could suffer violence, it would seem as though the strength of your desire must take that kingdom by force. But it remains impregnable to your attack, and, baffled and weakened, you are thrust back upon yourself and held down remorselessly to the cold, naked fact that you, who in all the universe are of supremest importance to yourself, are yet of no importance to the universe. You are a superfluous human being. For you there is no part in the play of the world's activity. There remains for you simply this alternative: Have you the physical and moral qualities which fit you to survive, and which will place you at last within the working of the large scheme of things, or, lacking these qualities, does there await you inevitable wreck under the onward rush of the world's great moving life?

That, at all events, is pretty much as it appears to-night to Tom Clark and me. Clark is my "partner," and we are not in good luck nor in high spirits. We each had a ten-cent breakfast this morning, but neither has tasted food since, and to-night, after an exhausting search for work, we must sleep in the station-house.

We are doing our best to pass the time in warmth and comfort until midnight. We know better than to go to the station-house earlier than that hour. Clark is in the corner at my side pretending to read a newspaper, but really trying to disguise the fact that he is asleep.

An official who walks periodically through the reading-room, recalling nodding figures to their senses, has twice caught Clark asleep, and has threatened to put him out.

I shall be on the alert, and shall warn Clark of his next approach, for after this place is closed we shall have long enough to wait in the naked street before we can be sure of places in the larger corridor of the station, where the crowding is less close and the air a degree less foul than

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the inner passage, where men are tightly packed over every square foot of the paved floor.

We are tired and very hungry, and not a little discouraged; we should be almost desperate but for one redeeming fact. The silver lining of our cloud has appeared to-night in the form of falling snow. From the murky clouds which all day have hung threateningly over the city a quiet, steady snow-fall has begun, and we shall be singularly unfortunate in the morning if we can find no pavements to clean.

In the growing threat of snow we have encouraged each other with the brightening prospect of a little work, and for quite half an hour after nightfall we stood alternately before the windows of two cheap restaurants in Madison Street, studying the square placards in the windows on which the bills of fare are printed, and telling each other, with nice discriminations between bulk and strengthening power of food, what we shall choose to-morrow.

It is a little strange, when I think of it, the closeness of the intimacy between Clark and me. We never saw each other until last Wednesday evening, and we know little of each other's past. But I feel as though the ties that bound me to him had their roots far back in our histories. Perhaps men come to know one another quickest and best on this plane of life, where in the fellowship of destitution they struggle for the primal needs and feel the keen sympathies which attest the basal kinship of our common humanity. Ours are not intellectual affinities—at least they are not consciously these—but we feel shrewdly the community of hunger and cold and isolation, and we have drawn strangely near to each other in this baffling struggle for a social footing, and have tempered in our comradeship the biting cold of the loneliness that haunts us on the outskirts of a crowded working world.

. . . . . .

Early on last Wednesday morning, in the gray light of a cloudy day, I began the last stage of the march to Chicago. A walk of something less than thirty miles would take me to the heart of the city.

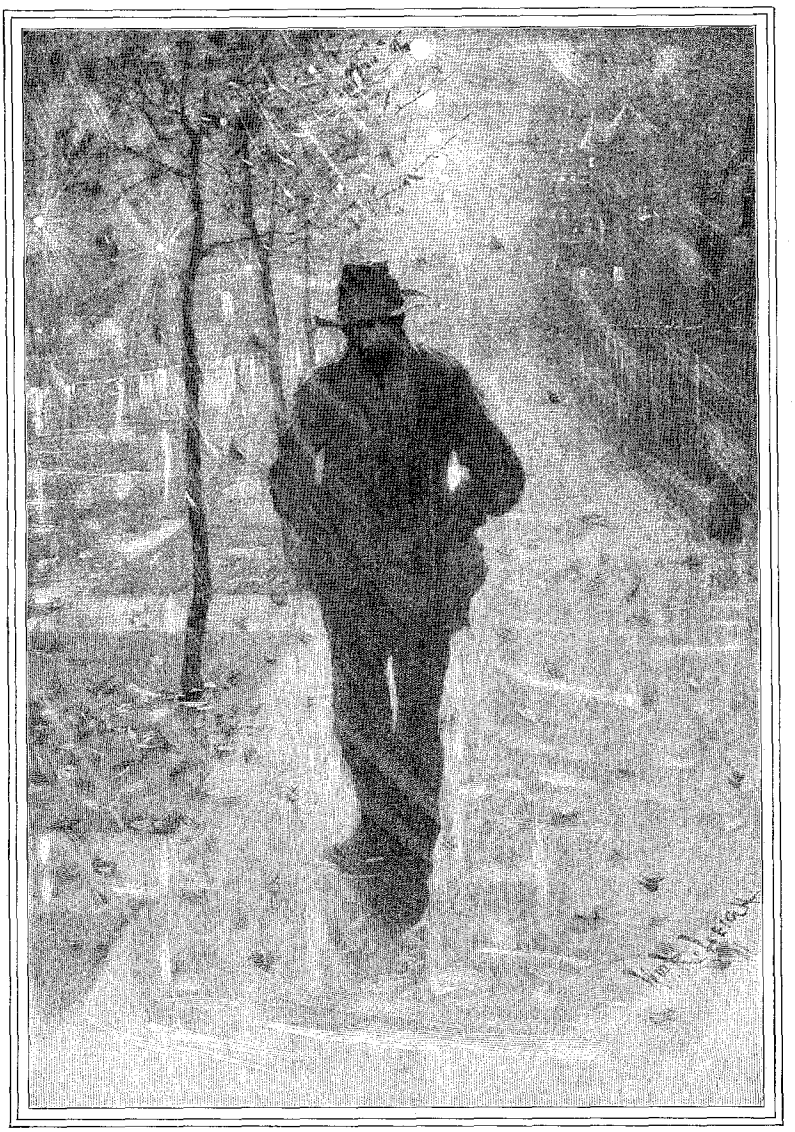
There is an unfailing inspiration in these early renewals of the journey. Solid food and a night of unfathomable sleep have restored the waste of tissue. I set out in the morning with a sense of boundless freedom, with an opening day and the whole wide world before me, with my heart leaping in the joy of living and in high expectancy of what the day may hold of experience and of insight into the lives of my fellow-men.

On this particular morning there is added fulness and freshness in that inbreathing which gives the zest of life. Long had Chicago loomed large to my imagination, and now it stood before me, its volumes of black smoke mingling with the leaden sky in the northern horizon.

How much it had come to mean to me, this huge metropolis of the shifting centre of our population! The unemployed were there, and I had not seen them yet; hundreds lived there who are fiercely at war with the existing state of things, and their speech was an unknown tongue to me, and my conventional imagination could not compass the meaning of their imagings; and then the poor were there, the really destitute, who always feel first and last of all the pressure upon the limits of subsistence, and who in the grim clutch of starvation underbid one another for the work of the sweaters, until the brain reels at the knowledge of the incredible toil by which body and soul are kept together. All this awaited me, the very core of the social problem whose conditions I had set out to learn in the terms of concrete experience.

Nor was I insensible to the charm of other novelties. I have been pressing westward through a land unknown to me. Gradually I am beginning to see the essential provinciality of a mind which knows the eastern seaboard, and has some measure of acquaintance with countries and cities and with men from Ireland to Italy, but which is densely ignorant of our own vast domain, and shrinks from all that lies beyond Philadelphia as belonging to "the West," which sums up the totality of a frontier, where man and nature share a sympathetic wildness, and sometimes vie in outbursts of lawless force. I have not yet reached "the West" in any essential departure from the social and industrial structure of the East. And from the new point of view, "the West" recedes ever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

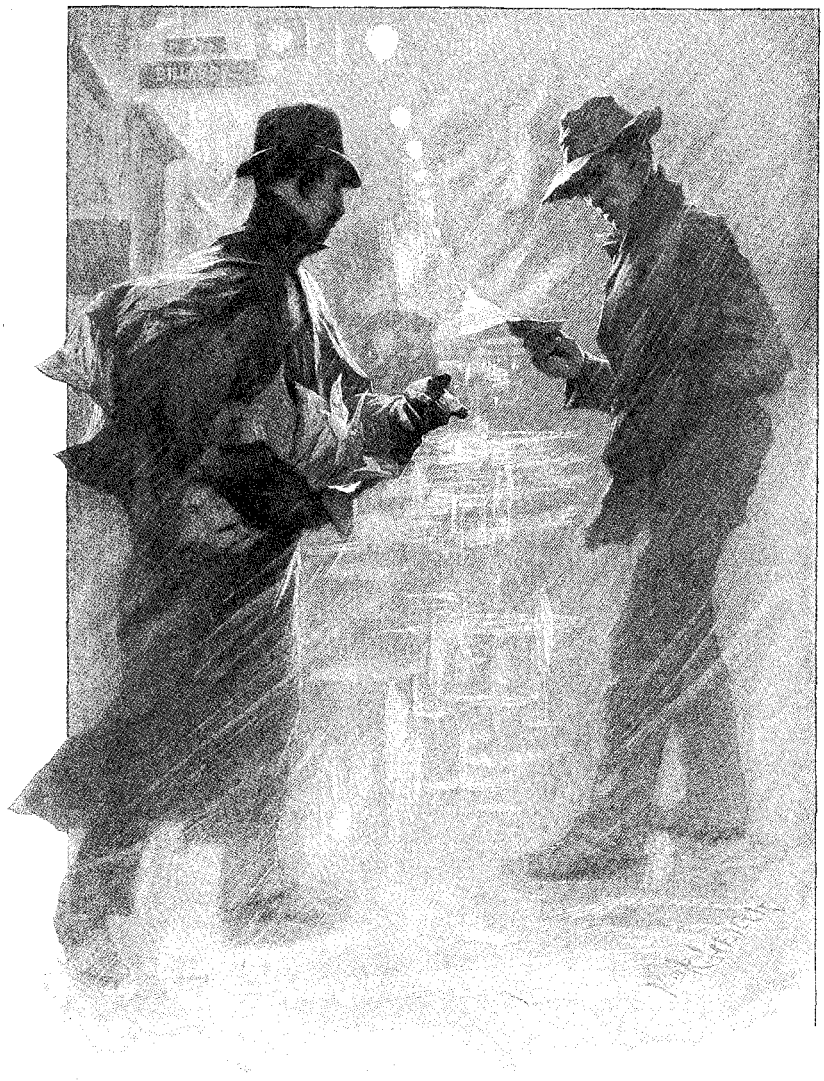


The sense of infinity is heightened by the floating mist.—Page 264.

farther from my sight, until impatient desire sometimes spurs me to a quicker journey, in the fear that the real West may have faded from our map before I reach it, and I may miss the delight of vital contact with the untamed frontier.

Moreover, I could but feel a student's kindling interest in the larger vision of this great centre of industrial life. Its renaissance with augmented vigor from the ashes of its earlier history. The swelling tide of its swarming people until the fifteen hundred thousand mark is reached and passed, and the mounting waves of population roll in, each with the strength of an army of fighting men. The vastness of its productive enterprises, where all the shrewd economies of modern commerce reveal themselves, and where skill and organizing power and the genius of initiative win their quick recognition and rewards, and men of parts pass swiftly from the lowest to the highest places in the scale of productive usefulness and power. And then the splen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"That meeting is not far," he is saying, "and it's warm there. Won't you go?"—Page 267.

did vigor of its nobler living, its churches and public schools and libraries and wise philanthropies, and its impatient hunger after art, which impels it to lay eager, unrelenting hands upon the products of a score of centuries, and, in a single day, to call them "mine."

But I was fast nearing the goal of my desire, and the claims of pressing needs were crowding out the visions of the morning. I had passed through the wilderness by which the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne Railroad enters the outskirts of Chicago. As far as the eye could reach had stretched a dreary plain broken by the ridges of sand-dunes, among which stood dwarfed oaks, and gnarled and stunted pines, and the slender, graceful stems of white-barked birches, on whose twigs the last brown leaves of autumn rustled in the winter wind. Upon my right I saw at last the broad bosom of the lake, gleaming like burnished steel under the threatening sky, and breaking into a line of inky blackness where it lapped the pebbles on the beach.

Presently I learn that I am in South Chicago, and I note the converging lines of railways that cross the streets on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

level at every possible angle, and the surface cable-cars, and the long line of blast-furnaces by the lake, and elevators here and there, and huge factories, and the myriad homes of workingmen. It is all a blackened chaos to my eyes, rude and crude and raw, and I wonder that orderly commerce can flow through channels so confused.

But the streets are soon more regular, and for some time I have been checking off, by their decreasing numerals, the approach to my journey's end. I am in the midst of a seemingly endless suburban region. There are wide stretches of open prairie, cut through by city streets; there are city buildings of brick and stone standing alone, or in groups of twos and threes, stark and appealing in their lonely waiting for flanking neighbors; and there are comfortable wooden cottages set with an air of rural seclusion among trees, and having lawns and garden areas about them; and then there are whole squares built up like the *nuclei* of new communities with conventional three-storied dwellings, and the varied shops of local retail trade, and abundant saloons.

Early in the afternoon I stop to rest on the platform of the Woodlawn station of the Illinois Central Railroad. For some time I have had glimpses within a highly boarded enclosure of towering iron frames, with their graceful, sweeping arches meeting at dizzy heights, and appearing like the fragmentary skeletons of mammoths mounted in an open paleontological museum.

The suburban trains are rushing in and out of the station with nearly the frequency of elevated trains in New York, and not far away are lines of cable-cars, where a five-cent fare would take me, in

"It's d—— tough to go out into that," he adds, as he turns up the collar of his light covert coat.—Page 270.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a few minutes, over the weary miles which intervene to the business portion of the town. But I have not one cent, and much less five, and if I had so much as that it would go for food, for I am tired, it is true, but I am much hungrier than tired.

There is a hopeful prospect in the air of immense activity in this neighborhood. I have easily recognized the vast enclosure beyond as Jackson Park, and the steel skeletons as the frames of the exposition buildings. Thousands of men are at work there, and the growing volume of the enterprise may furnish a ready chance of employment. I am but a few steps from the Sixty-third Street entrance, and, in my ignorance, I am soon pressing through, when a gate-keeper challenges me, civilly:

"Let me see your ticket."

"I have no ticket," I reply.

He is roused in an instant, and he steps threateningly toward me, his voice deepening in anger.

"Get out of this, then, you d—— hobo, or I'll put you out!"

At the gate I stand my ground in the right of a citizen and explain that I am looking for work, and am hopeful of a job from one of the bosses.

"This ain't no time to see a boss," is his retort; "they're all busy. If we let you fellows in here we'd be lousy with hoboes in an hour. Come at seven in the morning, if you like, and take your chances with the others. Only my private tip to you is that you ain't got no chance, not yet."

Not far away there are many new buildings going up, huge, unlovely shells of brick that even at this stage tell plainly their struggles with the purely utilitarian problem of a maximum of room accommodation at a minimum of cost. I walk toward the nearest one, pondering, the while, the meaning of the word *hobo*, new to me, and having an uncomfortable feeling that, for the first time, I have been taken, not for an unemployed laborer in honest search of work, but for one of the professionally idle.

It has begun to rain, a dreary, sopping drizzle, half mist, half melting snow, heavy with the soot of the upper air, and it clings tenaciously, until my threadbare outer coat is twice its normal weight, and my leaking boots pump the slimy pavement water at every step.

For two hours or more I go from one contractor to another, among the new buildings, asking work. The interviews are short and decisive. The typical boss is he who is moving anxious-eyed among his men with attention fixed upon some detail. He hears without heeding my request, and he shouts an order before he turns to me with an imperative "No, I don't want you!" and sometimes an added curse.

"I guess you are the fiftieth man that has asked me for a job to-day," said one boss, more communicative than the others. "I'm sorry for you poor devils," he added, with a searching look into my face, "but there's too many of you."

My walk has carried me now through the coming Midway Plaisance and past the grounds of the new Chicago University to the outskirts of a park. I enter there with a feeling of relief, for I am soon out of the atmosphere of infinite employment where there is no work for me. Here there are open lawns, with snow crystals clinging to the tender turf, and trees of bewildering variety whose boughs are outstretched in graceful benediction over winding walks and drives and the curving, mossy banks of lakes.

When I emerge from this touch of nature and high art it is upon a stately boulevard of double drives and quadruple rows of sturdy elms which line the bridle-paths and wide pavements. Mile after mile I walk, tired and hungry and wet, and quite lost in wonder. Is there in the wide world a city street to match with this? Rising in a paradise of landscape gardening it stretches its majestic length like the broad sweep of another *Champs Élysées*, flanked by palaces of uncounted cost and unimagined horror of architecture, opening here to a stretch of wide prairie, and closing there to the front of a "block" of houses of uncompromising Philistinism and decorations of "unchastened splendor," and reaching, at times, its native dignity in a setting of buildings which tell the final truth of the elegance of simplicity.

It has grown dark when I enter Michigan Avenue, and again my way stretches far before me, this time under converging lines of lights that seem to meet at an almost infinite distance. The sense of infinity is heightened by the floating mist, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

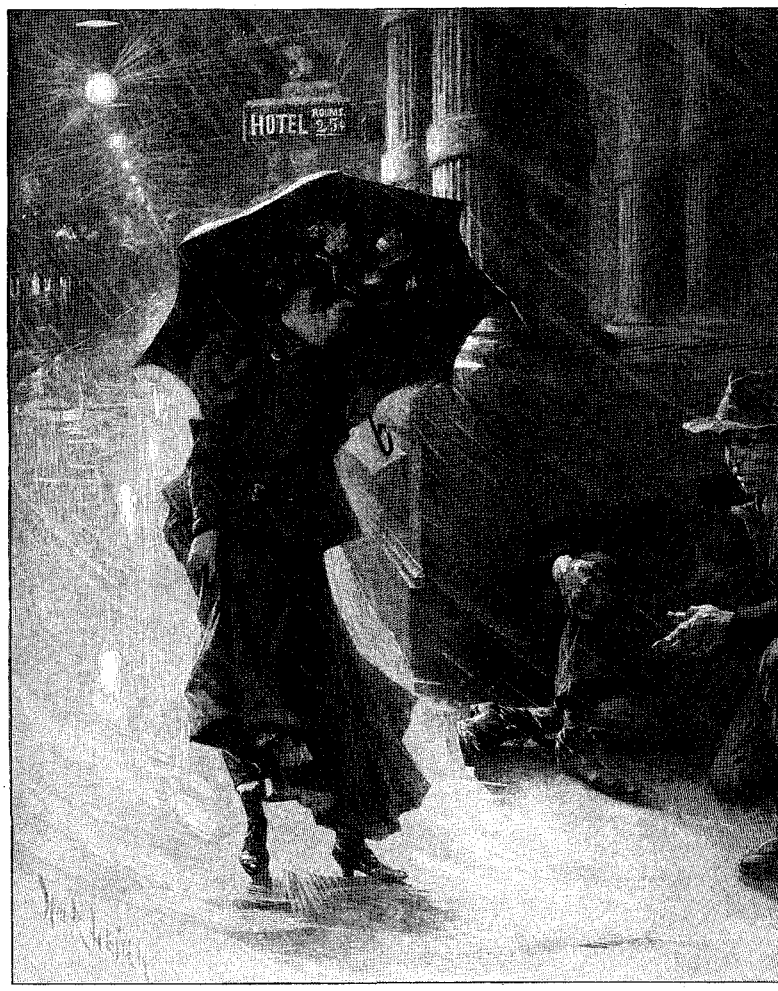
In the corner near us are three men, slouching, listless, weary specimens of their kind, who are playing "Comrades."—Page 271.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the nearer lights play with an effect of orange halo about them, and the farther lamps shine in an ever vaguer distance behind their clinging veils of fog.

Scarcely a soul is in the street. It is a residence quarter of much wealth, and like all else that I have seen so far, of strangest incongruities. Houses of lavish cost and shabbiest economy of taste, so gorgeous that you can scarcely believe them private homes, give way, at times, to lines of brown fronts precisely like those which in unvarying uniformity of basement and "stoop" and four-storied façade, flank miles of dreary side-streets in New York. These yield in turn to churches and apartment-houses and hotels and clubs —all creating an atmosphere of wealth and of social refinement, while almost interspersed with them are homes of apparent poverty and certainly of gentility on the ravelled edge of things. And bursting now through all this medley is the clanging, rumbling rush of railway traffic. I can scarcely believe my eyes at first, but under the frowning walls of a towering armory I am held up by the downward sweep of the gates of a railway crossing, on the dead level of the avenue, and am kept there until a freight-train has crawled past its creaking length.

It all seems a meaningless chaos at the first, but soon I feel the pulse of the life within it, a young life of glorious vigor and



She is facing us near at hand, her head framed in the dark umbrella which rests upon her shoulder.—Page 273.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A matronly woman is sewing with an air of domesticity and entire oblivion to her unusual surroundings.—Page 274.

of indomitable resolve to attain what it so strongly feels though vaguely known. And here and there I can see the promise of its fair fruition in lines of strength and power and beauty, where the hand of some true master has wrought a home for the abiding of good taste.

Soon there is an abrupt end of buildings on my right, and the land fades away into an open plain, and from out the sleet-swept darkness beyond comes faintly the sound of "crisping ripples on the beach." I know that I am at my journey's end, for I have begun to catch glimpses of Ossa-piled-on-Pelion structures which rise in graceless lines into the black night. I come up all standing before one of these, a veritable Palazzo Vecchio, huge, impenetrable, vast, bringing into this New-World city something of the sense of time and density of the Piazza della Signoria.

Here, too, the avenue is almost deserted, and I turn sharply under the massive battlements of this Florentine palace, to where the glare of many lights and the counter-currents of street-crowds attract me. Across Wabash Avenue I pass on to State Street. My eye has just begun to note the novelties of the scene when it falls upon the figure of a young man. He stands in the middle of the pavement at the corner, and hands swiftly printed slips of white paper among the moving crowd. Many persons pass unheeding, but a few accept the proffered notice. I take one, and I stop for a moment on the curb to read it. Its purport as an invitation to attend a Gospel meeting has become clear to me, when I find the young man at my side. He wears a heavy winter ulster that reaches to his boot-tops, and its rolling collar is turned up snugly about his ears. On his hands are dog-skin gloves, and the rays of street-lights glisten in the myriad drops of half-frozen mist that cling like heavy dew to the rough, woollen surface of his coat. I must cut a figure standing there, wet and travel-stained, my teeth chattering audibly in the cold night-air, and it is plainly my evident fitness as a field for Christian work that has drawn to me the notice of this young evangelist.

"That meeting is not far," he is saying, "and it's warm there. Won't you go?"

"Thank you, I will," is my ready reply, and then he politely points the way down a side street on the left where, he says, a large transparency over the door marks the entrance to the meeting-hall.

The place is crowded with men—workingmen many of them—and many are plainly of that blear-eyed, bedraggled, cowering type which one soon learns to distinguish from the workers. Men pass

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Overflowing through the open door of the farthest passage upon the floor of the main corridor are the sprawling figures of men asleep.—Page 274.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freely in and out with no disturbance to the meeting, and watching my chance I soon slip into a vacant seat near the great stove that burns red-hot half way up the room. Ah, the luxury of the warmth and the undisputed right to sit in restful comfort! Again and again, in the afternoon I had sat down on the steps of some public building, but from every passing eye had come a shot of questioning suspicion, and once a patrolling officer ordered me to move on with a sharp reminder that "the step of a church was no loafing-place."

Deeper and deeper I sink into my seat. A warm, seductive ease enfolds me. I dare not fall asleep for fear of being turned into the street. And yet the very hint of going out again into the shelterless night comes over me in the dim sense of fading consciousness as a thought so grotesquely impossible that I nearly laugh aloud. Out from this warmth and light and cover into the pitiless inhospitality of the open town! Oh, no, that is beyond conceiving. And all the while I know—such is the subtlety of our instinctive thinking—that it is the awful fear of this that conquers now the overmastering sleep which woos me.

The men are singing lustily under inspiring leadership and to the accompaniment of a cornet and harmonium. Short prayers are offered, and fervent exhortations, interspersed with hymns, are made, and finally the men are urged to "testify."

I follow in vague anxiety the change of exercise, but no clear idea reaches me; for in full possession of my mind is the haunting fear of a benediction which will send us out again. But while the men are speaking in quick succession there begins to pierce to the benumbed seat of thought a sense of something very living. Their speech, in simplest, homeliest phrase, is of things most intimate and real. They speak of life—their own—sunk to deepest degradation. They tell the story of growing drunkenness and vice, of hope fast fading out of life, of faith and honor and self-respect all gone, and at last the outer dark wherein men live to feed their passions and blaspheme until they dare to die, or death anticipates the courage of despair. And then the purport of it all shines clear in what they have to tell of a Divine hand reached out to them, of trembling hope and love reborn, of desire after righteousness breathing anew in a prayer for help.

Now I am all vividly alive and keen, for, standing straight not far from where I sit, is a grand figure of a man. He is bronzed, deep-chested, lithe, and in the setting of his shoulders there is splendid strength, which shows again in the broad, clean-cut hands that quiver in their grip upon the seat in front. He has the modest bearing of a gentleman, and his unfaltering voice vibrates with a compelling sense of deep sincerity.

"I haven't any story different from what you've heard to-night, but I, too, want to tell what God has done for me. When I got my growth I went West and turned cow-puncher. I was young, and I liked the life and the men, and I went over pretty much all the western country, and there ain't any kind of devilment that cowboys get into that I didn't have a hand in. I never thought of God nor of my soul. I never cared. I despised religion. I thought that I was strong and master of myself. I drank and swore and gambled, and did worse, and it never troubled me a bit. But a time came when I found that I wasn't master. There was something in me stronger than me, and that was the love of drink. And, friends, that was the beginning of the end. I began to lose my self-respect, and the end of it was that that there ain't a poor devil in this town that is sunk any lower than what I was. You know what that means. One night, a year and a half ago, I was walking through Harrison Street. I was half-drunk on barrel-house whiskey, and all I was thinking of was how I could get up pluck enough to kill myself. But I stopped in a crowd around some Salvation Army people. A man older than me was telling how he was helped by the power of God out of a life like mine and made a man of again. I liked the way he had, for he seemed straight. I waited for him, and he told me, all to myself, the story of Christ's power to save lost men, and how He lived and died to save us. It seemed too good to be true. I'd known it in a way, but I never knew it was meant for me. And right away when I began to see that there was hope for me yet, that I could get back my self-respect,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and be master of myself, not in my own strength, which had failed me, but in His strength, why, friends, my heart went right out to the Saviour in a prayer for help. And what I want to say most of all is this, that in all the hard fight that I've had since, in all the ups and downs of it, He hasn't failed me once. He's made my life new to me, and I love Him from my heart, and I know that in His strength I will gain the victory at last. Friends, what the Bible tells us about His 'saving us from our sins' is true."

He sits down, and a hymn is given out and sung, but the truth which has found lodgement in our hearts is the living truth of a human life reclaimed. We have listened to the story of the prodigal from his own lips. We have heard again the cosmic parable of wandering and return; the mystery of creation, and fall, and re-creation by a power divine; the great, irrefutable witness to the Truth in the history of a lost soul come to itself and returning to the Father's house.

In the midst of the singing the leader walks quietly down the aisle to the rear. Two ladies are there struggling in a vain effort to quiet an old man. They have come to help in the conduct of the service, and the old man has increasingly claimed their care, for he is drunk and is growing violent. I have noticed him in his restless movements. Upon his stooping figure he wears an old army coat and cape that are dripping with the rain. His gray mustache and beard are long and matted, and stained all round his mouth with the deep brown of tobacco-juice. His unkempt hair falls in frowsy masses about his ears, and his lustreless eyes, inflamed and expressionless, bulge from their swollen sockets.

In an instant the leader's strong hand is upon him, and with no commotion above the sound of song the old man is soon without the hall, and the leader back in his place again singing as heartily as ever.

When the meeting ends the crowd moves slowly and listlessly toward the door, as though its prevailing mood were aimless beyond the dull necessity of passing the time. The fine rain and melting snow are still falling through the mist. The men drift away singly or in groups of twos and threes, under the flickering lights, their heads bent slightly forward and their bare hands thrust into the side-pockets of their trousers.

In the crush about the foot of the aisle a young man speaks to me:

"You are pretty wet, aren't you?" he says, quietly, as the jam presses him against me.

I see at a glance that he is far more respectable than I, and my first mental attitude is one of hospitality to further evangelizing effort. But I shift at once, for, without waiting for a reply from me, he adds:

"It's d—— tough to go out into that," as he turns up the collar of his light covert coat in the blast of piercing dampness which strikes our faces through the open door.

"It is tough," I agree, as I study his face. He is about thirty, I should say, and almost six feet high, but of rather slender figure. He is smooth-shaven, and an effect of pallor is heightened by yellow hair and pale blue eyes, with dark arcs beneath them and a bluish tinge about his mouth. Plainly he has been little exposed to the outer air, but he is an habitual workman, as his hands attest unmistakably when he lifts them to adjust his coat-collar.

"Ain't you got no place to go to?" he asks.

"No."

"No more have I," he adds, laconically. And then, after a pause:

"When did you strike this town?"

"This evening."

"Looking for a job?"

"Yes."

"Same as me. What kind of a job?"

"Any kind that I can get."

"Ain't you got a trade?"

"No."

"Well, I don't believe you are any worse off for that here. I struck the place yesterday and I ain't never seen so many idle men and hoboes in my life before. When the iron-works in Cleveland closed down, that laid me off. I couldn't get no job there, and so I beat my way here. I had fifty cents in my clothes and that got me something to eat yesterday and a bed last night, but I spent my last cent for grub this noon. I've been to most every foundry in Chicago, I guess, but I ain't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found any sign of a job yet. Where are you going to put in the night?"

"I don't know, for I haven't any money either."

"I am going to the Harrison Street station and I'll show you the way, partner, if you like. My name is Clark, Thomas L. Clark," he adds, with a particularity which is another proof of his belonging to a higher order of workingmen than I.

I tell him my name, but he evidently considers it not a serviceable one, for he ignores it from the first, and consistently makes use of "partner."

We walk together in the direction of State Street, and Clark explains to me that we must not go to the station until after midnight, a fact which he had learned, and the reasons for it, from an acquaintance in a cheap lodging-house where he had spent the night before.

At the corner I hold Clark for a moment until my eyes have caught the character of the street. It is wide, with broad pavements on each side, and is lined with great business houses of retail trade, the "department store" the prevailing type. The shop-windows are ablaze with electric lights, and gorgeous as to displays which are taking on a holiday character. Whole fronts of some of the buildings are fairly covered with temporary signs, painted in gigantic letters on canvas stretched on wooden frames, and vying fiercely in strident announcements of "sweeping reductions" and "moving," and "bankrupt," and "fire sales."

There is little noise upon the street aside from the almost constant swishing rush of cable-cars and the irritating clangor of their gongs. The crowds had wholly disappeared. There are a few pedestrians, who hold their umbrellas close above their heads, and step briskly in evident haste to get in out of the stormy night, and we pass men of our own type who are drifting aimlessly, and now and then a stalwart officer, well-booted and snug under his waterproof, with his arms folded and his club held tight in the pressure of an armpit.

We are walking south along the west side of State Street. There is a swift social decline here, for every door we pass is that of a saloon, and above us hang frequent transparencies which advertise lodgings at ten and fifteen cents, while across the way are the flaring lights of a cheap theatre.

"We can get warm in here," says Clark, abruptly, and he turns into a doorway which opens on the street.

I follow him down a narrow passage whose faint light enters through a stained-glass partition, which hems it in along the inner side wall of the building. Through a door at the end of the passage we enter a large room brilliantly lighted, and I follow Clark to an iron stove at one side in which a coal fire burns furiously. In the corner near us are three men, slouching, listless, weary specimens of their kind, who are playing "Comrades" with a gusto curiously out of keeping with their looks of bored fatigue. One has a harp, another a violin, and the third drums ceaselessly upon a piano of harsh, metallic tone.

There are a dozen round tables in the room, and at these are seated small groups of men and women drinking beer. Some of the men are workmen, but most are loafers, not of the tramp but of the rough civic type.

The women are young, most of them very young, and there is little trace of beauty and almost none of hard brutality in any face among them. They are simply commonplace. As a company the women lack the hale robustness of the men. They are mostly little women, of slight figures, and some add to this a transparency of skin and a feverish brightness of eye which clearly mark the sure burning of consumption. A few are cast in sturdier mould, and, with faces flushed with drink, they look strong and healthy. All seem warmly dressed in cheap, worn garments suited to the season, and there are many touches of finery and some even of taste in their shabby winter hats. Each carries a leather purse in her hand, or allows it to lie on the table before her with her gloves. The hands of nearly all of them are bare, and you see at once that they are large and coarse and very dirty.

Suddenly you note that the social atmosphere is one of strangest, completest camaraderie. The conversation is the blasphemous, obscenest gossip of degraded men that keeps the dead level of the ordinary unrelieved by anger or by mirth, and varying only with the indifferent interchange of men's and women's voices.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The naturalness and untrammelled social ease have blinded you for a time to what you really see, and then the black reality reveals itself in human degradation below which there is no depth—as though lost, sexless souls were already met upon a common plane of deepest knowledge of all evil. And yet in very truth they are living fellow men and women, in whom have centred the strength of natural love and hope, and centres still the constraining love of a Heavenly Father.

Clark is whispering in my ear:

"I guess we'd better get out of this. That waiter has his eye on us. In a minute he'll ask us for our orders."

We pass again through the garish lights that flood the pavements before saloons from whose inner chambers come the tinkling, brassy notes of cheap music.

"Are they all like that place we've been in?" I ask.

"These dives, you mean?"

"Yes."

"They are all the same. There are hundreds like them in this town," he answers.

Near the centre of what appears to be the chief business section of the street Clark turns into a dark entry.

"Come up here," he says to me over his shoulder.

"What is this?" I call after him from the threshold.

"Here's where I slept last night," he replies.

I follow up a flight of filthy wooden steps. Under the light of a single gas-jet which burns faintly over the first landing, we turn to a door at the right. Within is a sustained volume of men's voices at conversation pitch, and we enter at once upon a company of thirty or forty men seated on wooden benches around a base-burner, or standing in groups within the compass of its grateful warmth. The unmoving air is thick with tobacco-smoke, and dense with pollution beyond all but the suggesting power of words. An electric arc gleams from the centre-ceiling, and sputters and hisses above the noise of mingled speech. In the ghastly light the floor and walls are covered with black shadows, sharply articulated, and revealing clearly through their restless movements the ragged, unkempt condition of the men.

In one corner is an office quite like a ticket-booth at an athletic field, and behind the narrow window stands a man with an open book before him. His eyes wander ceaselessly over the company, and presently he steps out into the open room. He is making straight for Clark and me; his grease-stained, worn, black suit hanging loose about his wasted figure, a something not unlike a small decanter-stopper glistening on the bosom of his soiled, collarless, white shirt, his singularly repulsive face growing clearer as he comes, the receding forehead and small, weak, close-set piercing eyes, the high cheek-bones and bristling black mustache over a drooping mouth stained with tobacco. He walks straight up to Clark.

"You was here last night?" he asks with rising inflection and a German accent.

"Yes," says Clark. "I come up to-night to see a fellow I know," he adds of his own initiative.

"Do you see him?" says the clerk.

"No."

"Was you and your pal going to take beds?"

"No."

And in the awkward situation thus created, Clark and I go out once more from the luxury of warmth and shelter.

The pavements are now in possession of crowds returning from the theatres, and at certain crossings is a rush for cable-cars going south. We turn down Quincy Street. It is still almost an hour before midnight. Simultaneously we notice a deep, wide entry of a business house, so deep that its inner corners are quite dry, and one of them is fairly shielded from the wind. With a mutual impulse we turn in, and crouch close together on the paved floor in the shade of the sheltered corner.

We sit in perfect silence for a time. Our teeth have begun again to chatter, and it is difficult to speak. Besides, we have nothing to say beyond the wish that we were fed and warmed and sheltered, and this is such a deepening longing to us both that we have begun to keep a reverent silence about it.

Not half a score of people pass us as we crouch there through a quarter of an hour or more, and none of them sees us, which is fortunate; for one of the num-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber is a policeman, who walks down the other side, swinging his club in easy rhythm to his sauntering steps.

But now once more we feel the tension of anxious waiting, for again we hear the sound of footsteps fast approaching. A lifted umbrella first appears, and under it a woman's dark skirt, all wet about the hem, and clinging to her ankles as she walks, and vainly tries to hold it free from the sloppy pavement. Her eyes are on the ground, and she is humming softly to herself, and we think that she is safely past, when both of us start suddenly to a little cry, an exclamation of surprise :

"Oh-h-h ! what in h—— are you boys doing there?" And the question has in it a note of light-hearted merriment, as though the words had come upon a wave of rippling laughter.

She is facing us near at hand, her head framed in the dark umbrella which rests upon her shoulder, and her face in the full side-light of a neighboring window. Out of large dark eyes she is looking straight at us, and I mark at once the clean-cut pencilling of her eyebrows against a skin of natural pallor, and the backward sweep of black hair from a low forehead and about her ears. She is no beauty, but her mouth is one of almost faultless drawing, large and sensitive and firm, with a dimple at each corner, and her chin of perfect moulding fades into the graceful lines of a well-rounded throat.

I am struck dumb for the moment, but Clark is disturbed in no wise by the situation, and is answering her in perfect calmness that we have taken shelter there, and "won't she go on, please, for she may attract to us the notice of a cop."

"He's not coming this way yet a while," she retorted; "I met him just now at the corner."

They fall into easy, natural dialogue, and the girl soon learns that we are newly come to Chicago seeking work, and hungry and shelterless we are waiting for the right hour in which to go to the station-house.

"And why did you ever come to this God - condemned town ?" she asks. "There's thousands of boys like you here, and no jobs for none of you."

There is quick resentment in Clark's sharp rejoinder :

"And why in h—— did *you* come ?" But the girl's good-nature is unruffled; you simply feel an instinctive tightening of her grip upon herself as her figure straightens slightly to the reply :

"I come to hustle, sonny, and I guess this is as good a place to hustle in as any. I'm in —— hard luck to-night, for I ain't made a cent, and I met that cop on —— Street. He's spotted me. I had to go down into my stocking and give him my last dollar to fix him, or else he'd have run me in, and I've been up three times this week. The judge told me he'd send me to the Bridewell next time." She is a girl of eighteen, or, perhaps, of twenty years.

In another moment I see her lift her young, unfaltering eyes to a passing stranger, and in them, unashamed, is the nameless questioning which takes surest hold on hell.

And now she has turned again, and one soiled, gloveless hand is outstretched to us.

"I'm going, boys," she says. "Good-night. You are in harder luck than me, for I ain't hungry and I've got a place to sleep, so you take this. It ain't much, but it's all I've got. Good luck to you. Good-night."

Men who have felt it never speak lightly of fear, nor are they ashamed to own to it—the fear that is fear, when unprepared you face a sudden danger whose measure you cannot know; when the scalp tightens with a creeping movement and the hair lifts itself on end, and each muscle stiffens in the cold of swift paralysis, while your brain throbs with the sudden rush of hot blood. But there is a feeling beyond that—"when the nerves prick and tingle and the heart is sick," and the soul in ineffable agony of doubt and fear cries through a black and Godless void for some answer to the mystery of life.

A silver coin is glistening in Clark's open palm.

"There's two beers in this, partner, and a free lunch for both of us," he is saying. "Let's go to a saloon."

Five minutes later he leaves me in high indignation, with a "Stay, then, and be damned !" and I feel some uncertainty about his coming back.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soon I fall into the dreamless torpor which comes to relieve the too-heavy hearted. But from out its stupor I waken sharply to quickest sensibility. Quivering darts of pain are shooting swiftly through my body from a burning centre in my thigh. A night watchman stands over me, holding a dark lantern to my face. He has roused me with a brutal kick. In my heart black murder reigns alone for a moment, and then I remember what I am, and I limp into the street speechless under the watchman's curses.

I had misjudged Clark. I have not waited long when I see him walking toward me. He is warmed and fed, and has soon forgot his earlier wrath in eagerness to "do" the night watchman. From this, however, it is not difficult to dissuade him on the ground of the weakness of our legal status as compared with his.

We walk now toward Harrison Street, and as we enter it, there shines high from out the darkness an illumined face of a clock with its hands pointing to a few minutes past the hour of twelve. A freight-train is drawing slowly into the station-yard, creaking and jolting with a varying tug of a locomotive that pants deeply to a steady pull, and then puffs hard in sudden spurts which send its wheels "racing" on the icy rails. The train stands still with a sound of communicated bumping which loses itself far down the yard, and then there come swarming from the cars a score or two of tramps who have beaten their way into the city. They know their ground, for silent and stooping in the wet they make straight, as with a common impulse, to the station-house on the corner.

"We'll leave them go in first," says Clark, "it's all the better for us," and then we walk up and down before the plain brick building, with the lights streaming from its basement and first-floor windows.

By a short flight of steps we finally enter a small passage which opens into a large, square room. A few police officers and reporters are standing about in casual conversation. One officer, with unerring judgment of our need, beckons us his way, and, without a word, he points us down the steps into the basement. A locked door of iron grating blocks the way at the foot of the steps, and we stand there for some minutes while a newly arrived prisoner is being registered and searched. Behind a high desk sits a typical, robust officer who asks questions and notes the answers in his book, and beside him, near at hand, a matronly woman is sewing with an air of domesticity and entire oblivion to her unusual surroundings, while near the prisoner before the desk, stand two policemen who have "run him in."

All these are in a wide corridor which extends east and west through the depth of the building. In its south wall are some half dozen doors of iron grating, each opening into a small passage at right angles to the main corridor, and the cells range along the sides of these.

The prisoner has soon been disposed of. The officer on duty then unlocks the door behind which we stand, and admits us before the desk. The registrar looks up, an expression of irritation in his face.

"More men to spend the night?" he asks.

"Well, turn in," he adds, with a jerk of his head to the left. "I've got no more room for names. I guess I've entered two hundred lodgers and more already to-night."

Clark and I need no further directions. Overflowing through the open door of the farthest passage upon the floor of the main corridor are the sprawling figures of men asleep. We walk in among them.

"If we ain't never had 'em, I guess we'll catch 'em to-night," says Clark, softly in my ear, and the words take on a sickening significance as we enter an unventilated atmosphere of foulest pollution, and we see more clearly the frowzy, ragged garments of unclean men, and have glimpses here and there of caking filth upon a naked limb.

The wisdom of a late hour of retiring is at once apparent when we have sight of the inner passage. Not a square foot of the dark, concrete floor is visible. The space is packed with men all lying on their right sides with their legs drawn up, and each man's legs pressed close in behind those of the man in front.

Clark draws from an inside pocket a roll of old newspapers, and hands me one. We spread them on the pavement as a Mohammedan unrolls his mat for prayers, and then we take off our boots and coats.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our soaked, pulpy boots we fold in our jackets and use them as pillows, and we soften our bed by spreading over the newspapers our outer coats, which thus have a chance to dry in the warmth of the room and in that which comes from our bodies. We need no covering in the steaming heat in which we lie, and I can see at a glance that Clark and I are more fortunate than most of the other men, for few of them have outer coats, and in their threadbare, filthy garments they lie with nothing but paper between them and the floor, their heads pillowed on their arms.

By no means are all of them asleep. In the thick air above their reclining figures there is an unceasing murmur of low, gruff voices. What words can fit the hellish quality of that strange converse? It is not human, though it comes from living men; it has no humor though it touches life most intimately; it knows not hate and craving need and blank indifference, but all these feelings speak alike a tongue of utter blasphemy; and it is not prurient, even though it reeks with coarse obscenity.

And in the men themselves, how widely severed from all things human is the prevailing type!—Their bloated, unwashed flesh and unkempt hair; their hideous ugliness of face, unreclaimed by marks of inner strength and force, but revealing rather, in the relaxation of sleep, a deepening of the lines of weakness, until you read in plainest characters the paralysis of the will. And then there are the stealthy, restless eyes of those who are awake, eyes set in faces which lack utterly the strength of honest labor and even that of criminal wit.

But there are marked exceptions to the prevailing type, men like Clark, sound and strong in flesh, and having about them the signs of habitual decency, and their faces stamped with the open frankness which comes of earning a living by honest work. Some of these are young immigrants, newly come most evidently, and I picture their rude awakenings from golden dreams of a land of plenty.

Clark is fast asleep beside me, but I cannot sleep for gnawing hunger and the dull pain of lying bruised and sore upon the hard, paved floor.

There is sudden, nervous movement near me. Looking up I see a man seated straight, tugging frantically at his shirt, and swearing viciously the while in muffled tones. In a moment he has torn the garment off, and his crooked, bony fingers are passing swiftly over the shrivelled skin of his old, lean body in search of his tormentors, and his oaths come lisping from his toothless mouth. The men about him are ordering him, with deepening curses, to lie down and keep still.

The former quiet soon returns, and in it I lie thinking of another world I know, a world of men and women whose plane of life is removed from this by all the distance of the infinite. Faith and love and high resolve are there, the inspirers of true living, and courage spurs to unflinching effort, and hope lights the way of unsuccess and gives vision through the vale of sorrow and of death. And the common intercourse is the perfect freedom which is bred of high allegiance to inborn courtesy and honor.

What living link is there that joins these worlds together, and gives vital meaning to the confirmation of brotherhood spoken in the divine words of the Apostle: "We, being many, are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another?"

Pondering this mystery I fall asleep, and so ends my first day in the army of the unemployed.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN PACE

By Elizabeth Worthington Fiske

SWEET is this rest!
Moveless to lie with folded hands,
My hair that strayed in shapely bands,
Lids sealing fast the tired eyes,
That look yet deep into the skies!
Robed as for joy—from throat to feet
Soft white enfolding me complete,
A rose upon my breast.
Still as the forest pools at night,
Still as the outmost planet bright!
As wreck storm-swept upon the shore,
As saints newborn that kneel before
God's throne, amazed and blest!

Was it a dream
That I lay in a curtained room,
The dull air charged with faint perfume,
Where phantoms flitted to and fro,
Or stood beside my bed a-row,
While still the tide rose high, and higher,
That through my veins rolled liquid fire?—
Then sudden pain did seem
To vanish into peace! A chime
Pulses afar—but past is time;
Beyond—the vast!—a crownless height!—
I know not if of day or night
Are the shadow and the gleam.

The memories grew
That in my dream kind faces oft
Bent o'er me, voices tender, soft,
Charmed back the ghosts; these come and weep,
And call my name! some spell must keep
My lips, my hands! One kneels with moan
Deep-drawn, says still, "My love! My own!"
Why, surely he must know!
Dear heart, if you had whispered this,
You might have held me! One such kiss
Had barred me from this peace so cold!
Blest now, that you, love's secret told,
The hindered gift bestow.

Soon they will move,
Bearing me slowly, two and two,
In the shine, as I have seen them do,
And lay me in a stiller bed
With grasses rippling overhead.
They say I may not tarry there—
That I must up and through the air
To dwell with those above;
Alas, I do not know the way!
Better 'neath blowing buds to stay,
And list *his* footsteps coming nigh
To pause beside my rest; yon sky
Is very far from love!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POMPEIIAN GENTLEMAN'S HOME-LIFE

THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED HOUSE OF "A. VETTIUS"

By E. Neville-Rolfe

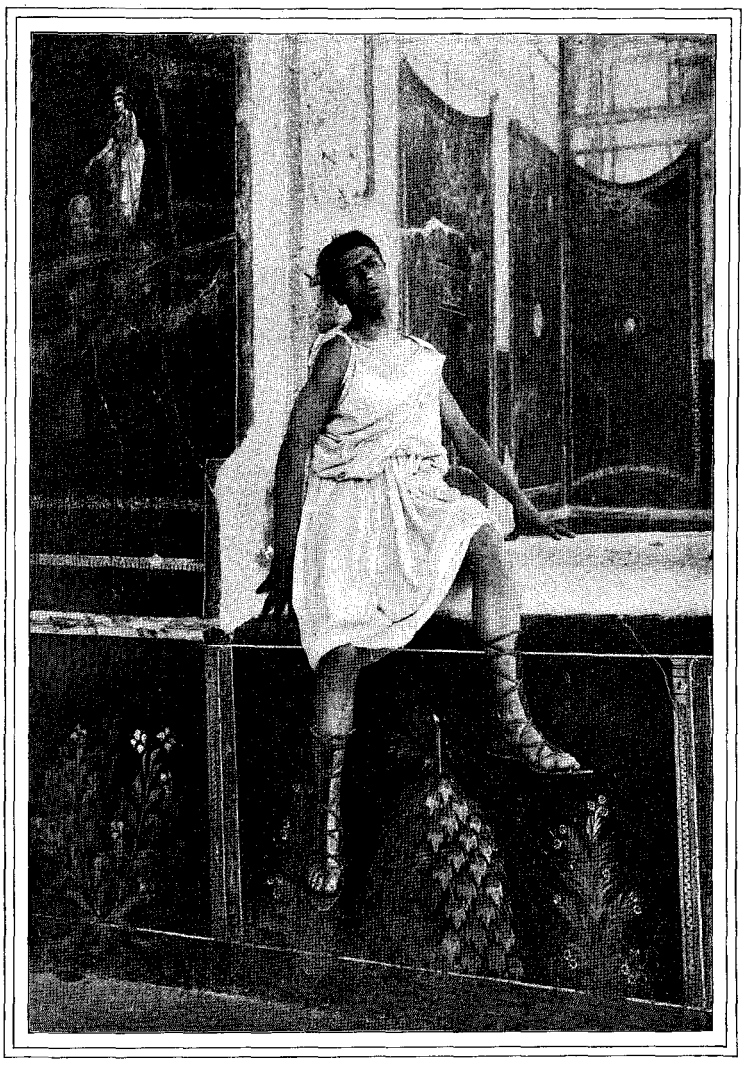
IT will be interesting, indeed it will be necessary, before entering into any details as to this house, whose transcendent beauty and interest have been universally acknowledged ever since its recent discovery, to glance for a moment at the history of Pompeii, which at the date of its destruction had reached the respectable antiquity of some six hundred years. Many of our readers have visited the buried city, and most of them have read about it, but the hurried reminiscences of a tour, and the recollections of desultory reading, leave but a fading impression; an impression, however, which is immediately revived either by a second visit, or by reading over the leading points of the history of the period to be considered.

Hence let us state that Pompeii at the time of its destruction, which occurred on November 23, A.D. 79, had existed, roughly speaking, since 550 B.C. At the time of its foundation there were two races inhabiting this part of the Italian peninsula, namely the Oscans and the Samnites. The Oscans were a pastoral people who lived in the plains of Campania, and on the slopes of Vesuvius, then, as now, about the richest agricultural country in Europe. It was obviously a necessity of their existence that they should build inclosed places to serve as refuges for their flocks and herds in the winter, to protect them as much from their lawless neighbors, the Samnites, as from the wolves of the mountains of the Sorrentine peninsula, which even as late as the middle of the present century were a recognized source of danger to the sheep and cattle of the peasantry. During the time of the Oscan possession, the Greek colonists arrived from Eubœa, and formed the beginning of that large Greek community which afterward became so important that the whole of southern Italy obtained the name of "Magna Græcia." Among other points selected by the Greeks for a settlement was the "Petra Herculis" at Pompeii, a lofty rock which dominates the Stabian plain, and stands within the walls of Pompeii itself. Here they built a massive temple, of which considerable remains still exist, and after their fashion they labelled the rock with a pretty legend to the effect that it was here their great hero, Hercules, landed with a "*pompa boum*," or triumphal procession of oxen, which he had "lifted" from Geryon the King of Gades.

If the Greeks and the Oscans lived peaceably together it was far otherwise with their aboriginal neighbors the Samnites, who were mountain brigands inhabiting the fastnesses in the region of Beneventum, which still bear their name. They made their living by raiding into the Oscan territories, and eventually subdued them altogether; rebuilt Pompeii after their own fashion, making it for the first

*** All of the photographs reproduced in this article, not otherwise credited, were made expressly for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by Mr. Plüschnow. A model in Roman costume was introduced to show scale, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



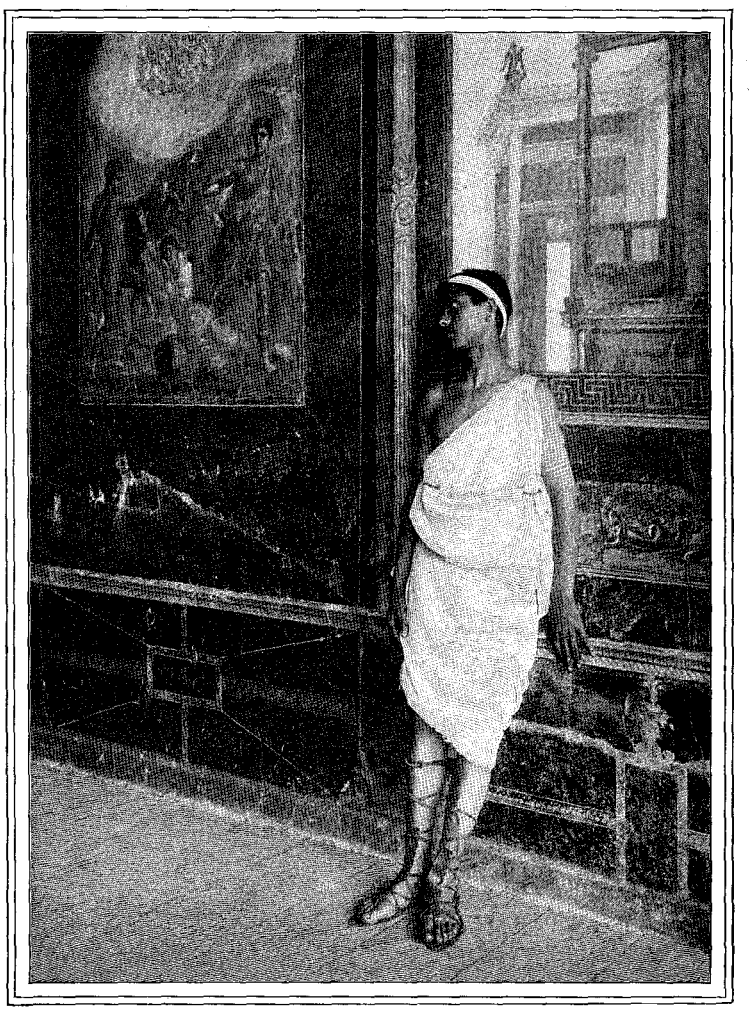
Fragment of a Mural Decoration.

time into a regular town, and they remained there till they in their turn were driven out by the Romans about 80 B.C. We know nothing of the history of the city in the Oscan and Samnite times except what we can gather from the silent testimony of the style of the various walls and buildings, for the Oscan style was rougher than that of the Samnites, and both differed distinctly from that of the Romans. The walls and the oldest houses, notably the "House of the Surgeon," were of Oscan construction, while the remaining massive stonework was Samnite, and all the brickwork and reticulated stonework was Roman. As soon as the Roman period set in, frequent mention of the city occurs in the writings of Seneca, Tacitus, and the younger Pliny, the last of whom was a witness of the eruption from the opposite promontory of Misenum, straight across the bay, and has left us a graphic account of his flight thence with his aged mother, and also of the death of his celebrated uncle, the historian and admiral, who lost his life by venturing too near the scene of the disaster in order to observe the appalling phenomena which were taking place. The site of the city was lost for hundreds of years, and found by an acci-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

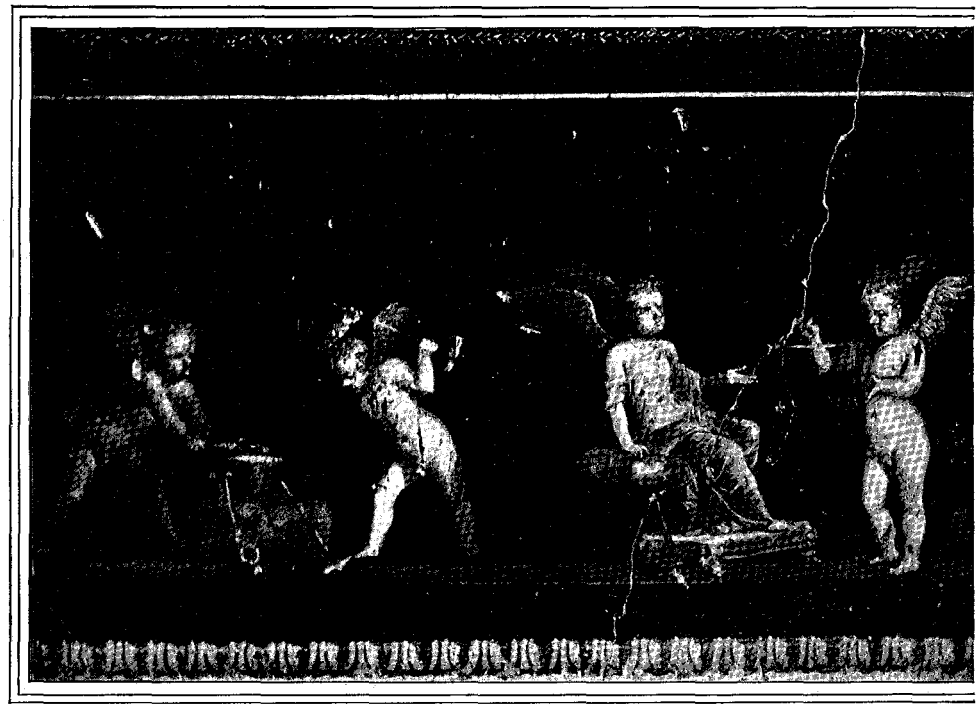
dent in the eighteenth century, from which time desultory excavations were carried on till 1860, when the ground was surveyed, and a regular scheme arranged, which has since been carefully carried on to the great benefit of the scientific world, and the great pleasure of the travelling public.

In treating of the ruins of the city as we find them, great stress must be laid on the signs of earthquake damage. Seneca goes into minute detail concerning a series of violent shocks which took place in February, 63 A.D., when the statues in the Forum were thrown down and shattered, and much damage was done to the houses of private persons. The repairs made necessary by these earthquakes are distinctly visible in many cases, though since the ultimate destruction was accompanied by phenomena of the same description, we must carefully distinguish between the damage done in 63 A.D., and repaired, and that done in 79 A.D., which remains as it was. The whole Mediterranean littoral is, and always has been, so subject to earthquakes that we may presume that the Romans made no more of them then than the Italians do now, and that confidence would be promptly restored and the injured houses soon fitted for habitation. Be this as it may, it is abundantly certain that sixteen years after, when the eruption and final destruction of the city took place, it was thickly populated and had



Mural Decoration—"The Punishment of Dirce."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



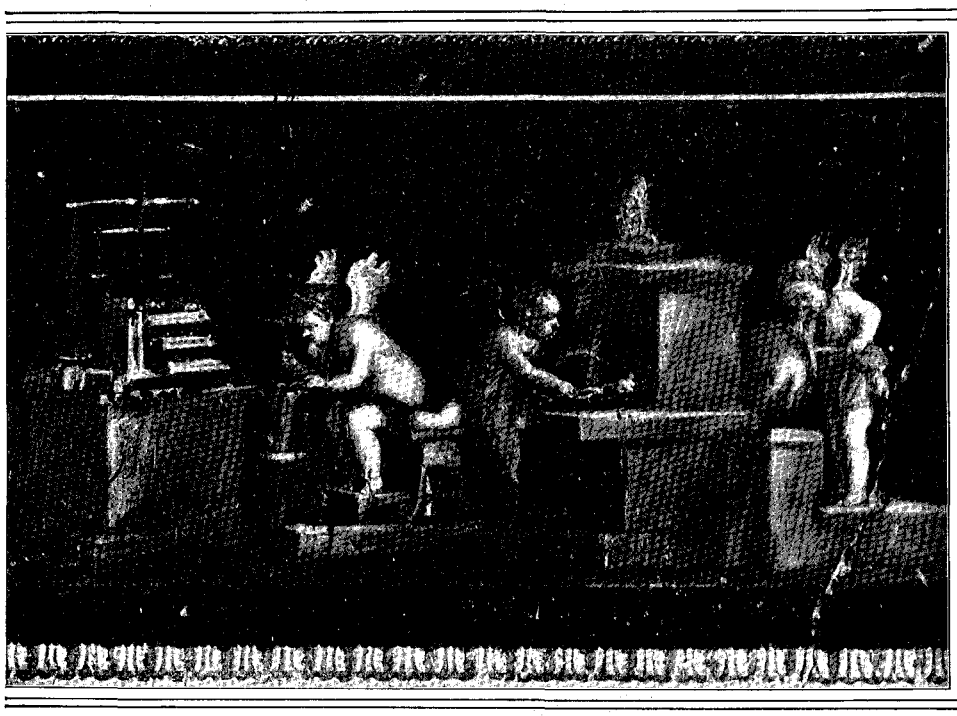
"Goldsmiths at Work"—Part of the Dado

From a photograph by

once more became an industrious trade-centre.

There are many reasons to account for the marvellous attraction with which Pompeii has fascinated not only antiquarians but the most casual travellers who have visited the city. First of all, the city was covered, not with lava, but with a shower of light ashes like an impalpable powder, varied with frequent layers of light pumice-stone, the individual pieces of which scarcely average the size of a peanut, while the torrents of rain which accompanied the eruption excluded all chance of damage by fire even if incandescent material had reached the city, of which there is only slight evidence. Hence, as we pass by, we can pause for a moment and see the workmen uncover a wall-painting which has not seen the light for two thousand years or thereabouts, and appears to have cropped up for our especial benefit; or, we may be fortunate enough to see a bronze statue come to light, clad in the beautiful "*patina*," or coloring, which it has derived from ages of burial in volcanic matter. These incidents convey a sense of the genuineness of the excavations seldom to be met with in other circumstances, for, as a general rule, excavations are made of places which have fallen into gradual decadence; of temples and houses which, after having been disused for centuries, and, perhaps, originally despoiled of their treasures, have gradually been filled up and contain but little to reward our pains, whereas at Pompeii we have a town covered up as in a moment when in the full swing of its life and labor. We find an oven, and, on opening it, it is full of loaves of bread; we excavate a kitchen, and the pot is on the fire with bones in it, which tell us a portion of the Roman gentleman's "*menu*" for the day; in the pantry we discover the eggs which were to form part of his "*entrées*," and the fruit which he had intended for his dessert. A little farther on we may come upon his silver plate, his gold jewelry, his musical instruments, arranged in readiness for the "*tibicines*" who were to play them and were always present at any dinner-party of importance; or, if he were a man of war, we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ornamented with Various "Arts and Crafts."

Messrs. Brogi, Naples.

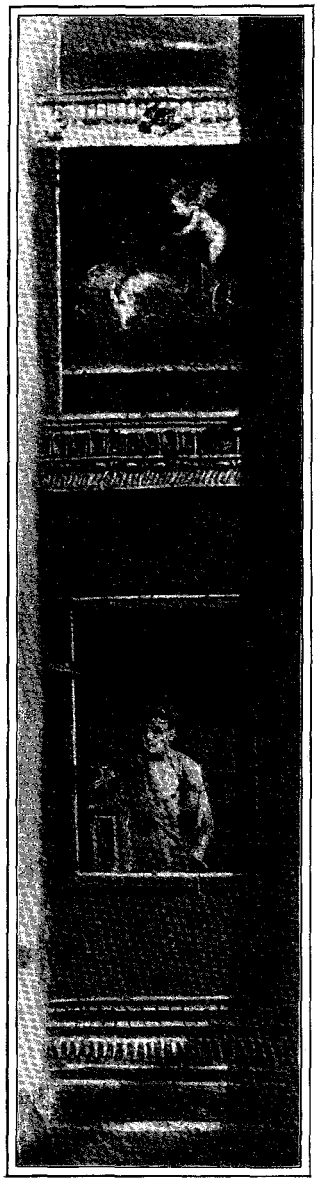
shall find his weapons, and in any case we are nearly sure to find such imperishable articles as his scales and weights, his cutlery, his dinner-service, his glass, and the innumerable other objects of daily use, which, even if he found the site of his house and ransacked it, were not worth anyone's while to carry away. These things were worth nothing then; they are rare treasures now. But who could look so far forward? And if, in these days of hurried travel, when all the sights of Europe have to be seen in three months or less, we have not leisure to stand over the excavators as they work, have we not all these treasures laid out before us in their thousands in the Naples Museum, where a very few hours' inspection will make us thoroughly conversant with them?

When we add that the annual number of paying visitors to Pompeii exceeds twenty thousand, and that besides these there are many hundreds who have the right of free entrance, it will be seen that these ruins appeal to a large and ever-increasing section of the public. It may, moreover, safely be asserted that few towns of its size have such an abundant literature. We have works on the inscriptions, the mural paintings, the flora, the conchology, the architecture, the sculpture, and the domestic life. Every class which inhabited the city, from its local authorities down to its freedmen, slaves, and gladiators, each and all fall under the scrutinizing eye of the specialist, who tells us, not only what was known of these things before from ancient historical records, but what is much more interesting, namely, the special discovery in the ruins of the city, which has enabled him to found some new theory, or to demolish one founded on the incorrect conjecture of a less enlightened predecessor.

If we were asked to name a book which has done more than any other to excite an intelligent interest in our subject, it would undoubtedly be "The Last Days of Pompeii," and it is indeed marvellous that a work, written in the early days of the excavations, should not only have kept its place in the world of letters, but should be so free from serious mistakes that the keenest latter-day archæologist scarcely grudges it a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place which he feels will never be accorded to his own work in the bibliography of the city. So widely is Lytton's book known, and so generally is it appreciated, that the names which he has given to many of the houses have practically superseded the official ones. Take, for instance, "The House of Glaucus." It is no exaggeration to say that this house is better known by Lytton's name than by its official designation of "The House of the Tragic Poet," a name which was given to it from the beautiful paintings of subjects taken from the Homeric poems which are now preserved at Naples. We all remember the handsome Greek youth Glaucus, the hero of the book, and the glowing description of his incomparable Ione, and his house, with its rare mosaics and its crowd of art treasures, but we did not know till a few months ago that he had a near neighbor whose artistic tastes were equally pronounced, and whose house in some respects excelled in its decoration that House of the Tragic Poet to which generations of art worshippers have for nearly a century done willing homage.



Detail of Panel in the Atrium.

In order to explain to our readers the exact situation of the house of Vettius, we must recall their recollection to "The House of the Faun," at once the largest and most magnificent of the houses yet discovered in the city. In front of the main entrance the salutation "HAVE," a late form of the better known "AVE," is lettered in mosaic on the sidewalk, and the house derived its name from the world-famed statuette of the Dancing Faun, which stood on a low pedestal in the centre of the *impluvium*, a shallow water-tank which stood in the atrium or hall of every Pompeiian house which had any pretensions. This house, with its courts and gardens, occupies a whole block of the city, and at its eastern corner the house of Vettius is its nearest neighbor, being the corner house of the next block and separated from it only by a narrow street. Immediately beyond it is that one of the eight gates of the city which has been named the "Gate of Vesuvius," because it opened directly toward the volcano, while behind it and separated again by a narrow street is the "House of the Labyrinth," so called from the mosaics in the floor representing the famous maze where the Cretan legend established the dreaded Minotaur. The house of Vettius has two entrances, the principal one facing the east and opening to the street which led to the city gate, and a side entrance which is directly opposite to the modern wooden pent-house erected to protect the ancient Roman water-pipes, which branch off from here in many directions. Most visitors will remember this curious illustration of ancient water-works, the earliest and most complete that are known to us, and by the help of the description we have given should have no difficulty in locating the house. The building obtained its name from three signets [see page 283] found in the atrium, one of which bore the legend (1), A. VETTII CONVIVAES, which may be interpreted "Of, or belonging to, A. Vettius Conviva;" the second (2), A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Part of the Atrium, showing Panels.

VETTII RESTITUTI, or, "The property of A. Vettius Restitutus;" and the third, which was a bronze ring, and bore the letters (3) A V Co, evidently an abbreviation of the first signet. Besides these there were three engraved stones having the respective ornaments of an amphora, an ivy leaf, and the caduceus of Mercury. In Roman times a man's signet was the most important of his possessions. It served the purpose of a signature, for all business transactions were ratified by it, and as in those days locks and keys had not long been invented, the stores and valuables of many houses were still kept strictly under the seal of the owner. It was a felony to make two signets alike, and hence in the gems of the ancients we have the most marvellous compendium of their customs, manners, and beliefs. We may hence be pretty confident that the house belonged to Aulus Vettius. Nor is the name altogether unknown to us at Pompeii, for there lived a certain Lucius Cæcilius Jucundus, a usurer of the basest sort, who traded on the necessities of the gilded youth of the city, as creatures of his class always have in all ages of the world. When this rascal made a loan it was made in the presence of, and was attested by, several witnesses, and the name of our friend Vettius appears upon six of these documents, showing that he had a footing in a commercial circle of very questionable integrity. That he was a man who had valuable documents and, perhaps, some treasure in his house, is shown by the two strong-boxes found in his atrium, both of which had their contents removed in ancient times, probably as soon as possible after the destruction of the city; for there is ample evidence that this house, like so many others, was burrowed into after it had been covered

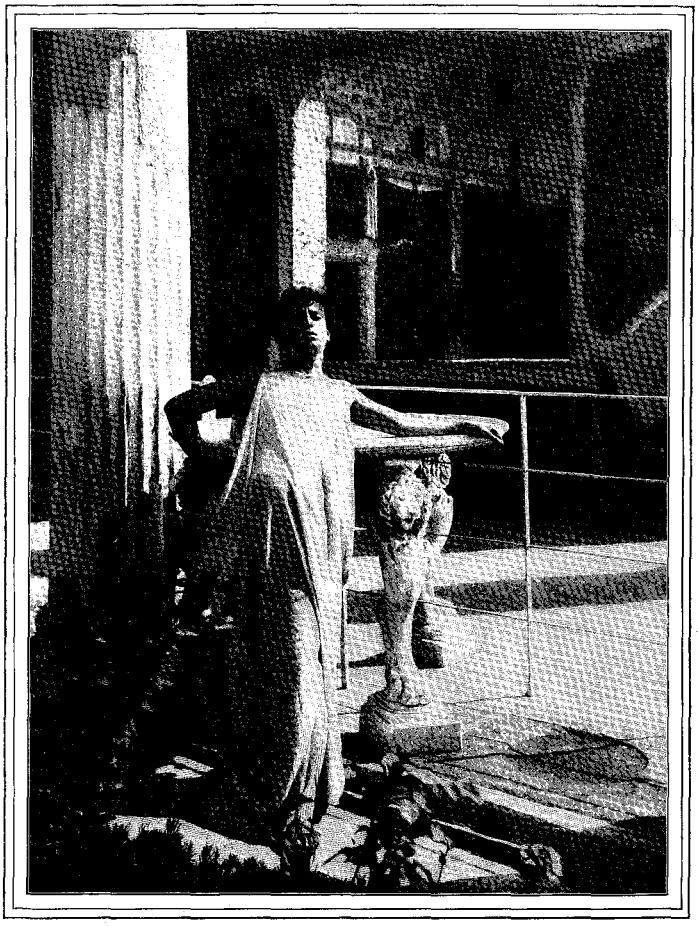
1

2

3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

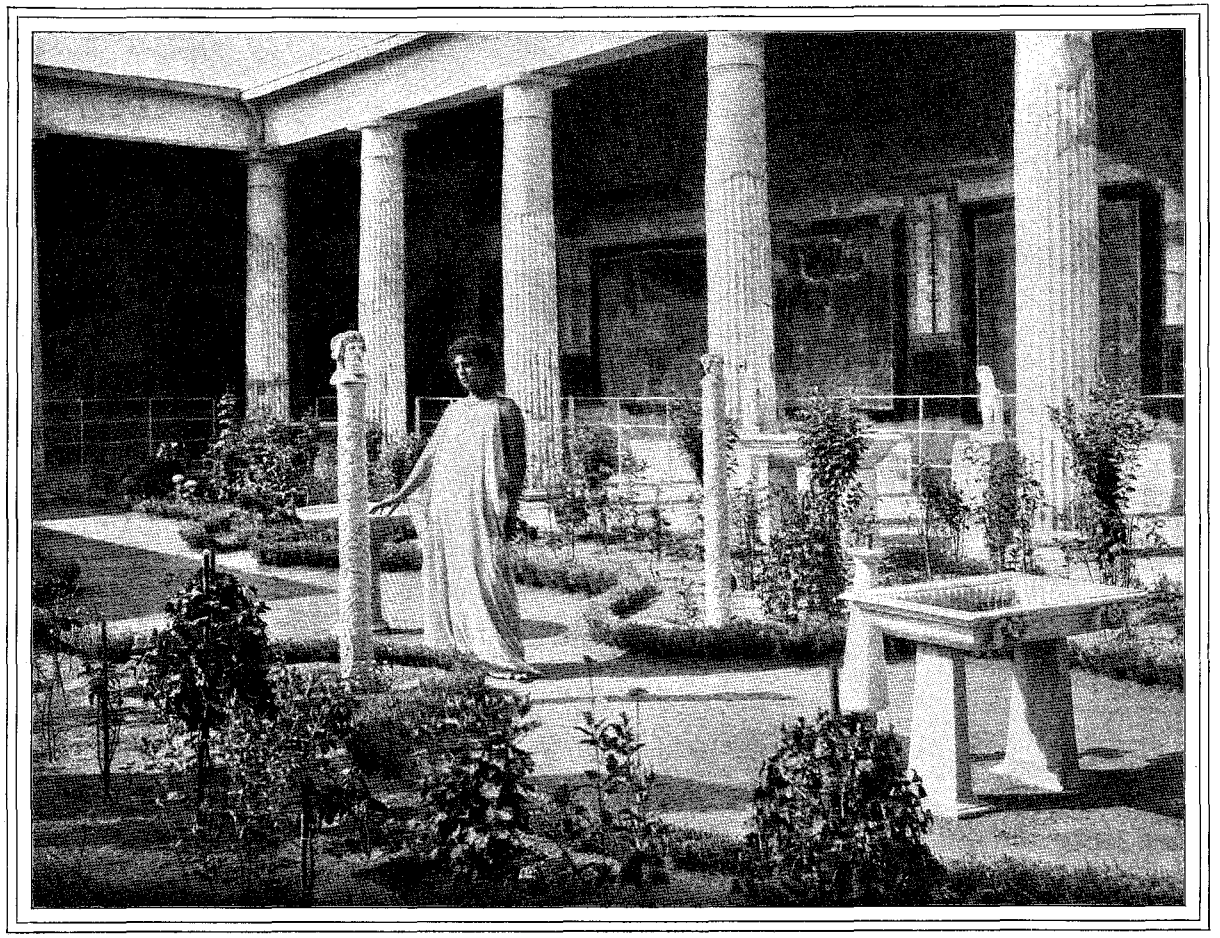
up by the eruption, and many articles of value removed from it. Holes large enough for a man to crawl through occur in places piercing the party walls between the rooms, and one especial instance occurs of the arm of a marble statuette being found in one of the passages, broken off, no doubt, in course of removal, the remainder of the object having been taken away.



Near the Northeast Corner of the Peristyle.

Besides being a person of wealth and position, Vettius was also a man of refined taste. The paintings and statuary of his house, though evidently in the main of the latest Pompeiian period, are so well executed that he must have called in a superior artist. They are naturally not all of equal merit, but only the very best work yet found will compare with some of them. We must remember that these pictures of gods and heroes were as much "sacred subjects" to the Romans as the pictures of Madonnas and saints were to the mediæval painters fourteen centuries later, or as pictures taken from the events narrated in the Holy Scriptures are to Christians to-day. It must not be argued from this that Vettius had any particular claim to be considered a religious man. He was only following the fashion of his day. Besides the pictures of gods and heroes, we have a very interesting series representing the "Arts and Crafts" of Roman times, painted on the band of the dado of the ladies' sitting-room. This band, though only a few inches in depth, is treated with an exquisite subtlety of charm, and is absolutely unrivalled for its

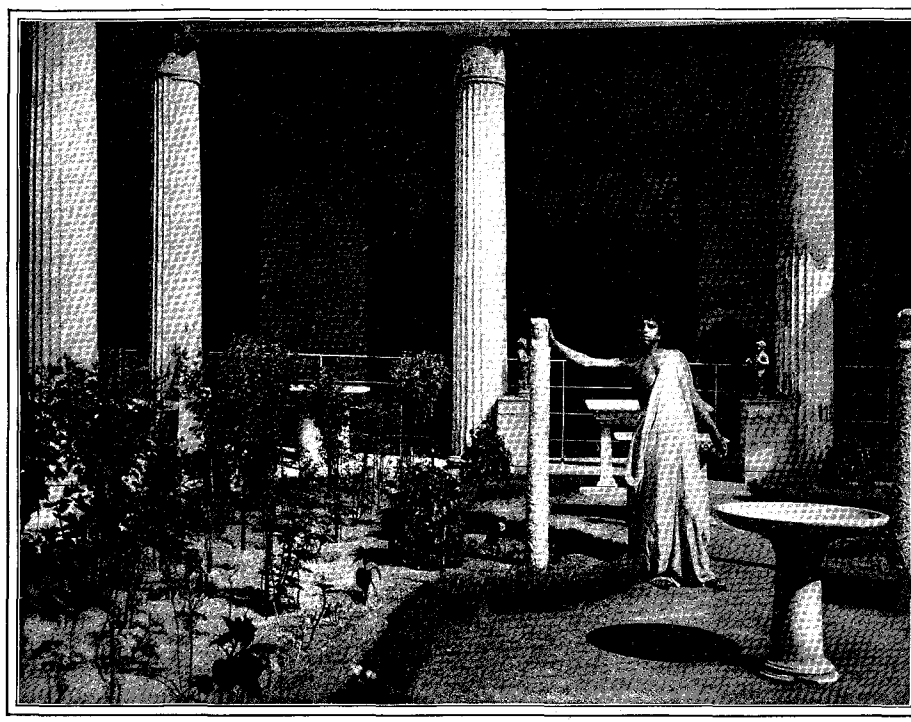
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Peristyle—Looking Toward the Southwest Corner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taste and the minuteness with which it is executed, a remark which may be said to apply to the whole of the decoration of this beautiful room, of which we must treat in some detail.* In his very interesting paper communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in London on February 20, 1896, Mr. Talfourd Ely suggests that the pictures of "Arts and Crafts" were placed in this room to show the different industries by which the family of the Vettii had amassed their wealth, and he goes on to show that various members of the family filled the post of "moneyers" at Rome during the first century B. C.



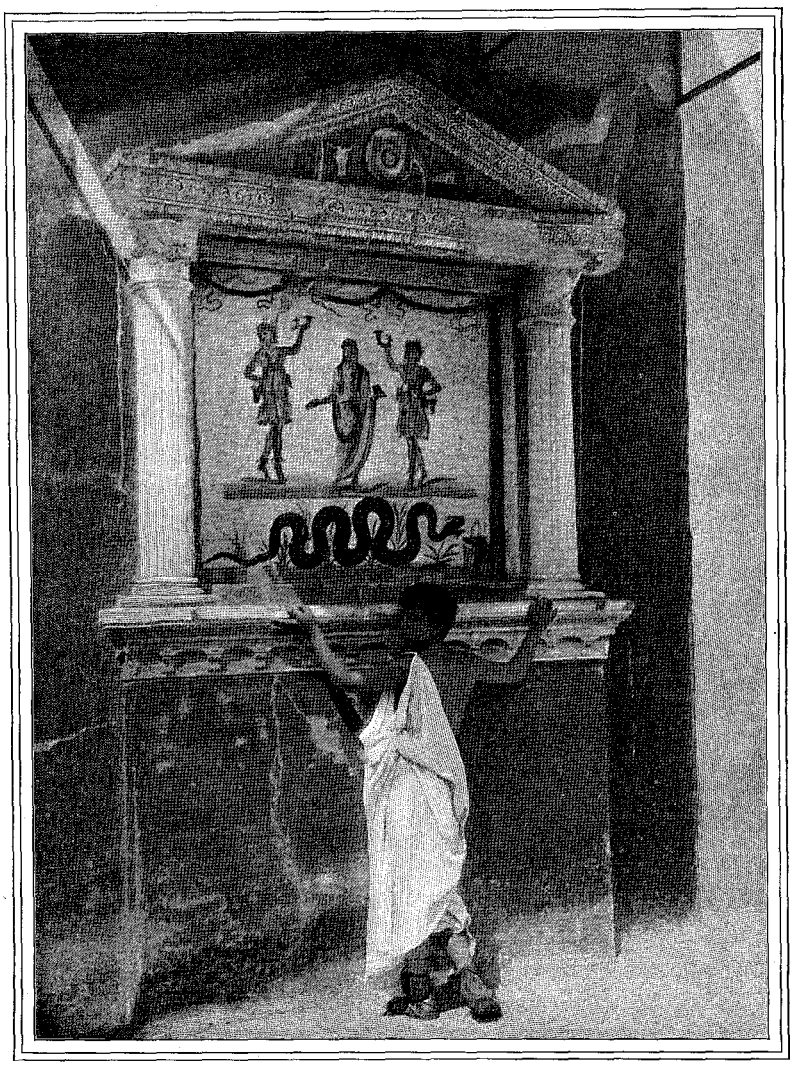
Another View of the Peristyle—Northwest Corner.

This being so, there is a real meaning in the group of which we give an illustration, for it is quite clear that the Cupids in the picture are making coins in a goldsmith's workshop. Two are working blow-pipes at the furnace; one is finishing a piece of money at a small anvil with exquisite care and dexterity; another, whose pose is particularly life-like, is weighing out the coins to a customer; and in the left corner we see two little fellows working with might and main to beat out the metal with a sledge-hammer. The way in which the boy is made to wield the hammer so as to avoid hitting his own wing is especially pleasing. No greater triumph of skill over material can be imagined than this little painting, for unlike an easel picture, where the artist can place his work in any position or in any light he pleases, this picture is painted on a fixed and vertical wall. It is painted on plaster, and with water-color. It is 1,900 years old, certainly, and yet there is not a figure, nay, there is not so much as a hand, that has not individuality of expression, that does not mean something

* We think it will be convenient to give a list of the principal pictures in the house, omitting the smaller ones, which were only used for decorative purposes and to fill up odd corners: "The Desertion of Ariadne," "Hero and Leander," "Ciparissus and his Pet Stag," "The Fight Between Eros and Pan," "Hercules Strangling the Serpents," "The Death of Pentheus," "The Punishment of Dirce," "The Sacrilege of Agamemnon," "Iphigenia in Tauris," "The Slaughter of the Python," "Hercules and Auge," "Dædalus and Pasiphæ," "Ariadne Found by Bacchus at Naxos," "The Torture of Ixion," a fragment conjectured to be "Achilles in Scyros." The groups upon the band of the dado represent: 1. "Boys Playing with a Duck." 2. "Target Practice." 3. "Garland Makers." 4. "Oil Sellers." 5. "A Chariot Race." 6. "The Goldsmiths." 7. "The Fullers." 8. "In the Country." 9. "The Vintage." 10. "The Triumph of Bacchus." 11. "The Vintner."

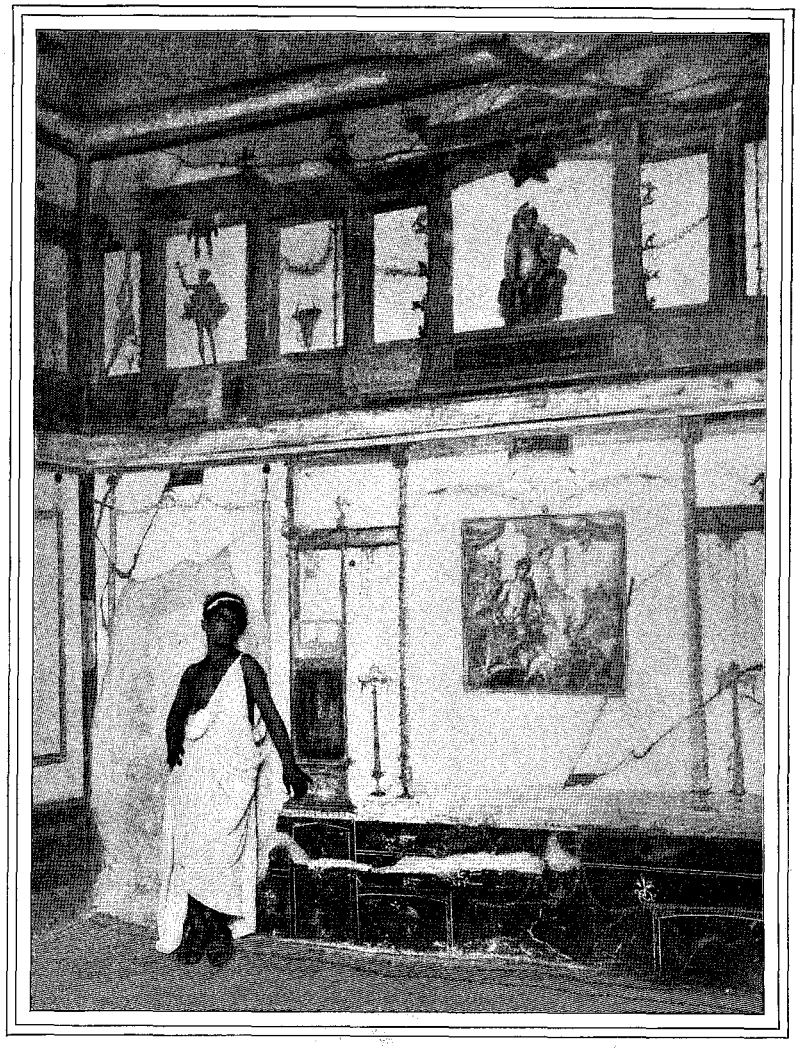
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and express that something with admirable clearness. The figures almost speak. See the satisfaction of that Cupid as he takes his left hand from under the pan of the scales and finds it exactly equipoised. Observe the calm satisfaction of the customer as she holds out her left hand in pleased interest. Notice the little cherub as he puffs out his cheeks to fill his blowpipe, how carefully he is directing his flame. This is the work of no copyist; there is no tradition of anyone else's work to fetter the artist here. The conception and the treatment are obviously original, and the painter has put his whole mind into his work, till it is as much a part of his being as the hand with which he paints it. These remarks refer with equal cogency to the whole series of these paintings, which were originally sixteen in number, five of them having perished. It having been shown that the Vettii were moneyers, or minters, and it being clear that they had acquired considerable wealth, it would be surprising, in those days, if they were not land-owners as well, and as land-owners a great part of their income would be derived from wine and oil. Now, we find four of the pictures referring to these trades. In one of them



Lararium, or Family Altar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mural Decoration—"The Fight between Eros and Pan."

a Cupid as oil-merchant is weighing out the oil to his customer, for the Romans, we know, did not use measures of capacity for oil; and of the three pictures relating to the wine trade we have one where the vintner is actually selling to his customer, the other two being the vintage and a Bacchic procession, answering to our "harvest home," at the end of the wine-making. We have yet another picture with a customer represented, namely, the picture of the garland-makers. Here we have a Cupid leading in a he-goat, upon whose back is a pair of panniers full of roses, and a number of garlands are hanging around, while some of the little boys are busily making wreaths, and one of them is (as in the other pictures) selling the wares to a lady. It is quite probable that Vettius may have been a rose-grower, as roses grow with the greatest luxuriance all round Vesuvius, and garland-making must have been a very productive industry in those times, as the use of floral decoration was universal, and no feast was complete without a profusion of it. Again we have another picture with a customer in it, and this represents the craft of the fuller. This was an important and very ancient trade. We read in the Old Testament of the "highway of the fuller's field," and the dazzling garments of The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Transfiguration are described as exceeding in whiteness anything that the earthly fuller's art could accomplish. We have at Pompeii no less than three establishments where this craft was exercised. We know from the inscription upon it that the finely draped statue of the priestess Mammia in the Exchange (the Wall Street of Pompeii) was presented by the fullers, from which we may argue that they were a wealthy and important fraternity, and probably formed one of the trade guilds of the city. It is not at all beyond the limits of a reasonable conjecture that Vettius was interested in this craft. He would, of course, conduct such a business through the agency of one of his freedmen, for a Roman gentleman would not trade himself; it was beneath his dignity. The reason that the trade was an important one was that the Romans wore woollen clothes, and these were mostly white. Hence frequent recourse had to be made to the craft, for in the heat and dust of this country a white garment could not long remain unsoiled, and a fashionable Roman would most certainly not use a toga which had lost its freshness. We have thus accounted for eight out of the eleven pictures which survive to us. The other three are merely decorative. That of the boys playing with a duck is a small painting put in to fill up a dark corner. Again, the boys at target practice is in a bad light, and is a purely subsidiary painting, but it is interesting as adding another children's game to those with which former Pompeiian pictures have already made us familiar. It is clear from this picture that the penalty incurred by the loser was to carry the winner around on his back. The last picture of the series is a most spirited one, and represents a chariot race conducted by Cupids in chariots drawn by antelopes. There are two groups of three trees at either end of the painting round which the race was to be driven, and, like all this artist's work, the scene is brimful of grace and vigor. The figure of the starter is brilliant; one of the boys has upset his chariot, and the efforts of the Cupid behind him to avoid driving over him are depicted in a truly masterly style. The decoration of the room was not quite complete at the time of the destruction of the city. It was the intention of Vettius to put up a large picture on the wall facing the door, and to that end he had cut a large square in the bright cinnabar with which the wall is painted, in order that fresh plaster might be inserted and a grand picture painted on it while it was still wet, so that the colors should become incorporated into the wall itself. But, alas! cruel fate stepped in, and the cutting away of the plaster was the farthest point of the work accomplished.

A large double swing-door separates this room from the peristyle or garden-court of the house. No doubt this door was kept wide open for the greater part of the year, the opening being partially draped with a light curtain, and as it opened into the cloister, the room would be shaded from the sun in summer and protected from the wind in the winter. The peristyle has been carefully rebuilt and the cloister has been roofed in. The garden-ground in the centre has been planted with roses and flowering shrubs, and all the works of art which remain have been put up in their original places. A water-pipe ran completely round it, and from this issued branch-pipes which led into all the little statuettes, each of which was a fountain. In the foreground, on either side of the door of the room whose paintings we have been describing, were two bronze statuettes of Cupids, each holding a duck under his arm, but the remainder of the decorations are all in marble. Some of the little figures are missing, taken away, no doubt, when Vettius sent his search-party to the house in ancient times; but the various marble basins are all complete, and some of them are extremely elegant. The choice feature of the marble-work are two exquisite pillars with a tracery of ivy-leaves in *bas relief* upon them, and capped by double-headed terms of Bacchus and Ariadne, such as were commonly used in those days for boundary-stones. The origin of these was probably the two-headed Janus, looking with one face to the coming year, with the other to the year which had flown by. There can be very little doubt that, like the modern Neapolitan, the ancient Roman spent a great part of his life in the open air; and in such a peristyle as this an open-air life must have been very pleasant, for one side of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cloister must always have been in the shade, and as the water was laid on all round it, the fountains might be made to play at any part of it, giving freshness to the surrounding atmosphere, and gratifying the ear with the pleasant babble of falling water. The paintings in the peristyle consist of groups of fish and fruits, and are of an earlier and coarser style of decoration; but there is a little room opening into the end of it which has three important pictures. Of these, for the merit of the painting, that representing the death of Pentheus is the most important. Pentheus had the impertinence to go and see what his wife and daughters were doing at the orgies of Bacchus. They saw him spying on their performances, fell upon him, and stoned him. And so ended Pentheus!

The atrium opens in its entire breadth upon the peristyle, which is unusual in Pompeiian houses, the ordinary construction being to have the *tablinum*, which was a kind of reception-room, at the head of the atrium, with a narrow passage on one or both sides of it leading into the peristyle.

The plan adopted by Vettius, though it made his peristyle more public, was much more picturesque. It gave his visitors an exquisite view as they entered his house, and besides, it gave an idea of space which was completely wanting in the usual arrangement. The paintings in the atrium consist mainly of lofty yellow candelabra beautifully painted on a cinnabar ground, and interspersed with small pictures of Cupids. As these are much exposed to the sun, the director has very wisely had them glazed and covered with curtains for their preservation.

As the ladies' room is the great feature of the peristyle, so the room on the right of the hallway is the great feature of the atrium. It contains three important pictures, and was in all probability the room in which, after the Roman fashion, Vettius received his clients and transacted his daily business. The pictures represent Dædalus, the great legendary artificer of antiquity, displaying to Pasiphaë the cow he had made for her, wherewith to decoy the Cretan bull. The opposite wall bears the favorite theme of Bacchus discovering Ariadne at Naxos, after her desertion by Theseus, while the wall facing the door has perhaps the most important picture in the house, representing Ixion fastened to the wheel by Hermes, in the presence of the indignant Hera. This picture is of specially bold treatment and strong color. Ixion, it will be remembered, had great benefits conferred upon him by Zeus, who eventually introduced him into the society of the Olympian gods, where he made love to Hera, an impertinence which she resented so strongly that, by permission of Zeus, she handed him over to Hermes for condign punishment. Hermes, being a deity of much resource, secured his victim to a wheel, which he set rolling through space for all eternity. The Romans added a trifle to the legend by placing Ixion in Hades, and thus disposing of him completely, though in a somewhat commonplace way.

And now we may bid Vettius adieu, for although the presence of two stairways attest the fact that there was an upper floor to his house, not a stone of it is standing, so there is no material upon which even the flimsiest conjecture can be founded. But before wishing him a final farewell, we must yield him our most hearty thanks for showing the art-lovers of the nineteenth century the marvels which the artists of the first century could accomplish with their limited materials and tools which must have compared very unfavorably with those of our day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ASTERS

By J. Russell Taylor

THE river has not changed with year on year.
I know the place: once I found asters here.
The river is the same, but I am strange:
For all the seasons touching me with change
Little by little made me changeling.
As little as the autumn is the spring
Am I the boy that knew this path so well,
The lost boy, wild of heart as Ariel,
Who thought the burnt-out lamps of wild sunflowers
The last should light the tired dislustered hours,
When all the dull green looked at him, and met
His gaze with Argus-eyes of rich regret,
Gold-irised, fringed with tender violet. . . .

Oblivion's feet had lost the path in briers;
And brooding thus on ghosts of old desires
I stooped and crept a difficult passage through;
Then, there they were, the deep imperial blue
Of my old asters bloomed and gloomed again,
Embroidered like a curtain on the green.
A hand was on that splendid tapestry,
And out he stept: I knew him, it was he,
The wild-heart boy with my face looked at me.

And I, the man, with pity looked on him.
With sin and grief the years between were dim,
But naught he seemed to me. I had met death
Unmasked at noon: he thought it but a breath.
I had known love, I knew a woman's heart,
Earth's inmost purple, and to him but art
Of aster-eyes to draw him like a bee.
Upon my smile he faded wistfully:
Only the regal asters looked at me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER IX

LEECH shortly determined to give the neighborhood an illustration of his power.

One morning, a few days after the meeting, Dr. Cary received a summons to appear at the Court-house next day before the Provost. It was issued on the complaint of the "Rev'd James Sherwood," and was signed "Jonadab Leech, Lieutenant and Provost, Commanding, etc."

General Legaie, who was at Birdwood when the soldiers who served the summons arrived, was urgent that Dr. Cary should refuse to obey it; but the Doctor said he would go. He would obey the law. He would not, however, report to Leech, but to Captain Middleton, the ranking officer. The General said he would go with him to represent him. So next morning the two old officers rode down to the Court-house together.

When they reached the county-seat, they found "the street," or road in front of "the green," which was occupied by the camp of the soldiers, filled with negroes, men and women. They had made booths of boughs in the fence-corners, where they were living like children at play, and were all in the gayest spirits, laughing and shouting and "larking" among themselves, presenting in this regard a very different state of mind from that of the two gentlemen. They were respectful enough to them, however, and when the riders inquired where the commanding officer was, there were plenty of offers to show them, and more than enough to hold their horses. They did not appear to be entirely certain who was the commander.

"Dat ain't nuttin' but de buro, sir; de ones you wants to see is up yonder at Miss' Dockett's; I knows de ones you wants to see," said Tom, one of the Doctor's old servants, with great pride.

To settle the question, the Doctor dismounted and walked in, giving his horse to the old man to hold.

The front of the store was full of negroes, packed together as thick as they could stand, and simply waiting. They made way for him, and he passed through to the rear, where there was a little partition walling off a back-room. The door was ajar, and inside were two men seated —one, a stranger in uniform, the Provost; the other, a man who sat with his back to the door, and who at the moment that the Doctor approached was leaning forward talking to the Provost in a low, earnest half-whisper. As the Doctor knocked, the official glanced up and the other man turned quickly and looked over his shoulder, and, seeing Dr. Cary, sprang to his feet, much confused. It was Hiram Still.

"I wish to see the officer in command," announced the Doctor. "Good-morning, Mr. Still." His tone expressed surprise.

"I am the officer in command," said the official, shortly.

"Ah! Are you Captain Middleton?" asked Dr. Cary, inspecting him in some surprise.

"No, I guess not. I'm Captain *Leech*, head of the Freedmen's Bureau." His voice was thin, but assertive, and he spoke as if he had been contradicted.

"Ah! It is the regular officer I wish to see."

"I'm regular enough, I guess, and if it's anything about the freedmen, you'll find I'm the one to see." He turned from the Doctor with studied indifference, and motioned to his companion to resume his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seat. Still, however, came forward. He had apparently recovered somewhat from his confusion.

"This is Dr. Cary, one of the finest gentlemen in our county," he said, as if he were making a speech to the officer, to whom he gave a wink to attract his attention, and then turned to the Doctor. "Captain Leech is the gentleman to see about getting our hands back. Fact is, I'm just down here about that now."

"Ah! I believe I will go and see Captain Middleton," said Dr. Cary, with dignity. "Good-morning," and he walked out, his head held somewhat higher than when he went in, leaving Still to give a very different estimate of him to the head of the bureau from that he had declared so loudly in his presence.

"He's one of that same sort with your young men," said the manager, "only more so. What did I tell you? See, he won't talk to you. He wants to talk to Middleton. You trust me, I'll keep you informed. I know 'em all. Not that he ain't better than most, because he's naturally kind-hearted and would do well enough if let alone; but he can't help it. It's in the blood. But I'm too smart for 'em."

"Well, he'll find out who I am before he gets through," said Leech. "I guess he'll find I'm about as big a man as Captain Middleton."

"That's it—that's it," smiled Still, delightedly.

When the gentlemen arrived at Mrs. Dockett's they found that energetic lady, trowel in hand, among her flowers and were received by her with so much distinction that it produced immediately a great impression on her two lodgers, who unseen were observing them from their open window.

"Gad! Larry, there's Don Quixote, and he's brought his cousin, Dr. Filgrave, along with him. He must be a lieutenant-general at least. See the way the old lady is smiling! I must learn his secret." And the little lieutenant sprang to the mirror and rattled on as Middleton got ready for the interview which he anticipated, and the two gentlemen came slowly up the walk, bareheaded, with Mrs. Dockett talking energetically between them.

The next moment there was a tramp outside the door, and with that rap which Thurston said was a model for the last trump, Mrs. Dockett herself announced, with a wave of her hand:

"General Legaie and Major Cary."

They were received with great respect, Middleton recalling pleasantly his visit to Red Rock before the war, and his recollection of Dr. Cary and his daughter, and venturing even to inquire after her. He supposed she was a good, big girl now?

"Yes, she was almost quite grown, and was enjoying very good health," said the Doctor, civilly, and proceeded forthwith to state the object of their visit, whilst Thurston introduced to the General, somewhat irrelevantly, the subject of fishing.

Middleton listened respectfully to all the two gentlemen had to say. He agreed with them as to the necessity of establishing some form of civil government in the county and believed that steps would be taken to do so as soon as possible. Matters relating to the management of the negroes, except in the line of preserving order, were however rather beyond his province, and properly under the control of an entirely distinct branch which was just being organized, with headquarters for the State in the city. He said he would go with Dr. Cary before the Provost and see that he was not annoyed by any frivolous charge. So he accompanied the two gentlemen back to Leech's office and attended the trial. It was galling enough to the two old officers as it was; and but for the presence of Middleton would have been much more so. Leech's eyes snapped with pleasure at the reappearance of the gentlemen; but were filled with a vague disquiet at the presence of the officer. However, he immediately proceeded with much importance to take up the case. "The trial," as he called it, was held in the Court-house, where the Provost sat in the judge's seat. The negroes around took in quickly that something unusual was happening, and their manner had changed. The court-room was thronged with them, all filled with curiosity, and many of the older ones with preternatural solemnity. Sherwood was present, in a black coat, his face expressive of comical self-importance. Dr. Cary and General Legaie sat behind the bar, the Doctor somewhat paler than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usual, his head up, his mouth compressed, and his thin nostrils dilating; the General's eyes glowed with the fire that smouldered beneath.

The case was called, and without the useless formality of examining the complainant, who had already given his story, Dr. Cary was asked by the Provost, why he had driven Sherwood off.

The Doctor rose and made his statement. The land was his and he had the right to drive him off if he wished to do so; but as a matter of fact he had not done so. He had not done so on account of Sherwood's wife, who was the daughter of the old mammy and a valued servant. He had only deposed him from being the manager.

The Provost was manifestly a little disconcerted by this.

"Can you prove this?" he asked, sharply. The General wriggled in his chair, and the Doctor looked a trifle more grim.

"Well, my word has usually been taken as proof of a fact I stated," he said, slowly. "But if you wish further proof, there are several of my old servants present who will corroborate what I state. Perhaps you might be willing to accept their testimony?" He looked the Provost in the eyes and then glanced around half-humorously. "Tom?" he called to the old man who had held his horse. "Will you state what occurred to this—officer?"

"Yas, suh—I'll groberate ev'y wud you say—'cus' I wuz dyah."

"Dat's so," called out one or two others, not to be outdone by Tom, and the tide set in for the Doctor.

The Provost in this state of the case declared that the charge was not sustained and he felt it his duty to dismiss the complaint. He, however, would take this occasion to state his views on the duties of the former owners to their slaves; and he delivered a long and somewhat elaborate discourse on the subject, manifestly designed for the sable part of his audience. When he concluded the General sprang to his feet. The Doctor looked at him with some curiosity, for his eyes were blazing. With an effort, however, the General controlled himself.

"Permit me to say, Mr. Provost, that your views, like those of a good many people of your class, are more valuable to yourself than to others."

"Dat's so, too," called Tom, who was in a corroborative mood. There was a guffaw from the negroes present. With this shot the General turned on his heel and stalked out of the Court-house, leaving the Provost trying to look as if he appreciated the humor of Tom's speech.

After they were out the Doctor and the General had a further conversation with Middleton as to the necessity of establishing some form of civil government in the county. Middleton believed that the two gentlemen might find it better to lay their views before the head of the bureau in this section, Major Krafton, rather than to attempt to secure any co-operation from his representative there, who he said was only a subordinate, and really had no authority.

The two young men felt the beneficial effect of their civility that very afternoon in the increasing cordiality shown them by Mrs. Dockett. She gave them a full account of both visitors, their pedigrees and position, not omitting a glowing description of the beauty and charms of the daughter of one of them, and a hint that she was bound to marry either Jacquelin Gray, the owner of Red Rock, or her cousin Captain Stevenson Allen, who had applied to Mrs. Dockett for table-board, she said, that very day.

An order came to Middleton from headquarters a day or two afterward, to go to the upper end of the county and investigate certain mysterious meetings which it was reported were being held in that section.

The list given him of those who participated in such meetings made him whistle. It contained the names of Dr. Cary, General Legaie, Captain Allen, and of nearly every man of prominence in the county.

Still's name was given him as that of the person who could furnish him with information; and the order contained explicit directions where to meet him. He would find him at a certain hour at the house of a colored man named Nicholas Ash.

So the Captain rode up to a small cabin situated in a little valley near the Red Rock place, and had an interview with Still, who was so vague that he appeared to Middleton far more mysterious than anything else he discovered on his trip. He said, when Middleton prepared to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leave, that he would show him the nearer way back by the old ford below the burned bridge, and as it was late in the afternoon Middleton accepted his offer.

They were almost at the ford when an old carriage came out of the road which led down from the Red Rock mansion and turned into the main road just before them. Still pulled up his horse and excusing himself to Middleton from going any farther, on the ground that he was feeling rather badly, explained the way to cross the ford safely, and turned back. All he had to do was to keep down the river a little so as not to hit the sunken timbers; but not to go too far down or he would get over a ledge of rock and into deep water.

Middleton's attention was directed to the carriage, which he overtook just before reaching the stream, and supposing that the driver would know the ford he drew in to let it cross before him. One of the horses appeared to be afraid of the water, and the driver had to whip him to force him in. So when he got in he was plunging, and continuing to plunge he got among the sunken timbers and fell, pulling the other horse down on him.

Middleton was so close behind the carriage that he could hear the voices of the two ladies inside, one of whom was apparently alarmed, whilst the other was soothing her, and encouraging the driver.

"There's no danger, Cousin Thomasia, Gideon can manage them." But there was some risk, and Cousin Thomasia appeared to know it; for though she made no outcry, she insisted on being allowed to get out. The danger was that the frightened horses might turn and pull the vehicle around, upsetting it in the deep water below, and as the fallen horse struggled, Middleton dashed in on the lower side and, catching the near horse, who had recovered his footing, steadied him whilst the other got up. Then, springing from his own horse, he caught the other as he got to his feet and held to him until they reached the further bank, where he assisted the driver in bringing them to a stand-still, and enabled the ladies to get out to see what damage had been done.

He had taken in, even as he passed the carriage in the water, that the two occupants were an elderly lady and a young one, who appeared to be holding the former, but it was after he reached the bank that he discovered that the younger lady was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen, and whom the next second he recognized as Miss Cary. She evidently recognized him, too. After she had helped the old lady from the carriage, as she turned to thank him, the color rose to her face, appearing the deeper because of the white which had preceded it, and which it so rapidly followed; and there was a look in her eyes which was part embarrassment and part merriment. But she did not speak to him.

He began to examine the harness, which was old and had been broken in several places, and said he had some straps on his saddle which he would get. The girl thanked him, with quiet dignity, but declined, firmly.

"They would not trouble him," she said. "Gideon could mend it and she could hold the horses." She bowed to him with grave eyes and made a movement toward the horse, holding out her ungloved hand to catch the bridle, saying, "Whoa, boys," in a voice which Middleton thought might have tamed Bucephalus. On this, however, Miss Thomasia interposed.

"No, indeed, my dear, I'll never get into that carriage again behind those dreadful horses, unless this—this—gentleman" (the word was a little difficult for her) "stays right by their heads. I am the greatest coward in the world" (she said to Middleton in the most confiding and friendly manner), "I am afraid of everything." (Then to Blair again.) "It is very hard to be beholden to a Yankee, but it is much better than having your neck broken, and we are very much obliged to you, sir, I assure you. Blair, my dear, let the——"

"Yankee," said Middleton, in a low voice, as he worked at a strap, much amused.

"*Gentleman*, help us; don't be too obstinate. Nothing distinguishes a woman more than her manner of giving in. It is like a new bonnet."

So as Middleton was already at work, the girl could do nothing but yield. He got his straps and soon had the breaks repaired; and having, at Miss Thomasia's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

request, held the horses while the ladies re-entered the vehicle and started them off, he stood aside and saluted as they passed, catching accidentally Miss Cary's eyes, which were once more grave. The only remark she had volunteered to him outside of the subject of the broken harness was one in praise of his horse.

A few minutes later, having caught his own horse, he galloped by the carriage, but he did not glance in—he simply saluted with eyes straight to the front as he passed.

When he reached home that night Larry Middleton was grave ; but little Thurston, after hearing of the adventure, was in better spirits than he had been for some time.

" It was clearly Providence," he said. " Why, Larry, after that they are obliged to invite us to dinner."

" Why, she didn't even speak to me," growled Middleton, puffing away at his pipe. " And I know she recognized me, just as clearly as I did her."

" Of course she recognized you ; recognized in you one of the enemies of her country—a hated oppressor, a despicable Yankee. Did you expect her to fall on your neck and weep? She's a girl of spirit, on my soul! like my own adorable Elizabeth. All the same, we're as good for invitations to whatever they give as a dollar is for a doughnut."

And when a day or two later a note from Dr. Cary, in a formal hand and equally formal words, was brought down to Captain Middleton thanking him for his "opportune aid" to his daughter and his cousin, the little lieutenant declared that it was equal to an invitation to Middleton's wedding.

CHAPTER X

Steve Allen on his removal to the county-seat after his sudden abandonment of farming, had taken up his quarters in an old building fronting on the court green, near the Clerk's office. From the evening of his arrival, Steve took possession of the entire village. He wore his old cavalry uniform and carried himself so independently, with his slouched hat set on one side of his handsome head, that he was regarded at first with some disfavor even by the young officers, whom he on his side treated with just that manner which appeared most aggravating to each of them. He was the most popular man in the place. He played cards with the men and marbles with the boys, made love to the girls and teased the older women, joked with the soldiers, especially with the big Irish sergeant, Dennis O'Meara, and fought the war over with the officers. He boldly asserted that the Confederates had been victorious in every battle they had ever fought, and had, as someone said, simply "worn themselves out whipping the Yankees," a line of tactics which exasperated even little Thurston until he one day surprised a glance of such amusement and satisfaction in Steve's gray eyes that he afterward avoided the ambuscade and enjoyed the diversion of seeing Leech and even Middleton caught.

Leech had been warned in advance by Still of Steve Allen's coming, and immediately on his arrival had summoned him before him as Provost to exhibit his parole, and from that time Steve had taken Leech as his prey. He did not obey the order, and repaid Leech's insolence with burning contempt, and never failed to fire some shaft at him which penetrated and stung.

The effect of Dr. Cary's and General Legaie's interview with Major Krafton was shortly felt in the county.

A few days later an order came for a search to be made through the county from house to house for arms. The work this required was so much, that it was divided up. In the part of the county where General Legaie lived, the investigation was made by Middleton, who conducted himself throughout with due propriety, even declaring it, as General Legaie reported, "an unpleasant duty," and "taking in every case a gentleman's word ; " never touching a thing except where there would be an army-musket, perhaps, which had been found by someone. General Legaie's old duelling-pistols, which his butler Julius had hidden and taken care of for him all during the war, were left unmolested, and the young man went so far as to express a "somewhat critical admiration for them," the General reported, observing that they were the first genuine duelling-pistols he had ever seen. On which the General, though as he stated, it required all his politeness to do so, could not but make him the offer that in case he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should ever have occasion to use a pair, they were entirely at his service.

In the Red Rock and Birdwood neighborhood, however, the people were not so fortunate. There the inquisition was conducted by Leech, partly, perhaps, because the two young officers did not wish to pay their first visit to Dr. Cary's on such an errand, and partly because Leech requested to be allowed to do so.

Leech had two reasons for wishing to conduct the investigation for arms at Dr. Cary's. One was that he had not forgotten Dr. Cary's action the day he had entered his office and asked for Middleton; the other was his hatred of Steve Allen.

"It won't do to fool with him too much personally," Still warned him. "He's a dangerous man. They're all of 'em dangerous, you hear me."

"I'll show 'em who I am before I'm through with 'em," said Leech.

Thus it happened that the conduct of the inquisition for arms in the upper end of the county where the Carys and Grays lived was peculiarly grateful to Leech.

The Doctor was not at home that day, having gone to the city to see the General in command there about the appointment of magistrates and other civil officers for the county, and as Mrs. Cary had a sick headache the blinds were closed, and Blair and old Mammy Krenda were keeping every sound hushed. It was a soft, balmy afternoon, when all nature seemed to doze.

Leech had a squad of men under his command, which made him feel as if he were really an officer, and he gave them orders as though he were leading them to a battle. He even intimated that they might be met with force, and that if so he should act promptly. On riding up to the Doctor's, however, a Sabbatic stillness reigned over everything. So, flinging himself from his horse, the Provost banged on the door loudly, and without waiting for anyone to answer his summons, stalked noisily into the house, with his squad of men behind him. Both Blair and Mammy Krenda protested against his invading one particular apartment.

"What's in there?" asked Leech.

"Nothing. My mother is in bed there with a sick headache."

"Ah — h — h! said Leech, derisively.

He caught Blair by the arm roughly. Blair drew back, the color flaming in her cheeks.

The flash in the young girl's eyes as she drew herself up abashed him. But he recovered himself, and opened the door. There he flung open the blinds and rummaged in the drawers, turning things out on the floor, and carried off in triumph a pair of old horse-pistols which had belonged to the Doctor's grandfather in the Revolutionary War, and had been changed from flintlocks to percussion in 1861.

They had just come out of this room when Jacquelin Gray drove up. He stopped outside for a moment to ask what the presence of soldiers meant, and then came hobbling into the house.

As he entered, Blair turned to him with a gesture partly of relief and partly of apprehension.

"Oh! Jacquelin!" The rest was only a sob. The blood flushed his pale face, and he passed by her.

"By what authority do you commit this outrage?" he asked Leech.

"By authority enough for you. By what authority do you dare to interfere with an officer in the discharge of his duty, you limping, rebel dog? If you know what is good for you you'll take yourself off pretty quick. If you put your mouth in you will get it stopped." Leech took in his squad with a wave of his hand and, encountering Jacquelin's blazing eyes, moved a little nearer to them, laying his hand on his pistol as he did so.

Blair made a gesture to stop Jacquelin; but he took no heed of it. He moved on his crutches nearer to the Provost.

"I demand to know your authority," he said, ignoring both Leech's threat and Blair's imploring look.

"I'll show you. Seize him and search him," said Leech, falling behind his squad and adding an epithet not necessary to be repeated.

"I am not armed; if I were——"

"Well, what would you do?" Leech asked, after waiting a moment for Jacquelin to proceed. "You hear what he says, sergeant?" He addressed a bluff, red-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haired Irishman who wore a sergeant's chevrons.

"Sames to me he says nothin' at tall," said the sergeant, who happened to be O'Meara, who had had charge of the ambulance in which Jacquelin had been brought home the day he arrived, and who had been a little grumpy ever since he had been put under Leech's command.

"Arrest him and, if he offers any resistance, tie him to a tree outside."

"Does Captain Middleton know of this?" Jacquelin asked the sergeant.

"Well, you see, it's arders from headquarrters, an' I guess the Cap'n thaught bayin' a ferrut was a little more in his line," and the sergeant nodded his head in the direction of Leech, who had called the other men and gone on with his search.

If Mrs. Cary and Miss Blair deemed it more dignified and ladylike to preserve absolute silence during this invasion Mammy Krenda had no such views. The old woman had nursed both Mrs. Cary and her daughter. She was, indeed, what her title implied, and had all her life held a position as member of the family. In her master's absence she considered herself responsible, and now she followed the men from room to room, dogging their every step, and beginning with pointed innuendoes, ended by pouring out on the commander the vials of her wrath with a copiousness which, instead of being exhausted by use gathered volume and virulence with every minute. With quick apprehension she had gauged the leader the moment he had appeared, and when he had pushed by her and her young mistress into Mrs. Cary's darkened chamber, her wrath culminated.

"Yass, I knows jest what sort you is," she said, mockingly, among many other things, after he came out, "you is the sort o' houn' dog that ain't got sperit enough to fight even a ole hyah, let alone a coon, but comes sneakin' into folks' kitchin tryin' to steal a scrap from chillern's mouths when folk's backs air turned—I ain' talkin' to you all," she explained with ready tact to the squad of privates behind, who showed in their countenances some appreciation of her homely but apt illustration; "I know you all's got to do it if you' masters tell's you to. Nor, I'm talkin' to him. I declare I'm right glad my marster ain't at home; I'm feared he'd sile his shoe kickin' yer dutty body out de do'."

This touch, with an ill-suppressed snicker from one of the men behind, proved too much for the leader's self-control, and he turned on her in a rage:

"Shut up, you black hag," he snarled, "or I'll—I'll—" He paused, hunting for a threat which would appall her; "I'll tie you to a tree outside and wear out a hickory on you."

If he thought to quell the old woman by this, however, he was mistaken. He only infuriated her the more.

"You will, will you!" she hissed, straightening herself up and bustling up close to him. "Do you know what would happen if you did? My marster would cut your heart out o' you; but I wouldn't lef' you for him to do it. You ain't fitten for him to tetch. De ain' nobody uver tetched me since my mammy whipped me last; and she died when I was twelve years ole; an' ef you lay your hand 'pon me I'll wear you out tell you ain't got a piece o' skin on you as big as dat—see?" She walked up close to him and poked a black and sinewy little fist close up under the Provost's very nose, and indicated the long pink nail on her clawlike little finger.

"Now," she panted, "heah me; tetch me!"

But Leech had recovered himself. He quailed before the two blazing coals of fire that appeared ready to dart at him, and recognizing the fact that even his men were against him and like Jacquelin were secretly enjoying his discomfiture, he angrily ordered them out of the house and concealed as best he could his consuming inward rage.

Encouraged by Jacquelin's look of satisfaction at the old mammy's attack, he took him along with him, threatening him with dire punishment for interfering with a Union officer in the discharge of his duty; but learning from the sergeant that he was "a friend of the Captain's," he released him, assuring him of the fortunate escape he had, and promising him very different treatment "next time." Jacquelin returned no answer whatever until at the end, when he said, "It may not be next time, you dog; but some time will be my time."

The story of the old negro woman's terrible tongue-lashing got out, and as it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known among the soldiers that Leech had a great ambition to ingratiate himself with the negroes, the incident had additional relish. He had attempted to use both command and persuasion to prevent his squad from giving out the story, but even the bribery of a free treat at a store on the roadside, which was a liberality he had never been known to display before, failed to secure the desired secrecy, and the story reached the Court-house almost as quickly as he, and Sergeant O'Meara related it to the camp with great gusto.

"Bedad!" said the sergeant to an interested audience, "the ould woman looked like wan of theyse little black game burruds whan a dog comes around her chicks, with her fithers all oop on her back and her wings spread, and the liftenant—if he is a liftenant, which I don't say he is, mind—he looked as red as a turkey-cock and didn't show much moor courege. She was a very discriminatin' person, bedad! She picked me out for a gintleman and the sutler for a dog, and bedad! she wasn' far wrong in eyther. Only you're not to tell I towld you, for whan a gintelman drinks a man's whiskey it doesn't becooe him to tell tales on him."

Perhaps it was well for Leech that the story got out, for it gave the incident a lighter turn than it otherwise would have had. As it was, there was a storm of indignation in the county, and next day there were more of the old Confederate soldiers in the village than there had been since the war closed. In their old gray uniforms, faded as they were, they looked quite imposing. Leech spent the day in the precincts of the camp. A deputation, with Steve Allen at their head, waited on Middleton and had a short interview with him, in which they told him that they proposed to obey the laws, but they did not propose to allow ladies to be insulted, and they wished to know what he intended to do.

"For I tell you now, Captain Middleton," said Steve, "before we allow our women to be insulted, we will kill every man of you. We are not afraid to do it." He spoke as quietly as if he were saying the most ordinary thing in the world. Middleton faced him calmly. The two men looked into each other's eyes, and recognized each other's courage. Middleton behaved with dignity and wisdom. He knew that what Steve said was true.

"And before I will allow any woman to be insulted I will kill every man in my command. Lieutenant Leech is not in my command, though in a measure subject to my authority; but the matter shall be investigated immediately."

Some time during the day Middleton had an interview with Leech. What took place was not known at the time, but that night Leech sent for Still to advise him. Even the negroes were looking on him more coldly.

"I know if he lays his han' 'pon me I'm gwine to cut his heart out'n him," said a tall, black, young negro in the crowd as Leech passed on his way to his office, evidently for Leech to hear. Leech had not then learned to distinguish black countenances and he did not yet know Jerry.

Still was equal to the emergency. "These quality niggers ain't used to bein' talked to so," Still explained, "and they won't stand it from nobody but quality. They're just as stuck-up as their masters, and you can't talk to 'em that way. You got to humor 'em. The way to manage 'em is through their preachers. Git Sherrod—and give him a place in the Commissary. He's that old hag's son-in-law, and he's a preacher. I always manage 'em through their preachers."

The result of taking Still's advice, in one way, so far surpassed his highest expectation that Leech could not but admit to Still that he was a genius. One other appointment Still suggested, and that was a negro who had belonged to his employers, the Grays, and who was believed to have as much influence with the devil as Sherwood had in the other direction. "And," as Still said, "with Jim to attend to heaven, and Doctor Moses to manage t'other place" (for Still was too moral a man to use a word so savoring of blasphemy as "hell"), "I think me and you can sort'er manage to git along on earth.

"You've got to do with them," he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. "For as I told you"—he gave a low laugh—"you've got to work your triggers that a-way." He waved his hand toward the north. "If you can git the money, I can make it over and over fer you faster than nigger-tradin'. Yo jest git Krafton to stand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by you and that old feller Bolter to stake us, and we're all right.

"You've got to git rid of this young man. One of you's got to go, and the one as holds out longest will win. 'Twon't do to let him git too strong a hold down here. If we could get up a row between him and —Steve Allen, say—or—my young man Gray? I'd ruther have the latter." He glanced at Leech. "But either of 'em 'd do. If we can't do that, we must try the other—too much intimacy? Now this party they're gittin' up? If they invite your young men—you might work that string. But you can't quarrel with him now. You say he's in with your Mrs. Welch? Better work the nigger racket. That's the strong card now. Git some more boxes from Mrs. Welch and let me put 'em where they'll do most good. Niggers love clothes mo' th'n money. Don't fall out with your young man yet—keep in with him till you have got under holt, then you can fling him."

Meantime while this colloquy was going on Middleton was in a far less complacent frame of mind. He had just left the camp that afternoon and was on his way up to his quarters, when, at a turn in the street, he came on a group of young gentlemen surrounding a young lady who was dressed in riding-habit, and was giving an animated account of some occurrence. As soon as he turned the corner he was too close on them to turn back, so he had to pass. He instantly recognized Miss Cary though her back was toward him—the trim figure and abundant hair and musical voice were not to be forgotten.

"I don't think you need any guard, so long as you have Mammy Krenda," laughed one of the young men.

"No, with her for the rank and file, I am just waiting for Captain M—. I mean to meet him some day, and——"

"Hush—here he is now."

"I don't care."

Middleton could not help hearing what she said, or seeing the gesture that stopped her.

He passed on, touching his cap to one or two of the young men, who returned the salute. But Miss Cary took no more notice of him than if he had been a dog.

Thurston had reached their room a little before him. He was in unusually good spirits, having just relieved his mind by cursing Leech heartily to Miss Dockett, and thus re-establishing himself with that young lady, who had been turning her back on him ever since she had heard of Leech's visit to Birdwood. In return for this act of reparation she had condescended to tell him of the entertainment which they proposed to get up, and the little lieutenant had made up his mind that if possible he and Middleton should be invited. He had just lit his pipe, and, as he said, was laying out his campaign, when Middleton entered and tossed his sword into a corner and without a word lit a cigar and flung himself into an arm-chair and gazed moodily out of the window. The lieutenant watched him in silence, with a more serious look on his face than usually found a lodgement on that cheerful countenance. The cloud remained on Middleton's face, but the lieutenant's cleared up, and presently he said:

"Larry, you need the consolations of religion."

Middleton, without taking his eyes from the distance, turned his cigar in his mouth and remained silent.

"And I'm going to make you sit under the ministrations of the pious Mr. Langstuff——"

"Foolstuff," growled Middleton, turning his eyes round on him.

"For your soul's good and your eyes," continued the little lieutenant, placidly. "For they do say, Larry, that he preaches to the prettiest lot of unrepentant, stony-hearted, fair rebels that ever combined the love of heaven with the hatred of their fellow-mortals. You are running to waste, Larry, and I must utilize you."

"Jackass!" muttered Middleton, but he looked at Thurston, who smoked solemnly.

"For they say, Larry, there's going to be a dancing-party, and we must be there, you know."

Middleton's face, which had begun to clear up, clouded again.

"What's the good of it? Not one of 'em would speak to us. I met one just now, and she looked at me—they all look at me or by me—as if I were a snake."

"As you are, Larry—a snake in the grass," interjected the little lieutenant. "Pretty?"

"As a peach. Can't you be serious a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minute?" for Thurston's eyes were twinkling. "Every one looks as if she hated me——"

"As they ought to, Larry, for you're their enemy." Thurston settled back with his pipe between his lips, and chuckled to himself. "You ought to see the way they look at me, Larry. I know you, Larry. You're not satisfied with your success with Miss Ruth, and Miss Rockfield, and every other girl in the North, but now you must conquer other worlds and sigh because they don't capitulate as soon as they see your advance-guard."

"Don't be an ass, Thurston," Middleton interrupted. "You know as well as I that I never said a word to Ruth Welch in my life—or thought of doing so. When her father was wounded so badly, it happened that I had a scratch, too, and I saw something more of her than I otherwise would have done, and that is all there is about it. Besides, we are cousins, and you know how that is. Her mother would have seen me in perdition before she would have consented to anything between us, and as to Edith Rockfield——"

But the little lieutenant did not care about Miss Rockfield. It was Miss Welch he was interested in; so he cut in:

"'Sure, Kate Riley, she's me cousin.'
'Harry, I have cousins too;
If ye like such close relations,
I have cousins close as you.'"

he sang, slipping down farther in his chair, his heels up on the table, and his hands clasped above his curly head.

"If you don't stop that howling, old Mrs. Dockett will come and turn you out again," growled Middleton.

"Not me, Larry, my dear—I can warble all I like now. I'm promoted."

"Promoted? How?"

"Don't you see I sit next to the butter now?"

"Fool!—But I'm used to being treated with a reasonable degree of civility," went on Middleton, as if he had not been interrupted, "and I've put myself out more to be polite here than I ever did in my life, and yet, by Jove! these little vixens turn up their noses at me as if—as if—Why, they look as if they felt about me precisely as I feel about Leech."

He looked out of the window gloomily, and his friend watched him for a moment, with an amused expression in his blue eyes.

"Larry, they don't know what great men we are, do they? You know that's one of the things that has always struck me. I wonder how the girls can have such a good time when they don't know me. But I suppose it's the ignorance of the poor young things! But they shall know me, and you, too. We'll give the girls a treat next Sunday; we'll go to church, and later to the ball."

"Church! You go to church!"

The Captain turned his head and looked at him in such blank amazement that the little lieutenant laughed aloud.

"Yes," he nodded. "You dashed Pharisee, you think you are the only one that knows anything about church because that little gir—cousin of yours converted you; you're nothing but a dissenter, anyhow; but I'm a churchman, I am. I've got a prayer-book—somewhere—and I've found out all about the church here. There's an old preacher in the county named Longstuff or Langstuff or something, and he preaches once a month at the old church eight or ten miles above here, where they say all the pretty girls in the county congregate to pray for the salvation of Jeff Davis and the d——nation of the Yankees—poor, misguided, lovely creatures, as if we weren't certain enough of it anyhow, without their making it a special subject of their petition. I'm for going to have a look at 'em. We'll have our trappings rubbed up, and I'll coach your dissenting, condemned soul on the proper church tactics, and we will have the handsomest pair of horses in the county, and show 'em as fine a pair of true-riding, pious young Yanks as ever charged into a pretty girl's heart. We'll dodge Leech, and go in as churchmen. That's one place he's not likely to follow us. What do you say? Oh, I've got a great head on me. I'll be a General some day."

"If you don't get it knocked off for your impudence," suggested Middleton.

The equipments were burnished up and the horses carefully groomed, and the uniforms were brushed and pressed afresh, and when Sunday morning came the two officers, having dodged Leech, who had been trying all the week to find

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out what was on foot, rode off in full and dazzling panoply like conquering young heroes, to impress at least the fairer portion of their "subjects," as Thurston called them. They were, in fact, a showy pair as they rode along, for both men were capital horsemen, little Thurston looking at least a foot higher on his tall bay than when lifted only by his own short, plump legs; and on their arrival at church, which they purposely timed to occur after the services should have begun, they felt that they could not have been more effective.

The contrast between them and the rest of the assemblage was striking. The grove about the church was well filled with animals and vehicles, but all of a worn and shabby appearance—thin horses and mules and rickety wagons, with here and there an old and mud-stained carriage standing out among them like old gentlemen at a country gathering. The pair tied their horses to "swinging limbs" and then strode silently toward the church, where the sound of a chant, not badly rendered, told that the services were already begun.

The entrance of the blue-coats created quite as much of a sensation, in fact, as they could have expected, even if the signs of it were, perhaps, not quite as apparent as they had anticipated, and they marched to a vacant pew, feeling very hot and by no means as effective as they had intended. Little Thurston dropped down on his knees and bowed his head, and Middleton, with a new feeling of Thurston's superior genius, followed his "tactics."

This was good generalship, for no one outside could know that the two young reprobates were mopping their perspiring faces and setting every button straight instead of being bowed in reverential devotion. No one entered their pew, and they were left alone; several who entered the church after them, on seeing them passed by with what looked very like a toss of the head. But what Thurston called his "straight flush" was when he drew out his prayer-book, which he had found "somewhere," and began to follow the service in a distinctly reverential voice.

As many eyes were bent on them at this as had been directed to them when they first appeared, and Miss Thomasia, adjusting her spectacles to satisfy herself beyond doubt if her eyes were not deceiving her, dropped them on the floor and cracked one of the glasses. For the idea of a Yankee soldier using a prayer-book had never occurred to any female member of that congregation, any more than it had that a distinguished being, popularly supposed to be also clad in blue uniform, though of a sulphurous flame, used it—in whom Miss Thomasia firmly believed, and of whom, notwithstanding her piety and good works, she was terribly afraid. The favorable impression made was apparent to the young men, and Middleton stepped on Thurston's toe so heavily as almost to make him swear with pain, trying at once to convey his admiration and to call his attention to a very pretty young girl in the choir, whose eyes had happened to fall that way, and to indicate her as Miss Cary. Steve was at her side, singing out of the same prayer-book with her, as if he had never thrown a card or taken a drink in his life.

The self-gratulation of the two officers was, however, of brief duration, for the next moment there was a heavy tread and a sabre clatter behind them, and turning with the rest of the congregation to look, there was Leech stalking up the aisle. He made directly toward them, and had Middleton been at the entrance of the pew he would, perhaps, in the frame of mind into which the sight threw him, have openly refused him admission. Thurston, however, was there, and nothing of the kind occurred. He simply moved down to the door of the pew, and was so deeply immersed in his devotions at that particular instant that even the actual pressure of Leech's hand on his arm failed to arouse him, and after standing a moment waiting for him to move, Leech stepped into the pew behind them, and sat down in the corner by himself.

The change in sentiment created by the Provost's appearance was strong enough to be actually felt by the young men, and Middleton looked into Thurston's eyes with such helpless rage in his own that the little lieutenant almost burst out laughing and had to drop his prayer-book and stoop for it to compose himself.

Still, the congregation was mystified. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was pretty generally supposed that it was not mere piety which brought the young officers there ; the motives assigned them, varying according to the amplitude in each instance of that particular article of raiment which every Christian is supposed to possess, at least, if but as an outer garment to cover his own sins, and which is known as Charity. Some thought it was to insult them, some to show off their fine horses and gloat over them ; some suggested that it was to watch and report on their old rector, the Rev. Mr. Langstaff, one of the best and godliest of men, whose ardor as a Confederate was only equalled by his zeal as a Christian. But Steve Allen, speaking with the oracular wisdom of a seer, who, in addition to his prophetic power, has also been behind the scenes, declared that they had come to look at the pretty girls, and further avowed that he didn't blame them, because there were the prettiest girls in the world right in that church, and as for him, he was ready to walk right up on the spot with anyone of them, from Miss Thomasia to Miss Blair, and Mr. Langstaff could settle the whole matter for them in five minutes, though of course if the General had any preference he would waive his privilege (as having spoken first) and let him lead the way, as he had often done before on occasion. To which proposal, made in the aisle after church, when the weekly levee was held, the General gallantly responded, and with a bow said that he was "quite ready to lead so gallant a subaltern if Miss—" his eye sought Miss Thomasia's placid face—"ah ! if—any lady could be found," etc.

Steve was right — he very often was, though he concealed his wisdom frequently in an envelope of nonsense.

It was conceded after the young officers had ridden away that they had "acted decently enough but for those odious blue uniforms," and had showed no sign beyond nudging each other when Mr. Langstaff had prayed for the President of the Confederate States with an unction only equalled by the fervor with which the entire congregation had responded "Amen" —at least that the first two of them had. The third one had proved what they were. To be sure, he had come after them, and they had evidently tried to appear as if they wished to avoid recognizing him, and he had gone away alone ; but what did that prove? Were they not all alike? And even if he *had* sat in a pew by himself, and did not have a uniform exactly like the others, he had never even bowed during the prayers, but sat bolt upright during the whole service, staring around, and when the President was prayed for, had he not scowled and endeavored to touch his companions ! What if they had appeared to try to ignore him ; might not this be all a part of their scheme? And as someone said, "When hounds were all in a huddle you could not tell a good dog from a bad one."

This simile was considered good by most of the male members of the congregation ; but there were dissenters. Mrs. Gray remembered that those two young men sent Jacquelin home the day he arrived ; the General remembered the civility of one of them in the performance of a most disagreeable duty ; Miss Thomasia recalled the closely followed prayer-book, and some of the other ladies objected to hunting-similes at church.

However, when after the service the two young officers left the church and marched straight to their horses, even without the presence of Leech to offend them, for they had clearly told him they did not wish his company, they were far less composed than their martial mien and jingling spurs might have appeared to indicate.

CHAPTER XI

THE lawlessness that was breaking out was becoming so extensive that something was necessary to check it.

A sort of provisional civil government was shortly established in the county, and Mr. Dockett was appointed Clerk of the County, and Dr. Cary a magistrate in his district, and at his solicitation Andy Stamper was appointed and accepted the position of constable.

Meanwhile, Steve Allen had become the most prominent citizen of the county-seat. He was established in an old building in the corner of the court green, and his office soon became the most popular place of resort for the young men near about the village. It was rumored that something other than law was practised in Steve's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office, and the lights often burned till daybreak, and shouts of laughter came through the open windows; and stories got abroad of poker-parties held there in the late hours of the summer nights. Neither Middleton nor Thurston had ever been invited there, for Steve still held himself a little stiffly with the two officers.

Steve had never taken the oath of allegiance. This was not known at the time of his arrival at the Court-house, and he had started in to practise, and had gone on without any question as to it ever being raised. After a time, however, Still heard it and told Leech.

So one evening Leech waited on Captain Middleton and called his attention to the fact. Thurston was lounging in an arm-chair with his pipe. He started up. Was it possible that such a flagrant violation of the law had been going on!

"It was and is," said Leech, sententiously. "This man never misses an opportunity to treat the Government and its representatives with contempt."

"I have heard so," said Thurston, adopting Leech's tone. "He has even said that some of the representatives of the Government were a stench in their own nostrils."

Leech winced and glanced at Thurston; but he was as innocent as a dove.

"It is time to make an example of him," proceeded the lieutenant, still apparently arguing with his superior. "And I think it would be well to have him brought up at once and the most rigid oath administered to him. Why should not Lieutenant Leech administer it? I should like to see him do it, and he might take occasion to read him a sound homily on his duties as a citizen of this great republic, and his cause for gratitude. It might lead him to mend the error of his ways."

Leech jumped at the proposal immediately, and said he would give the young man a lecture that he would not soon forget, and if he refused to take the oath, would clap him in jail. Middleton assented; the time was set for that evening, and Middleton and Thurston said they would come down and see the oath administered.

When evening came, Steve was surprised to find his office-door suddenly darkened by a squad of soldiers who had come to arrest him and take him before the Provost.

"What is it for?"

"To take the oath."

There was a laugh at Steve's expense; for it was known by his friends that he prided himself on not having done it.

He was marched across to the Provost's office, his friends following to see the issue. Just as they arrived, Middleton and Thurston came in, looking a little sheepish when they found as the result of their conspiracy Steve, guarded by a file of men. Leech took out a box of cigars, and offered them to the officers. He did not offer them to anyone else, but laid them on the table; and with a rap for silence began his homily. He made it both strong and long, dwelling with particular emphasis on the beneficence of the Government that after a wicked rebellion permitted rebels to return to their allegiance and receive all the benefits of the Union—becoming indeed, one with her other citizens. This concluded, he tendered Steve the oath. Everyone present, perhaps, expected Steve to refuse to take it; instead of which he took it without a word. There was a moment of breathless silence.

"I understand, then, that we are, so to speak, one now?" Steve said, drawlingly.

"Ah! yes," said Leech, turning away to try to hide his surprise from Thurston.

"Then, as a friend of mine has already said, confess, without any more lying, didn't old Jackson give us h—l up in the valley of Virginia?"

There was a burst of laughter from Steve's friends.

"Gentlemen, have some of *our* cigars." He took up the box, lit a cigar himself and coolly handed them around.

As he offered them to Thurston the little lieutenant said:

"Captain, the honors are yours."

The next moment Steve tossed his cigar contemptuously out of the door.

"Come over to my office, gentlemen, I have a box that a *gentleman* has sent me. I think they will have a better flavor than these. Good-evening, Lieutenant Leech. Will you join us, gentlemen?" This was to Middleton and Thurston, and the invitation was accepted.

They adjourned to Steve's "law-office," where they proceeded to while away the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hours in a manner which has sweetened, if not made, many an armistice. Fortune perched herself from the start on Steve's side, as if to try and compensate him for other and greater reverses, and at last little Thurston, having lost the best part of a month's pay, said that if Leech's cigars were not as good as Steve's, they were, at least, less expensive.

"You fellows don't know any more about poker than you do about joking," said Steve, imperturbably, as he raked in a pot. "If I'd known about this before I wouldn't have taken that oath."

No man likes to have his poker-game assailed, and Middleton and Thurston were no exception.

"You're outclassed, Captain," said Steve. "I'd be riding that white-foot bay of yours in a week if you played with me."

"I'll bet him against what I owe you, you don't," said Middleton, firing up.

"Keep your horse," said Steve; "I was the best poker-player in my command."

But Middleton was game, and insisted.

Whether or not it was that the idea of winning such a horse gave Steve's face a light which misled Middleton, after another raise or two Middleton laid down his hand. Steve leant back in his chair.

"Captain," he said, laughing. "You are a cooler man than I am; but you must perspire more or not at all."

"Now, if you'll sell him, I'll buy him back," said Middleton.

"I have promised him to a lady," said Steve.

Steve was as good as his word. He rode the horse up to Birdwood and offered him to Blair, with a twinkle in his eyes. "He's the best horse in the county, and as you and your Yankee Captain are such friends, he'll have a double value in your eyes."

Blair's eyes flashed. "She would not take any of his 'gambling winnings.' He was becoming a scandal to the neighborhood, leading the young men off," she said, her color rising, and head going up.

"Young Larry, for instance?" smiled Steve, imperturbably.

"You know whom I mean."

Just then Miss Thomasia entered, placid as usual. Blair turned to her. "I'll ask Cousin Thomasia."

Steve made a sign to her to stop.

"Oh! no. I'll ask her."

Steve entreated with signals.

"Will you give the horse back?"

"He won't take him. I could not."

"Will you offer to sell him back?" Steve hesitated, and she turned to Miss Thomasia.

"Yes," and Blair had conquered.

As the time went on a new pain came to Jacquelin. Steve was in love with Blair. A shadow began to fall between Jacquelin and the sun. If Steve were in love with her, of course that settled it. No one could beat Steve. Steve was always with her, his name was always on her lips, and his frequently on hers. She rode his horse, went about with him, and he often came to Red Rock with her. But as Jacquelin watched he knew he had no chance. It cut deeper than anyone ever knew; but he fought it out and won. He would not let it come between him and Steve. Steve had always been like a brother. What did he not owe him! His life, everything. He would still love her. This was not forbidden him. Not every knight always won his great love. It was the fealty, not the success, that was knightly. If she loved Steve he could make her happier than he ever could have done. Steve was the leader, the sunshine of every company. And if God gave him power, he would rejoice with them in time. So in time came, if not joy, peace.

The time for the party approached. It was intended to make it a sort of subscription affair, for the benefit of the poor wounded Confederate soldiers in the county, and the widows and orphans of those who had been killed. It was to be given at Red Rock, and they waited only for Jacquelin to recover somewhat from a set-back he had had after his meeting with Leech at Dr. Cary's. Blair Cary had offers from at least a dozen escorts, but Steve was the fortunate contestant. Miss Dockett was so much interested in her preparations that their two lodgers caught the fever, and found themselves in the position of admirers and part advisers as to her costume for an entertainment, to which they were not considered good enough to be invited. Little Thurston even had to pur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chase a part of it in the city, where he had to go on a visit; and, truth to tell, finding that the small amount intrusted to him—which was all that could be gotten together even by Mrs. Dockett's diligence, stimulated by her natural pride in her daughter's first ball—was not sufficient to purchase material as fine as he thought suited to adorn the plump person of a young lady who had condescended to warble with him, he added to it a small sum from his own by no means over-plethoric pocket, and then lied about it afterward like a trooper and a gentleman.

They had given up all hope of being invited to this assembly, when one evening two formal notes were brought by Steve's boy Jerry, requesting their company, and signed simply "The Committee."

"And now," said Middleton, "we're in a bigger hole than before; for it's for the benefit of the rebels; and if that gets out —! Perhaps it will not?"

"Gets out! Of course it will get out. Everything one doesn't want to get out gets out, but yet we must go. Does not our high sense of duty require us to sacrifice our personal prejudices so far as to keep an eye on this first large assemblage of rebels?"

"Reely, you're a genius," said Middleton, in open admiration.

"Of course, I am," was the Lieutenant's modest reply.

Formal notes of acceptance were sent, and the two young officers were soon as busy as anyone making preparations for their "summer campaign," as Thurston called it, and both ordered new boots, and Thurston a whole suit for the occasion.

An evening or two later the mail was brought in, and in it were two official letters to Middleton. His face fell as he read them and he flung them across to Thurston, who, as he glanced at them, gave an ejaculation hardly consistent with the high-church principles he so proudly vaunted.

One was an order forbidding for the present all public gatherings at night, under any guise whatever, except in churches; the other forbade the wearing of any Confederate uniform or garment forming part of a uniform, or, at least, as persons might not have any other clothes whatever, brass buttons, braid, chevrons, etc., which were the insignia of a uniform. These were to be cut off or covered. They were general orders, and the officers posted throughout the country were directed to see them enforced.

"This comes of having a d—d tailor for President!" said the little lieutenant. "I always did hate 'em; and to think I've ordered a new uniform for it, too! Your wedding, Larry, will not come off as soon as I anticipated. Well, there's one consolation, one tailor will have to wait some time."

This view appeared to please him so much that he began to whistle, as he glanced over the orders again, while the Captain looked on despondently. The whistling grew louder as he read on, and he suddenly bounced up.

"I've got it, Larry. Are you a Mason?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh! nothing. I was just thinking of that old masonic-lodge where the chaplain preached and Leech led in prayer. You issue your orders—and leave me to manage it: this tailoring part is what's going to play the deuce. I can settle the other—I'm a churchman—I ought to have been a bishop."

As Thurston foresaw, it was the order touching the uniforms which gave the greatest offence, and in the indignation which this occasioned the other was almost lost sight of. It was intended to show the negroes, the old residents said, that they were completely in subjection to the Federal authorities; which view gained some ground from the fact that the orders were issued by Leech, who appeared to be charged with their enforcement. The next day there was a storm in the county.

The little General made old Julius burnish up his buttons until they shone like gold, and then rode into the village to interview the officer in command. He was stopped on the street by Leech and ordered to cut them off immediately if he did not wish him to do it for him, on which the gallant Confederate stated to that functionary, as placidly as he might have returned an answer to Miss Thomasia on the subject of roses, that if Leech so much as attempted to lay his hand on him he would kill him immediately, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look in his eyes was so resolute and so piercing, that Leech, who supposed from this that he was fully armed, slunk away to secure a squad of soldiers to enforce his order. The General rode serenely on to find Middleton. No one was present at the interview between him and the two officers. But it became known afterward, that the General had begun by an intimation that he was ready to renew his polite offer of the pair of duelling-pistols to Captain Middleton if he wished to give a gentleman who found himself temporarily in a somewhat embarrassing position, a gentleman's satisfaction; and that he had come away, not with this satisfaction, indeed, but at least with renewed esteem for the young men, whom he continued to speak of as "most gentlemanly young fellows," and he covered his buttons with cloth.

Steve Allen got Miss Thomasia to cover his buttons with crape. Dr. Cary found his buttons cut off by Mrs. Cary and Miss Blair, "to prevent their being defiled by sacrilegious hands," Blair said.

Jacquelin Gray was confined to his lounge with his wound; but it had this drop of consolation for his mother and Aunt Thomasia, that so long as he stayed there he could not be subjected to what others underwent. They reckoned, however, without their host.

One afternoon Leech rode into the Red Rock yard with a squad of soldiers at his back, passed across the grass to the very door, dismounted and stamped up the steps, and, without waiting for an answer to his loud rap, stalked into the hall with his men behind him. Where he had come from no one knew; for he had ridden in from the back way. He had stopped for a minute at the overseer's house.

At the moment that Leech appeared in the hall, Jacquelin was lying on his lounge with Blair Cary and Rupert sitting beside him, and the first he knew of the Provost's presence was when Blair sprang to her feet with an exclamation. He turned and faced Leech as he entered the hall. The Provost appeared dazed by the scene before him, for scores of eyes were fastened on him from the walls, and he stood for a moment rooted to the spot, with his gaze fixed on the face of the Indian-killer over the big fireplace. That strange embodiment of fierce resolve seemed almost to appall him. The next instant, with a gesture, he came forward to where Jacquelin lay. At the same moment Blair retired to seek Mrs. Gray and Miss Thomasia, Leech's eyes following her as she went out.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" Jacquelin asked, haughtily.

"Take off your coat."

It was the form of the order given to negroes when they were to be thrashed, and Jacquelin's face flushed.

"What for?"

"Because if you don't, I'll take it off for you. I mean to cut those buttons off."

"You can cut them off." Jacquelin had grown quiet, and his face was white. Rupert drew nearer to him, his cheeks flushed and his breath coming quickly.

"I guess I can," sneered the Provost. He came up to the lounge, pushing Rupert aside, who interposed between them. He leaned over and cut the buttons from the jacket one by one.

"I'll send these to my girl," he said, tauntingly. "Unless you want them for yours," he added, meaningly, with a laugh. Jacquelin controlled himself to speak quietly.

"Tell your master that some day I will call him to account for this outrage."

"Young puppies bark, but don't bite," sneered the Provost.

In an instant Rupert was on him and, boy as he was, he struck the Provost a blow which, taking him unawares, staggered him. He recovered himself, however, and seizing the boy, slapped him furiously several times. Jacquelin was on his feet in a second. He sprang toward the Provost, but the men interposed and he sank back on his lounge, breathless and white.

"Hound! for that I will some day make a negro whip you within an inch of your life," he said, beside himself.

Leech grinned in triumph and, walking up, leaned over him officiously, as if to see if there were still any buttons left to be removed.

As he did so Jacquelin raised himself and slapped him across the face. Leech, with an oath, sprang back and jerked out a pistol, and possibly, but for an accident which gave time for the intervention of his men, Jacquelin Gray's career would have ended then.

He looked so cool, however, and withal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so intrepid as he lay back and gazed into Leech's eyes, denouncing him fiercely and daring him to shoot, that Leech hesitated and turned toward his men for encouragement. As he did so the door opened hastily and a curious thing happened. The great full-length portrait over the big fireplace, loosened perhaps by the scuffle with Rupert, or by the jar of the door as Mrs. Gray and Miss Thomasia, followed by one or two servants, entered, slipped in its frame and at the moment that Leech turned, fell forward, sending the provost staggering back among his startled men. When Leech recovered, his men interfered. They were not ready to see a man murdered before his mother. Baffled in this, the provost determined on another revenge. He swore he would have Jacquelin hanged, and made his men take him out and put him on a horse. Jacquelin was unable, however, to sit in the saddle, and fell off in a faint. At this moment, Hiram Still came up and interposed. At first the provost was not amenable even to Still's expostulations; but at length he pressed a wagon and had Jacquelin put into it and hauled off to the court-house to jail, still swearing he would have him hanged. Mrs. Gray had summoned Still, who appeared at first to be almost as much excited as she was—but on learning what she had to say, quieted down and was very hopeful that she could secure her son's release. Then, having sent off by Blair in hot haste for Dr. Cary to follow her, she directed Still to replace the picture, ordered her carriage to be hitched, and, without waiting, set out for the Court-house, accompanied by Miss Thomasia and Rupert.

They had hardly left when Still went into the house to set the picture back in its place. It was surrounded by a group of curious, half-frightened servants who with awe alternately gazed on it and on the yawning hole in the wall, making comments full of foreboding on its fall. Still sent them all off except Doan, whom he kept to help him set the picture back in place. It was necessary to get up on a chair and lean half-way into the hole and examine the sides where the nails were to be driven, and this Still did himself, making an examination of the entire recess, even moving a number of bundles of old papers.

"Ah!" he said, as he ran his eye over one bundle, which he laid off to one side. He sent Doan out to get him some long nails, for, as he explained, he meant now to nail it up to stand till judgment-day. The negro went with a laugh, half timid, half jest, saying that he wouldn't stay in that hole by himself not for the whole Red Rock plantation. While he was out Still was not idle. Doan had no sooner disappeared than the overseer seized the bundle of papers he had laid to one side, and hastily cutting the string which bound it extracted several papers.

"I thought I knew which one they were in," he muttered. "I didn't know when they were put in here as I'd ever git hold of 'em again." He held them up so as to get the light over his shoulder on them.

"Yes, that's the big one, with the paint on it."

He was so busy with the papers that he did not see the faces pressed outside against the window-panes, or hear Doan enter, and he did not know he had returned until his shadow fell across the hearth. He hastily slipped the papers into his pocket.

"How did you come in, fool?" he asked, with a start, as he rammed the papers back into his pocket.

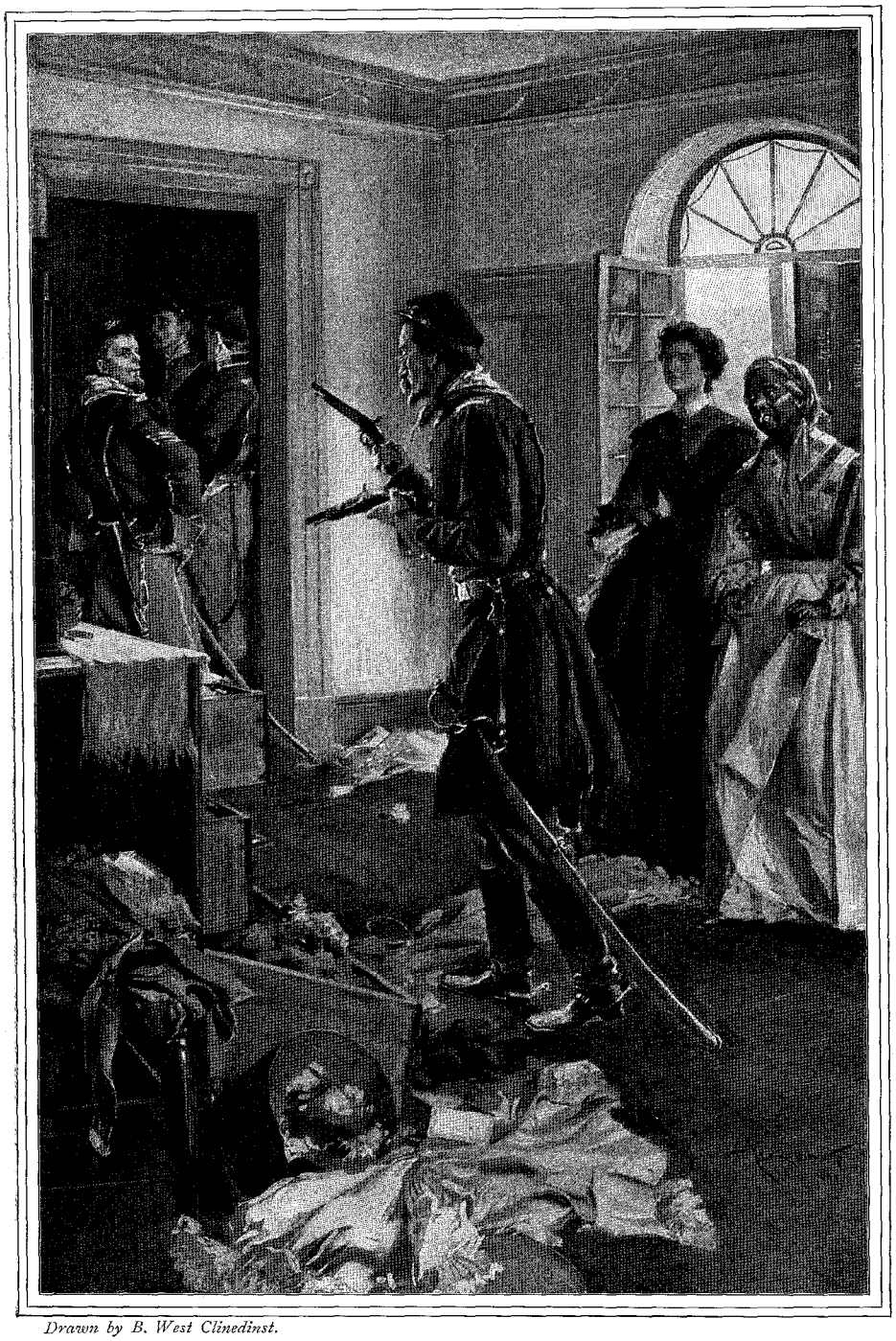
"I come in by the do'," said Doan, sullenly.

The portrait was soon nailed back, this time Still driving the nails in to make sure they wouldn't come out again.

Meanwhile the ladies were making their way to the Court-house. It was quite dusk when they reached the county-seat, and to their surprise they found that the wagon had not yet arrived. Miss Thomasia was in great distress over it and was sure that Leech had executed his threat; but Mrs. Gray, though much disturbed, thought that they had more probably taken another road and had travelled more slowly. This, indeed, proved to be the case, and some hours later Leech and his prisoner turned up.

Meantime Mrs. Gray had not been idle. On reaching the Court-house she sent at once for General Legaie and drove to Mrs. Dockett's, where she knew the commanding officer had his quarters. There she found the family at supper, and it may be safely asserted that no meal was ever more unceremoniously interrupted. Mrs. Dockett no sooner heard Mrs. Gray's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

He carried off in triumph a pair of old horse-pistols.—Page 297.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name, than she left the table and went to receive her, and having in the first two minutes learned the cause of her visit, swept back into the dining-room and swooped down on the two young officers with a volubility which, at least, terminated the meal and looked for a little while as if it would also terminate the relations of hostess and guest. She announced that Leech had broken into Mrs. Gray's house, assaulted her son and finally dragged him from his dying-bed and no doubt murdered him in the woods.

Middleton, with his quiet manner, could when he chose be impressive enough. He listened to Mrs. Gray's statement calmly, was very grave, but very polite to her, and though he did not promise to release her son, or indicate what would be done in the matter, he assured her that he should have proper treatment on his arrival, and promised that she should have access to him.

Suddenly Rupert, who had been crying on the way down whenever he could do so unobserved, stepped forward from behind his mother, where he had been standing.

"I struck him first, and I am the one to hang, not my brother." His face, which had been red when he began, paled suddenly and his lip quivered a little; but his head was held straight and his eyes were steady and were filled with light.

Mrs. Gray started to speak; but her voice trembled and failed her and she could only hold out her hand to the boy. Middleton's eyes softened.

"No one will be hanged," he said; then added, gravely: "But you shouldn't have struck him."

"He called my brother a puppy," said the boy, defiantly, his eyes flashing, "and I'll let no one do that—not you nor anyone."

That night Thurston said to Middleton, "Gad, Larry, I said I ought to be a bishop, but you ought to be one—the way you preached to that boy: and I'd give a thousand dollars for him."

"I wish you were Captain," growled Middleton.

"He looked like a little game-cock, didn't he?"

So it was arranged, and when the prisoner arrived about midnight under his guard, they found everything ready for his reception, and his mother detailed to nurse him, to which probably the failure of Leech's and another's plan was due.

(To be continued.)

HATE

By Elizabeth Barton Pitman

O God, of all my dearest dreams
That Time will sweep away,
There's just one dream, do let me keep—
To help me live my day.

This dream that makes my heart's blood leap,
Rings not with shining gold;
Nor shouts with Fame, nor boldly lies
That Love will ne'er grow cold;

But this the dream my heart so craves,
And makes wild hopes to rise;
The soul o' the man who won my hate,
Be barred God's Paradise!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They sped on, now splashing through mud and now rolling smoothly over the elastic turf.—Page 316.

THE MOMENT OF CLEAR VISION

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THE gas-jet flared unsheltered above Thompson's head, painting the silhouettes of three men on the white plastered wall. Thompson's had an eagle nose and pointed beard (which tilted in the air, as he talked); the other two had each a mustache and a good, firm jaw. The three men were members of the Labor Council, although belonging to different trades. Thompson was a printer. He had been a drinking man, inclined to riot in his cups; but it was an open secret that Harry Leroy had made a reformed man of him; and now he merely smoked and swore to excess, and was on the best terms with the police force. The other two were hard-headed, conservative, skilful workmen of the class that does the most for the unions while needing them the least. The man with the heavy mustache was a carpenter, the man with the scanty flaxen mustache was a rougher in a steel mill.

All three were smoking, all three wore a troubled air, which in Thompson's case was tinctured with irritation.

"Yes," said the carpenter, "the boys decided to keep on with the strike. Going to appeal to the Council to help 'em. That throws it all on us. If we say we'll support the strike, why, they'll keep it up; but if Harry can hold the Council back, there is a lot of conservative fellows, married men, you know, that'll be only too glad of a chance to take what's offered."

"They were offered about everything that they struck for, seems to me," Thompson grunted between puffs; "extra hour on Saturday, grinders got the rise they asked, and they promise to take on more men, so the fellers Haverly bounced can all get back."

"*Will* he take 'em back, though?" said the steel-worker, "he used 'em cruel rough; I guess he's made the strike, and 'long's he's there no man who has dared to stand up to him will feel safe. And they ain't going to give in about discharging him, you bet! That's the way. Nine times out of ten, in strikes, it's some fool boss makes the row; and then the firm,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I've got something to propose to you, boys," said Leroy.—Page 313.

instead of giving him his walking papers, stand up and fight for him—'cause it's discipline. That was the way at Homestead. That was the way at Pullman. And that's it here."

"That's right," said the carpenter, "you don't catch me doing a turn in the Hollister Plough Works while Ike Haverly is Superintendent; and all the other concessions don't go while he stays."

"But he ain't going to stay," said Thompson, impatiently; "they won't discharge him under fire, that's true enough; but while you boys have been shouting and parading and howling at Harry because he won't let you boycott the other companies doing business with Hollister's, he's been quietly working and making sympathy for you and seeing folks that can talk up to Hollister; and Harry told me that Haverly's got another job offered him and he's going to take it. Next month. Harry says so."

Both listeners showed excitement. The carpenter whistled. "That ought to fetch 'em. Harry's a good 'un. But—will they receive a committee from the Union and see West when he comes? Say West and Harry, West for the Unions, and Harry for the Labor Council?"

"Nit. That's where Hollister says he'll fight as long as he's got one brick left on another in his factory. He admits Haverly was in the wrong and the men have had grievances. He's willing to redress them; he'll see all the committees from his own men they want to send; but he won't see outsiders. That he swears."

"That's where they'll split, then," the steel man sighed. "West is as stiff as Hollister. He'll come down to-morrow night; and if he makes one of his razzle-dazzle speeches to the Council there'll be no holding the boys. They'll be for endorsing the strike, making an assessment, having a boycott, and anything else the hotheads ask."

"He ain't got half the sense in his speeches Harry has," snarled Thompson.

"Maybe," admitted the steel man, "maybe. Harry's pretty clear, and he talks sense every time; but the trouble with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harry is, he ain't got no magnetism. And West is chock full of it. He gits them to shouting before they know it. It's the easiest thing in the world, I do believe, to make men do fool things. There's nothing tremendously exciting about sense—in fact, it's kinder dampening, usually; but you can make an awful fine speech about the way the laboring man is ground under by the Shylocks and the tyrants and the soulless corporations, and goading and prodding them! Besides, Victor knows lots of poetry and big words, while Harry's speeches—why, you can understand every blamed word Harry says."

"I *want* to understand!" said Thompson.

"So do I; but it ain't so grand. But the main thing against Harry is, he ain't fiery enough; he's all for law and order. If you knocked him down, I guess he wouldn't do more than call the police!"

"That's all you know of Harry—hush up, that's his knock!"

Thompson flung back the door and Leroy entered, mild, gentle, gravely courteous as usual. Even Thompson, looking at him, listening to his leisurely tones of greeting, swallowed a sigh. "I *wish* he didn't have that under-dog look about him," thought Thompson.

"I've got something to propose to you, boys," said Leroy.

Victor West sat, cramped and stifled, in the stuffy chair-car and gazed out of the rigid storm-windows that had been screwed into their winter position to repress lawless ventilation. The yellow kerosene flames swayed in the aisles, and the darkening landscape without was no more than a blur of trees and plain.

"I suppose the brakeman will call the place," thought West, "and anyhow Leroy telegraphed that he would be on two or three stations before. I wonder if he thinks he can move me." His lip curled; he had the impetuous nature's contempt for the moderate, cautious man. Leroy had seemed to him (during the two times of their meeting) to be timid and slow. "He can only do a retail business in anything," was West's notion; "probably he is not a physical coward, but he is scared of anything big, strikes or anything else. I must stir the boys up."

He laid his head back against the soiled red plush; and the light showed how pale was the skin, how sharply cut the delicate features. Many a rough man had looked up at that haggard face and those burning brown eyes with a swelling of the heart. West had a charm; even his enemies admitted that. There was a sweetness in his boyish radiance of hope, his frankness, his eager cordiality to those of his own party; and no one in his company for half an hour could resist the assurance that he was absolutely sincere. While he rested, he was going over the heads of his speech. Argument, invective, appeal thronged tumultuously into his mind, to be dressed by every resource of his wit, and fancy, and passionate faith in his cause. At last, with a sigh of relief, he opened his eyes and muttered to himself, "Yes, that ought to fix them!"

Just at this moment the train jarred and moaned itself into a stop. The vast purr of the engine throbbed in his ears, pierced by a voice at his elbow. "Excuse me, Mr. West?"

West sprang up and made room for the new-comer to sit beside him. Leroy was the same neutral tinted, phlegmatic soul as ever, he decided—look at him now parting his coat-tails carefully as he sat; neatly arranging his overcoat across his knees; and trying to smooth the pocket-flaps over something that bulged out the pocket. What a Miss Betty he was! And such a fellow thought that he could fight *him!*

Victor was not conscious of vanity; considering everything, he was not especially vain; but the image of slow, stupid, moderate Harry Leroy, expecting to overquell his brilliant self, struck him as funny. And yet his sensitive nerves felt an attraction in Leroy. And he had a curious kind of pity for his sure defeat. He began the conversation in a kindly strain. Leroy went to the point at once. He told his story. They had really won everything for which they were fighting. Why not accept the terms offered and everybody go back to work?

"How about the Union?" said West, "will they meet us? Will they recognize the Unions?"

"They won't discriminate against any union man; they won't promise not to em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ploy non-union labor; but as a matter of fact about all the men do belong."

"Will they let you and me, or any of the Labor Council meet them, or do they demand that the members of the committee they see shall be their own men?"

"They want them to be their own men, but they may belong to any union. I understand the point you would make; but I think we are risking the bone running after the dog that took it. If we go in now we shall get what we are fighting for; if we stick it out for a point like that we shall lose the public sympathy, and the firm will gain it; and feeling will get bad. It has been a very decent strike so far. The firm hasn't tried to get in new men. But they will if we stick it out; and that means the devil of a time. I don't think we ought to risk it."

"But for a principle," said West, with his pleading smile. "I hate a strike; but what are a dozen strikes if we win a principle like that? We must make them recognize organized labor."

"A lost strike ain't going to help us."

"Ah, but we sha'n't lose it; and if we do, it will be after such a fight that they may be ruined men, or pretty near it."

"I'm hanged if I see how Hollister's men are going to be helped by ruining Hollister. In that case, they are out of a job for good and all."

"Someone else will take the factory; and you may be sure that he will not be so ready to fight labor."

"Do you think it is so easy to sell factories? It may be six months, may be a year, may be *never*, and the men have got to live meanwhile; there are their meat and grocery bills going on all the while, and their children's feet wearing through the shoes. You talk easily of ruin, but an employer's ruin ain't no fun to the men he employs."

Something in his tone nettled West; it conveyed to him a biting idea that Leroy thought him young and crude, and unbusiness like. Because business was West's weak side he was the prouder of his capacity therein, and the more ready to flare up at any criticism. He swallowed his chagrin, but it rankled within him.

"I am not underestimating the hardships of the men in this strike; but you must remember I have to look out for not only them, but for labor in general. Individual hardships must be borne for the sake of the cause."

"If the cause is worth it; but it ain't worth keeping decent, honest, hard-working men awake nights just to git a blazing triumph for the leaders in this strike, and that's what it comes to."

West reddened; but Leroy checked the words on his lips by a gesture, while he continued: "I know you're only thinking of the real welfare of workingmen. So'm I, Mr. West. I know you don't care for any personal glory, or victory, or any of that slush. You want the men to be the better, not the worse for this strike. And so do I. Say, can't we get together, somehow, and save these boys? They've spent all their money, and they're running up bills. They know they haven't got a chance if the Council don't help 'em out; but if the Council backs them up the hot heads will win out and we'll all be in the mire together. We'll have to be assessed; and if, as is likely, they ask a boycott on Hollister, then all the firms that have any dealings with him will be pulled into the muss. Here we are at Cochrane's, for example; we're getting along all right, we've no kick coming. Cochrane is a square man; I tell you in confidence, he's helped a deal to get this proposition from Hollister; but he ain't going to throw his friends overboard at any union's dictation; and before we know we would be walking out ourselves! You see the situation?"

"I see what you mean, Mr. Leroy," said West, stiffly, "but I am obliged to differ."

Then they went over the whole ground again. This time, in the sleeper, where (as Leroy said) they could talk without interesting the men in front and behind them—and have some fresh air. Leroy paid for the seats. As West noted him fumbling in a lank pocket-book for a fifty-cent piece not too readily found, he remembered that Leroy had contributed more than any one to the strike fund; and his secret irritation at the conservative man's criticism softened; almost, he felt a moving of sympathy for the slow, stupid, timorous, honest fellow. He explained his position with courtesy, in fact with gentleness. Nevertheless Leroy was not so obtuse that he did not perceive that his words were wasted. He looked intently at West, whose pale

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheeks were flushed, and whose eyes sparkled as he talked. "You put your side well," he said, "I hadn't much hope I could make you see things differently. But—I'm sorry." He nodded his head so dismally West had to straighten his lips.

"Here we are," Leroy continued; and he motioned to the porter coming for the bag, "no, we don't want to be brushed." But he slipped a dime into the man's hand.

Before they were well on the platform the train was speeding its lights away.

"It's not so large a town as I expected," said West, blinking in the semi-darkness, and looking down the one long, dimly lighted street visible; "where are the boys?"

No one stood about the little shed that served for a station; a single shabby carriage was drawn up to the platform.

"There's the hack," said Leroy, "the boys must have thought the train would be late—it never is on time, scarcely—and stepped over to Ball's to get a glass of beer while they were waiting; I guess you'd better go in, while I stir them up. I'm sorry—this way, Mr. West."

West had no suspicions, although the reception struck him as cool, and he did not half like it. He got into the carriage, a weather-beaten country "hack," politely reassuring Leroy. It was undoubtedly all right, the committee would hear the train, and the carriage was there, which was the main thing. Leroy jumped in beside him.

"We best look 'em up, I guess," said he, while the horses, which a glance had told West were better than the vehicle, plunged off at a gallop.

"Are they running away?" cried West when Leroy had righted him, for he had tumbled across the seat at the start. Still he did not suspect; he took Leroy's answer for what it seemed.

"No, they're just a little fresh, that's all."

But when the breakneck speed continued with no check, and no sign of excitement on the box, a snake-like fear squirmed into West's consciousness.

Thought was not much quicker than his action, which was to grab the handle of the door. Instantly his arms were gripped from behind and Leroy's voice was in his ears, as pensive and drawling as before, yet, be it his imagination or not, informed with a sinister resolve, "Be still! Keep quiet and you sha'n't be hurt; but if you try to git out, I'll have to hurt you."

"See here, this is kidnapping; let me go!"

"Better not try!"

The tussle was strong but short. West was no match for the moulder's muscles, and he sank back exhausted. Not a word had been said. "I suppose you'd shoot me rather than let me go?" he sneered.

"I'd hate to do that," said Leroy, gently.

There was a quality of such inflexible resolution in his tones that West felt a thrill crawl down his spine.

"Is it Harry Leroy, that made such speeches for law and order, talking?" he exclaimed. "What do you expect? What good will this do you? You can't mean——"

"I don't mean any harm to you, but I do mean you sha'n't go to the meeting and stir up a row to-night. I've thought this all out. I've got a pair of handcuffs in my pocket and if you won't be quiet I'm plenty strong enough to put them on you. And I will."

"It's all a plot, is it? I suppose luring me into the Pullman was part of it."

"They don't call out the stations there," said Harry.

"And I'm nowhere near Fairport or the Mississippi?"

"Not very near," said Leroy, rattling up the ragged shade.

Prairie, nothing but prairie, dun and dark under the stars, sweeping off in darker ploughed fields or lightening in the glistening yellow-gray stubble of shorn corn, and devouring shadows streaming ahead of their lamps and their horses' flying hoofs. The lights of the town were gone; he could not put his head out the window to find them. West began to feel a disagreeable, gooseflesh feeling. He recalled divers stories that he had slurred over lightly in the past—"The men had been carried away by their natural and righteous indignation; they misunderstood and went too far"—was that the damfool way he had talked himself? He knew better now. There was no safety in these appeals to the brute court of last resort, to-day his side, to-morrow it might be clean against him. He had not hated those things enough. They were all wrong. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leroy couldn't be meaning to do him a mischief—he had been seen with him, the conductor knew him—did he, though? Wasn't the reckless daring of Leroy's plan perhaps its best chance? Curse his own stupidity! The argument was only a trap. And he had let this fellow whom he despised entrap him! He could have torn his hair, but for the childishness of it. He did grind his teeth. Leroy never offered a word. They sped on, now splashing through mud and now rolling smoothly over the elastic turf.

West's fevered brain kept a whirl as rapid as the horses' hoofs. A new spectre flaunted before him. He might be kept in captivity and released drugged, with hideous slanders about him that would ruin him. He had from a sneerer at Leroy become willing to fear almost anything from his dare-devil cunning. His mind went back to his speech, whereupon involuntarily he groaned.

"I'm sorry to disturb you so much," said Leroy's soft accents, "but I take it it's better one man should suffer than four or five hundred, and maybe a great many more."

West disdained to answer, so spent was he with his unavailing wrestle and his fury that he was afraid, indeed, that his voice might break. Silence fell between them and lasted a long while. The horses' lope changed into a good, round trot that did not slacken until they jolted over the rails of an electric road, and West saw the glimmer from a car flood the seat and Leroy's features a second before it faded. The horses broke into their gallop again. In what seemed a half hour to West (but he was aware he was not likely to compute time accurately) the coachman silently pulled them up. The carriage stopped, and Leroy, raising his own window, whistled twice. The whistle was answered by a number of whistles in different keys.

"All right," said Leroy, "we stop here. If you don't resist or try to skip, no harm will be offered you. Please get out."

The coachman had extinguished the lanterns. By the starlight the forms of two men were dimly outlined in the shadow of the lilac bushes before a gate. West opened the door. He expected them to take him by the arm. They did not move, but he heard Leroy's footfall on the gravel behind him. In front, at the end of a winter-stung garden of mingled flowers and vegetables, such as one meets in the Western farming country, was a two-story wooden cottage, painted some dark color, with the usual piazza and a withered vine clinging to the light pillars. The lower rooms of the cottage were lighted, but the shades were closely drawn. West thought of Dr. Cronin and the death-trap in Chicago. He halted. At the same instant he heard the noise of a carriage driving rapidly away, and, turning his head, he saw the swaying back of their "hack" as it jolted over the prairie.

"Please go on," said Leroy.

West walked up to the house in spite of himself, but at the piazza he stopped. "If you are going to murder me you can do it outdoors!" Those were the words on his tongue, but they never were spoken, because, even as his hands clinched and his lips parted for them, the door was swung open, and a voice cried, heartily, "Come in, Vi; what are you waiting for?"

West's heart gave a great jump of relief. Mighty well did he know that tall, square-shouldered shape, that bald head with grizzled curls about it, and those honest, twinkling gray eyes; and even better he knew the thin little woman behind, whose still comely features were palpitating with good-will.

Instantly he was wringing the man's hard hand, and reaching his free hand to the woman.

Why, he even knew the rag carpet on the floor and the Rogers group of "Weighing the Baby" that stood on a familiar marble-topped table in the corner.

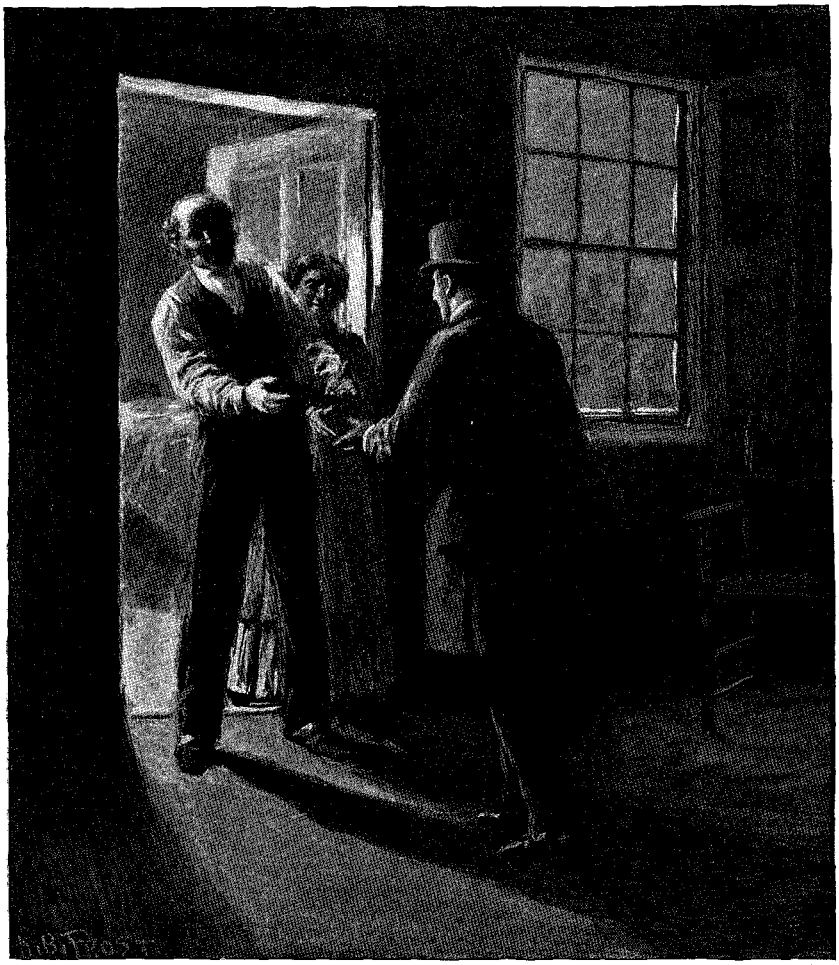
"Why, Uncle Phil Smith!" he cried, "Aunt Maggie, is this really you?"

"It's us both, Vi," answered the man, "sorry and glad, both, to see you this minute; will you go to the kitchen sink to wash your hands like you used to, or go upstairs to your room? Supper'll be ready soon's you are."

West, bewildered, turned his head to find Leroy. Leroy was not in the room. The door was shut.

"It's locked, Vi," said Smith, quietly, "locked outside. And those shadows on the winder curtains, them's men. I hope you won't try to get out, Vi; it would only make you trouble."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A voice cried, heartily, "Come in, Vi; what are you waiting for?"—Page 316.

"Where's Leroy?"

"He's had to go back to town, by the 'lectric cars, to catch the next train for Fairport, so's he can speak in a meeting they have to-night."

"And you would keep me a prisoner here! Uncle Phil, I didn't think that of you, I did not."

"I got to do it, Vi," said Smith, quietly.

"Besides, he thinks it right to do it; and so do I," Mrs. Smith added. "Pa and I don't want those poor boys to keep up the strike any mor'n Harry does. Nor you wouldn't neither if you knew as much as Harry does about things; but I told Harry just how set you could be, for all you were the sweetest-tempered and kindest boy I ever knew except—except my Hughey!"

Her voice changed on the last word and she turned abruptly; and the man's eyes followed her as she went out of the room.

West gasped. He did not know as much as Harry Leroy! And Mrs. Smith, who had been almost a worshipper, to tell him! But he answered, civilly. "You don't realize the danger you're in. This is nothing better than kidnapping. I can have Henry Leroy arrested the minute I get to Fairport. It's against the law. I can send him to the pen!"

"You'd have to send us, too, then, Victor; and I don't think you'd do that." The elder man was smiling as he spoke.

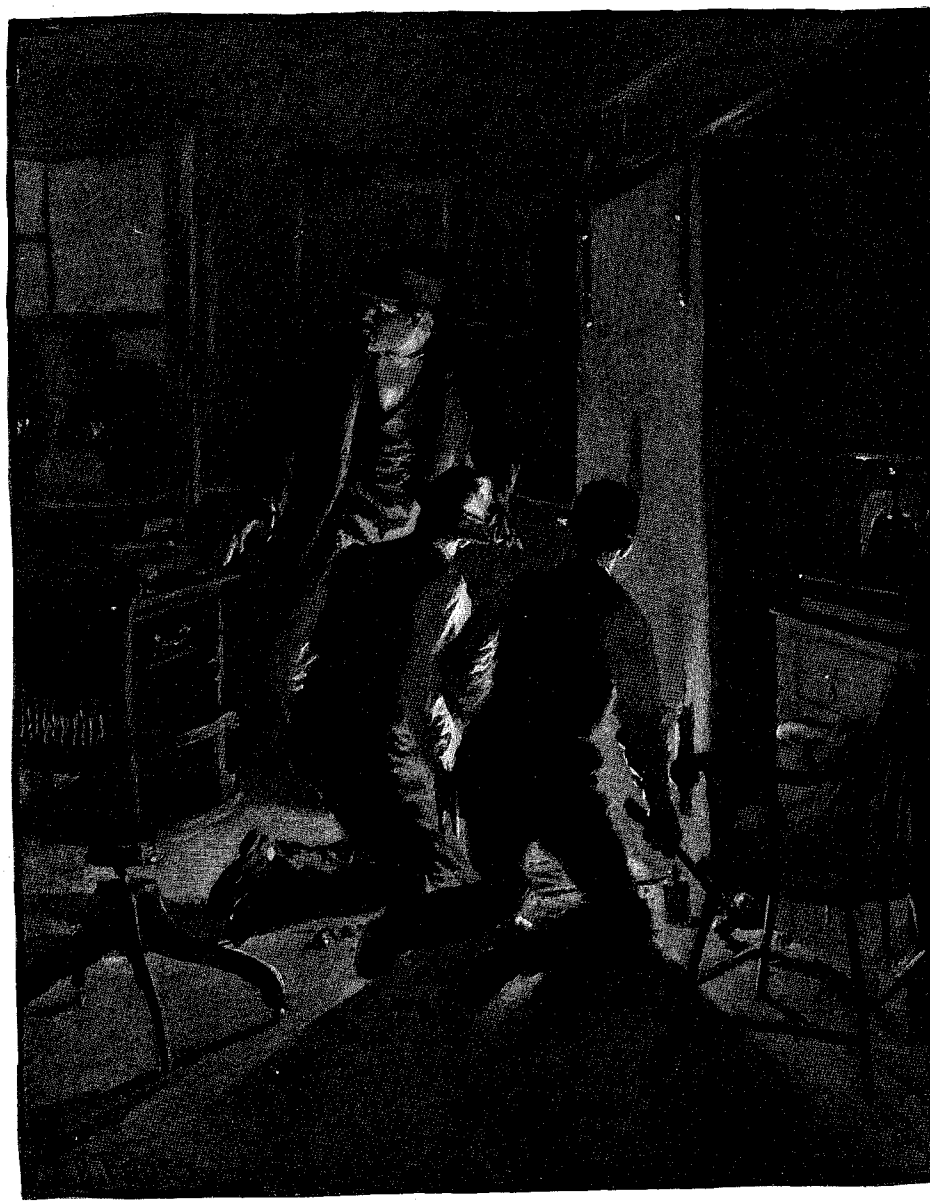
"I suppose if I try to get out of this trap, you'll knock me down and sit on me. But you know I can't go back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on *you*. Oh, yes, Leroy is slick! That's what he's banking on, is it?"

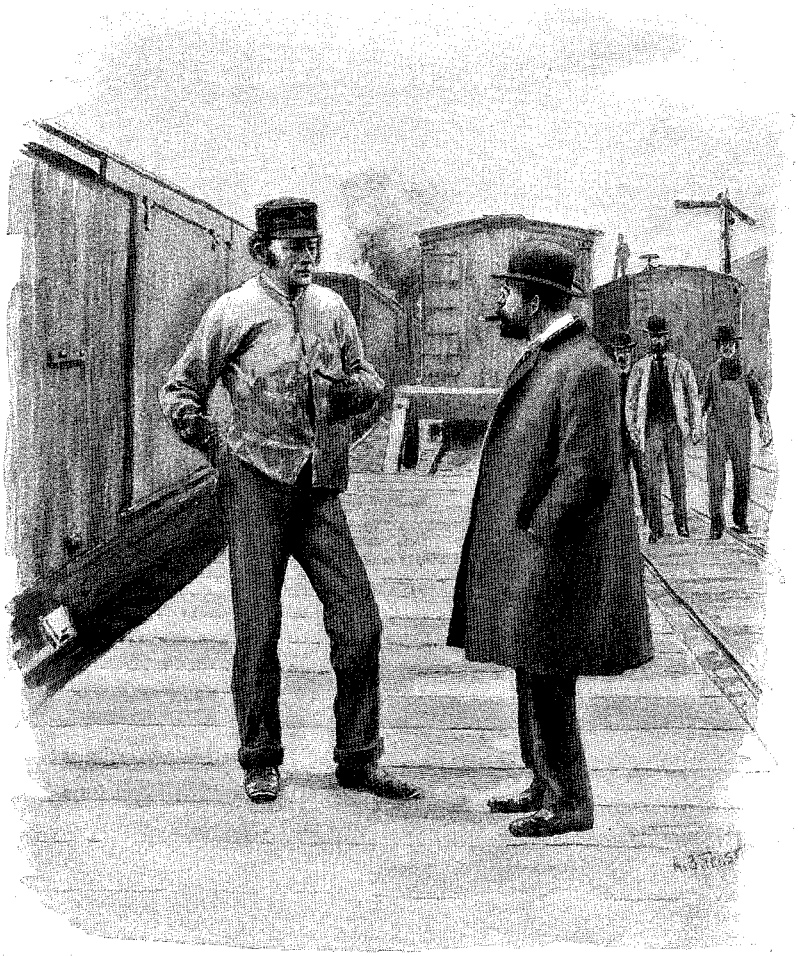
"Why, you see, Victor," said Smith, "it ain't no use to git excited and throw open the throttle. If you do git back to Fairport to-morrow, by that time, Harry'll have the strike all called off and the men will be back at work again, and it won't be so easy. No, Victor, Harry's got the brakes on and you got to quit, and you best quit easy. Ma's making them corn griddle-cakes you used to like so, and she's frying some sausages and potatoes and making coffee, and we got a good bed for you upstairs. And though it is a kinder queer way to meet again, and we wish you felt different about it, we're real glad to see you, Vi."

"If I must be in prison," said West, "I couldn't ask kinder jailors, that's sure!"



"They caught them. Hughey only's got a year."—Page 321.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"But, there, I stood scowling at him and wondering whether I wouldn't break his head."—Page 322.

He smiled his radiant, winning smile; and it was a surprise to have Smith wince. Why? But he was chilled and hungry and there would be no harm in watching his chance to escape and meanwhile eating supper. He had no kinship with the Smiths, although he called them "Uncle" and "Aunt"; but when he came to Chicago, a lonely, ambitious orphan boy, he had boarded for five years with them. They were very kind to him. Years ago he had left them. At the time, his heart was warm, remembering a thousand little kindnesses, yes, and kindnesses not little; and he expected to keep up the old intimacy always. But they were shy people, and he was a busy, rising man. Somehow the wave had lifted him and washed them out of his sight. It had been years since he had seen them. Now his keen eyes were all over the room questioning the furniture. That was the old photograph on the table that he used to show to Hughey. No trace of Hughey, where was he? The colored photograph was little Maggie. But where was she? It would be awkward to ask and be told the child was dead. A sweet little creature she was, too, and so fond of him: He didn't like the looks of the room, either; everything neat as wax, to be sure, but the furniture wasn't the old furniture, it was cheap and new and awful little of it. The table spread for supper didn't have as pretty dishes as he remembered, and where were those "solid silver" spoons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He pushed the vision out of his mind, yet he never again could be so lightly sure of his own judgment.—Page 323.

that had been Aunt Maggie's pride? He did hear that Smith had lost his engine in the '94 strike. Blacklisted, perhaps (and his heart swelled), "Papa Smith" as the boys called him, the most faithful man who ever rode an engine at death to save his passengers. He wished—but how could he keep track of folks that wouldn't try to look him up? Nevertheless, he began his inquiries at supper. "Uncle Phil," he said, "I tried to find you in '94, but you'd moved away."

"There!" cried the woman, impulsively, "I told you, pa!"

"So you did, ma," Smith admitted, "and I'm real glad you was right. Well, I knowed myself, Vi, if you knowed the fix we was in, you'd have come a running to help us, but *there!*"

"Why didn't you write me?"

Smith looked shamefacedly at his wife. "Why, fact is, I did write; asked if you happened to know of a job. But, fact is, I wasn't up to more than a postal card, then,"—he grinned awkwardly—"and I wrote it on that."

"I never got it," exclaimed West, promptly, but he changed color, remembering, abruptly, how he let the typewriter sort over his mail; and how little attention was paid to postals. He hastened to say that he had once gone out to their house in Kenwood.

"Yes, I lost the house," said Smith; "pretty rough. I had it half paid for, and I had to sell it for two hundred and twenty dollars. You see the engineers wasn't out; but I went to hear 'Gene Debs one night, and he worked me up so I didn't see straight. Hadn't any grievance, but I couldn't bear to leave the boys, and they were calling me a scab, and that speech tumbled me off my base. I jumped off my engine when I found the soldiers was going on my train. More'n that, being plumb crazy, I went out with the crowd. They were throwing rocks. *I* wasn't; but who was to know that? I looked up and I saw the old man himself, the president of the road, looking right at me. I 'spose they marked me down for a violent rioter, that minnit."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And so they blacklisted you?"

"Well, you see there has been such a sight of men looking for jobs on railways, and such a awful few railroad jobs to give 'em that it was no more than nature for the railroads to stand by the men who'd stood by them, and give the other fellers who had made 'em such a lot of trouble the marble heart. And I got it. I'd an awful hard time. Once or twice I got a engine, sorter scrub engine, of course; but in a little while I'd be laid off. God knows whether 'twas the blacklist or they really didn't have the work, like they said. I had to go, anyway. We'd a hard time, Vi, a awful hard time. Ma, she went out as scrub-woman, she did, when we was at the worst—after little Maggie died. She caught cold one day and had a bad cough, and it got worse and—that's how. I ain't been the same man since, I guess. You remember how Maggie and me—I guess there never was a parent set more by a child; and there never was a child was better or brighter—and always laughing, don't you remember, Vi? fall down and hurt herself and scramble up on her little fat legs and lift up her little face with her lip a quivering, but laughing. 'Pa and Maggie don't cry!' says she—because I said that to her after I got burned in the accident, you know; she was pitying me so. And she made it her own word, ever afterwards."

"I hope—I wish I could have done something—Uncle Phil, this is awful!"

"She had every comfort, Victor," said Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, she did," said Smith, "'twas then I sold the house."

"And Hughey? Couldn't he help you?"

Mrs. Smith said something about cakes, and rose hastily, in spite of West's protest that he didn't wish any more cakes.

"I guess you ain't heard about Hughey, Victor"—sinking his voice—"don't speak about it before ma. You—you're about the only one of our friends I'd be willing to have know it, but I guess you know the sorter boy Hughey was, and you won't be hard on him; he jest went crazy, Hughey did—in that strike. He threw up his job's fireman; and after the strike was over he got to running with a awful bad lot that cursed all the rich folks and said that property was robbery, and poor Hughey, he was always that tender-hearted you know, always from a child; and he fairly went wild. He heard about a job in Fairport, at Cochrane's, fireman to the stationary engineer. He didn't git much wages and his crazy friends was always at him. Well—they'd a safe, of course. There was two men, they got at Hughey. They got round him." The father looked appealingly at West. "You know how easy it was to git round Hughey. And he didn't think it was wrong. That's how it was. They caught them. Hughey only's got a year. Ma's been to see him. She says he feels a good deal changed. Harry Leroy, he's been awful good to him. He was a good friend of his at the trial, too. Telling about how faithful Hughey was at his work. Harry's been awful good to Hughey. It might be worse, don't you think, Vi? Cochrane says he'll take him back and give him another show. And Harry's talking to him 'bout them notions of his. I—would it be too much trouble for you when you're in Fairport to go see him, Vi? He thinks a lot of you. He used to git all your speeches when they'd come out in the papers."

"I'll be glad to go," said West. He spoke the truth; any kindness to the Smiths was a relief to his conscience. "But, see here, yourself?" West asked, "isn't there any way I can help *you?*"

Smith's brow cleared; he smiled like the old "Papa Smith" West used to know.

"That's jest like you. Ma! Victor's got his hand in his pocket"—which was true—"he wants to give us some of his mun."

"Not on your life, Vi," called Mrs. Smith, heartily. She pattered in, her hands full. Her eyes were red, but she was smiling. "You're jest the same Vi, if you have got famous. You keep your money; we don't need it, pa's got a good job—Pa, you tell Vi how you got your job!"

It was a relief to have Smith plunge into the new subject with a glance at his wife and a sputtering laugh. "Why, it was this way, Victor. I'd been tramping for most two years when I run into a job here. Got a stationary engine. Dirt train. She was the worst old terror I ever struck, running loose all the time, and kicking up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sech a noise you think she'd bust, next minnit. But I was awful glad to git her. And I did my darndest to please and hold my job. Hung on all spring, all summer. Feeling kinder easy when one day who should I see in front of me but the old man. Him! The pipe tumbled out of my mouth and me on all fours after it, to pick up the pieces. I felt like I was all crumpled up. He never said a word to me. No more I never said a word to him. Picked up the pieces of that pipe and he was gone off. First I thought I wouldn't tell ma; then, I thought I wouldn't want her keeping things from me; and I remembered we'd been through a good deal together; and, fact is, I *had* to tell her. And she advised me right straight to tell the old man the whole story, 'bout little Maggie and all. But I couldn't bring myself to that. I went back next day, in an awful sweat, figuring on brassing it out as John Smith. And I guess you could have wrung me out like a wet rag when I seen the old man bearing down on me. He's a little, fleshy man, and wears a brown overcoat that never's buttoned; and before the strike I used to think he was a real pleasant gentleman, and often had a word with him. He used to be a poor boy himself, you know. But, that day, when I seen him steering for me, and thought of Maggie at home and all the misery I'd seen, I was equal to murdering him, if we'd been off by ourselves. He was on me before I had got my story clear in my mind. 'What's the matter with that engine, Phil?' says he.

"'Nothing but age,' says I—then it come to me, I'd answered to my name. You see a man gits so infernally used to his own name it's hard to drop it. 'My name aint Phil,' says I, 'it's John William, they most generally call me John, here'—yes, they did, too, and lots of trouble I had remembering, and plenty of times I didn't remember and wouldn't answer quick. But, there, I stood scowling at him and wondering whether I wouldn't break his head if he gave me the bounce and, 'My name's John William Smith,' says I. 'You used to be an honest man, Phil,' says he, 'when I knew you. I was so sure of you in the strike I told Kane to have an engine ready for you, I knew *you* wouldn't be scared.' Then, somehow, I remembered what ma said and it didn't seem so hard to do it; and it all come out. I told him the whole story, black list and all; and I stuck my eyes on the button in his vest—his overcoat was a flying, way it always had, no matter what the weather—and I couldn't see how he was taking it; but what I did see was three men come bustling up to him. And I stopped short and looked up at him; the men were right in hearing. What do you think he said? He said, 'That's all right, Phil!' It turned me so queer I most couldn't keep on my feet; and I couldn't tell either what he meant to do; but that night I found out, for the agent he come out and says he, 'You're always scouring up that old tub, Smith, but I guess I'd let the new man do that, to-night.' 'What in h—— do you mean?' says I, but I guessed I knew, else I wouldn't have spoke so rough; and I guess he did, too, for he laughed out, 'You lost your job, Smith; but you've got a better, you're to take out No. 253 on the freight in future; and you better be slinging your oil-can over there where it is waiting!' You bet I didn't mind them laughing at me, then. And yet, when I seen the president, that very next morning, me leaning out of my cab and feeling like—well, I can't tell you how I felt feeling an engine under me that could *go!*—will you believe I jest couldn't say nothing, couldn't do nothing but swaller and swaller and look like a fool. 'That's all right, Phil,' says he, again, and off before I could git my tongue loose."

West was not as ready as usual with a reply; but he said that he was heartily glad that Phil had his job back again. "I'm to have a passenger next month," said Phil, "I've got all my dues paid up. I'm square with the union. But, I guess you can see why I ain't stuck on strikes. And maybe a little why I'm helping Harry."

"I see," said West. He made an excuse to go up to his own room for a few moments while Mrs. Smith washed the dishes. He stood in the centre of the bare little room and thought hard. He was accustomed to regard himself as an honest man, a soldier of humanity, to be frank, as a fine fellow—only we never coarsely tell ourselves that we are fine fellows, we simply feel it, as we feel cold or warm or hungry. West had felt the delicate intoxication of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

satisfied vanity; but he had never dreamed that the glow and the elation came from vanity; he credited it all to an approving conscience. Now, he looked at a strike from Harry Leroy's point of view. Poor Hughey! what a tender-hearted little chap he was in those days, with a funny little face that would tie itself up in knots of anguish over West's tales of kidnapped children. And how Hughey and Mrs. Smith used to cheer him, that first year when he was admitted to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, No. 8, by listening breathlessly to all his speeches and weeping all through the speech he made for Hiram Dixon's funeral. It was a little more than he had bargained to pay for his pathos, however, to have Mrs. Smith give up the treat she had planned and spend all the cyclorama money for flowers "for that poor motherless lad you were telling us about, Vi." Dixon was really only a subject for oratory to Victor; but he suppressed his feelings and wove Mrs. Smith's and Hughey's self-denial into his speech, later, with gratifying effect. His heart softened, remembering how the two, mother and son, always came any distance to hear him speak. Often he would see the little woman and the boy sitting as near as they could get; their faces glowing at every sentence. He could see the proud glances they exchanged! And how happy they seemed on those few nights—confound it! why were they not more?—when Victor would make part of the toilsome car journey back with them!

Once, Mrs. Smith had looked troubled; she even adventured a timid criticism at the end of the lecture. "Ain't you a little too hard on the plutograts, Vi? Some of them are good men, and I've known of their doing kind things right here in Chicago. You know Hughey takes everything you say for gospel." He wasn't to blame for Hughey. No, he wouldn't take that load on his soul; the other men, the cursed railroad sharks—he laughed uneasily—or the cursed fools who ran men into a hopeless strike. And yet he wished that he had kept an eye on the Smiths. But he was so infernally busy, studying and working, burning the candle at both ends; and they never pushed themselves. Why didn't they push themselves a little? they had no right to expect him to do all the seeking out, why didn't they hunt him up in their distresses? But he stopped in the middle of a phrase; for he remembered when the Smiths did hunt him up; when he was hurt by the car and lay for a month at the hospital. Never a visiting day passed that one of them did not come, always with some little offering. Little Maggie worked him a pin-cushion and Hughey drew on his hoard at the savings bank to buy a bottle of port wine, and Smith had spent a whole afternoon, taking him to drive. West sank down in a chair and groaned. No, curse it, there was no use excusing himself; Leroy had been a better friend to these trusting, loyal souls than he. For one sickening moment Leroy seemed to have the right of it in other ways. Then, his confidence in himself righted; but it had changed places in that searing light. He pushed the vision out of his mind, yet he never again could be so lightly sure of his own judgment. And he knew it. With a long, long sigh, he rose. He called to Smith; and when the latter answered him, he said, speaking a trifle more rapidly than his wont: "Say, Uncle Phil, your friend Leroy has more sense on his side than I thought; will you get me off in time to catch the train for Fairport, if I'll give you my parole not to oppose Leroy, but let them settle the strike their own way?"

Smith did not hesitate. "Why, that's what Harry told me to do, keep you here 'till you'd give your word not to fight him. He said he knowed you was white. He didn't expect you'd come round 'fore morning; but I don't see as it makes any difference. I'll let you out; and—say, if you'll promise not to stop Harry, you can take the freight-train to Fairport. I'll put you 'board."

"And we'll talk about Hughey on the way," resolved West.

. . . . . .

The rougher shook his head, while he jammed the tobacco into his pipe with his thumb. "Queerest thing I ever did see. And West was as smooth as you'd want. How'd Harry fix him?"

Thompson, to whom he spoke, wagged his head first at him, next at the carpenter. "I don't know any mor'n you do. Harry asked me to drive the hack. And I drove it. He got in like a lamb. They may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have mixed a bit inside; but he got out like a lamb, when we got there. Then I had orders to drive off and get to Fairport in time for the meeting. I did it, too."

"All I know," said the carpenter, rubbing his chin, "is that Bob and I were to watch at the house and not let him git out; and when Smith gave the word, *we* were to cut for Fairport. He didn't do a thing. And Smith gave us the word; and we took the cars for the depot and came on to Fairport for the meeting; and everything went like it had been greased."

"That's right," said the steel man, lighting his pipe and puffing thoughtfully. "And all I know is 'twas West I reckoned would get there; and he was so much smarter than Harry; and yet Henry's got onto it with both feet."

"Maybe another time, you won't be blaming Harry so much for not being fiery," Thompson observed, a second later — the interval having been filled with smoke and meditation—"and you won't sock at him that he's so blamed law and orderly!"

"We won't," said the rougher, "and what's more, if Harry says Law and Order, Law and Order it's going to be, if we have to bust all the other fellers' heads!"

AT THE CORONATION.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

THE heralds cried, "Long live the King!"
In clamorous shouts the throng replied;
The little children came to sing,
The gladness rippled far and wide.

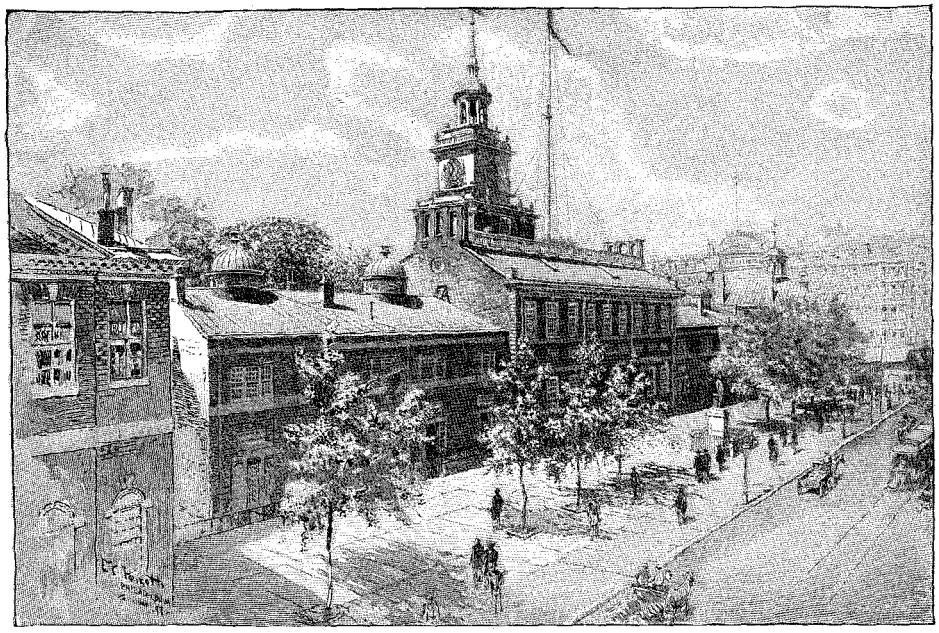
But underneath the jewelled crown
The King nor lifted eye nor hand;
His brow was furrowed with a frown,
His sadness blurred the smiling land.

For lo! upon the fringing edge
Of that vast crowd, the King discerned
One, fast who held his broken pledge,
One whose hot scorn his sin had earned.

A crime's wan ghost returned once more;
He faced a shadowy judgment-seat,
And all the path grew dark before
The monarch's shamed, victorious feet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Front.



THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

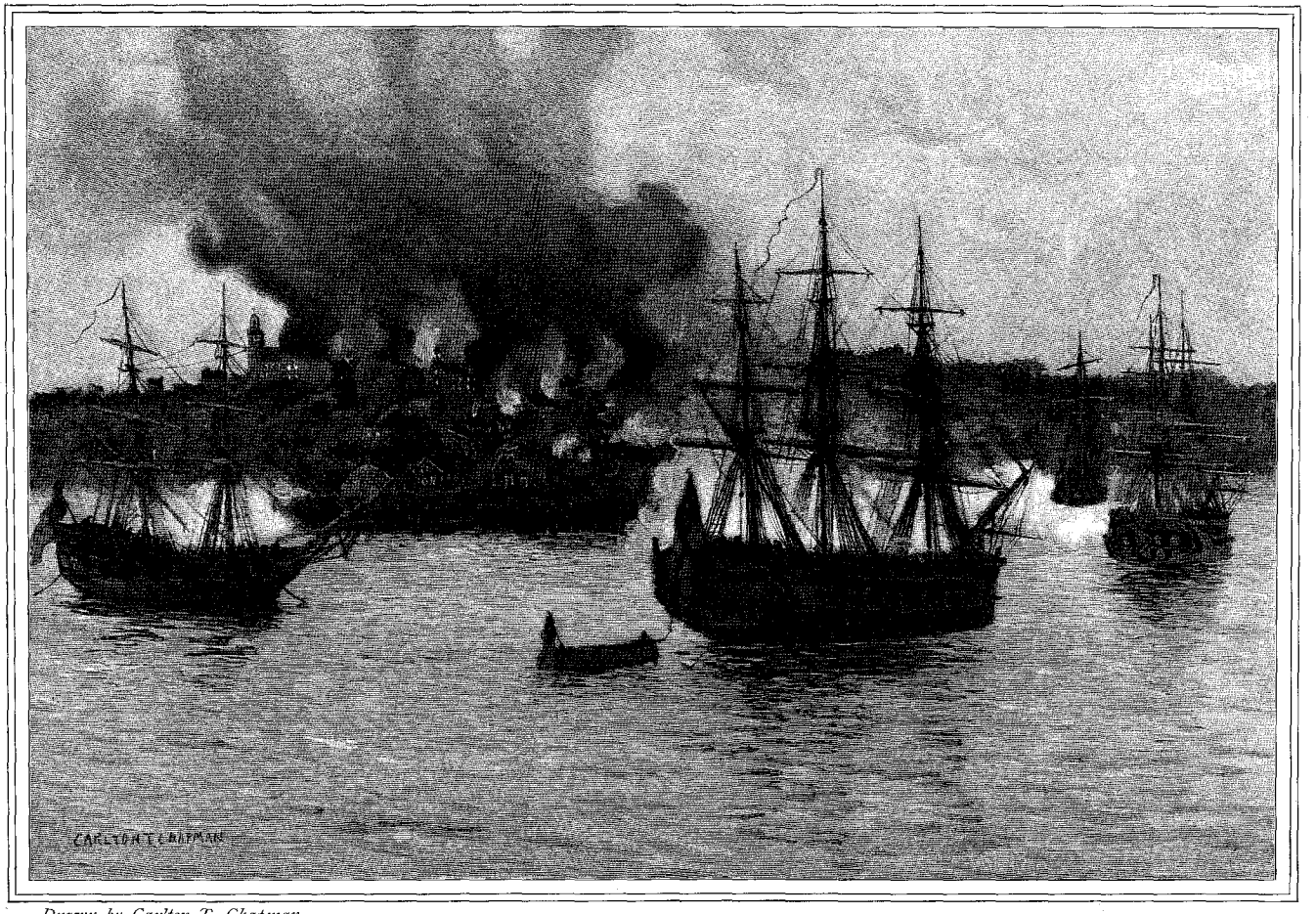
THE SPREAD OF REVOLUTION—INDEPENDENCE

THE SPREAD OF REVOLUTION

It would have been a very obvious part of good military judgment for the British commanders to endeavor to force Washington away from Boston by assailing his communications to the west and south, or by attacks in other important quarters, which would have then demanded relief from the main army. Military judgment, however, was not a quality for which the British generals in Boston were conspicuous. Still less is it conceivable that any of them should have taken a broad view of the whole military situation and sought to compel Washington to raise the siege by a movement in another direction, as Scipio, to take a very familiar example, forced Hannibal out of Italy by the invasion of Africa. This was one intelligent course to pursue. Another would have been to concentrate the war at Boston, and by avoiding collisions and cultivating good relations with the people of the other colonies endeavor to separate Massachusetts from the rest of the continent. The British took neither course, and so lost the advantages of both. They did enough to alarm and excite the other colonies and to make them feel that the cause of Massachusetts was their own, and yet they did not do anything sufficiently effective to even distract Washington's attention, much less loosen his iron grip on Boston.

In October, 1775, Captain Mowatt appeared off Falmouth, in Maine, where the city of Portland now stands, opened fire and destroyed the little town by a heavy bombardment. It was an absolutely useless performance; led to nothing, and was hurtful to the British cause. Washington at once made preparations to defend Portsmouth, thinking that the New Hampshire town would be the next victim, but the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The Destruction of Falmouth, now the City of Portland, Me.

In October, 1775, by a fleet under Captain Mowatt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British had no plan, not enough even to make their raids continuous and effective. They stopped with the burning of Falmouth, which was sufficient to alarm every coast-town in New England, and make the people believe that their only hope of saving their homes was in a desperate warfare; and which at the same time did not weaken the Americans in the least or force Washington to raise the siege of Boston.

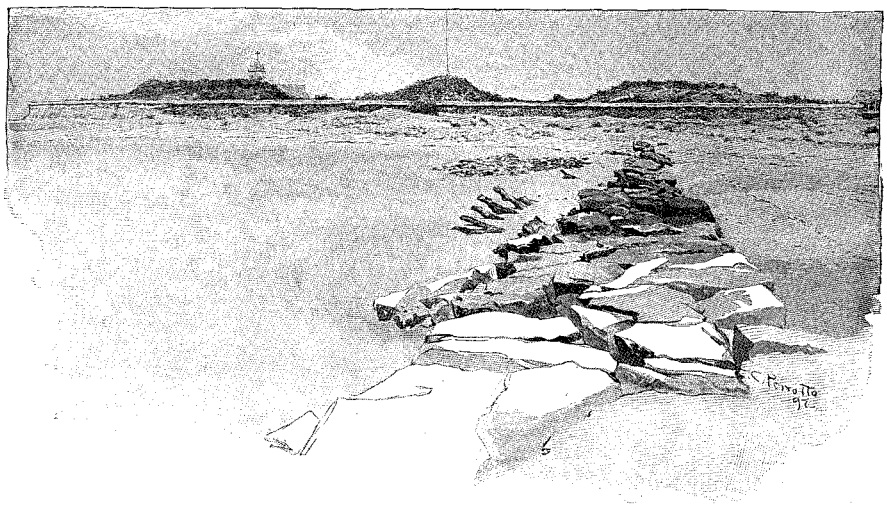
In explanation of the attack on Falmouth, it could at least be said that it was a New England town and belonged to Massachusetts, and that all New England practically was in arms. But even this could not be urged in defence of the British policy elsewhere. In the middle colonies, where the loyalists were strong and the people generally conservative, little was done to hurry on the Revolution. The English representatives, except Tryon, who was active and intriguing in New York, behaved, on the whole, with sense and moderation, and did nothing to precipitate the appeal to arms.

General William Moultrie.

From the painting by John Trumbull, 1791.

In the South the case was widely different. The British governors there, one after the other, became embroiled with the people at the earliest moment; then, without being in the least personal danger, fled to a man-of-war, and wound up by making some petty and ineffective attack which could have no result but irritation. Thus Lord Dunmore behaved in Virginia. It is true that that great colony was like New England, almost a unit in the policy of resistance to England, yet she had committed no overt act herself, and good sense would seem to have dictated every effort to postpone the appeal to force. Lord Dunmore, however, after much arguing and proclaiming, betook himself to a man-of-war. There was nothing sanguinary or murderous about the American Revolution, for it was waged on a principle and not in revenge for wrongs; but, nevertheless, Lord Dunmore apparently thought that his precious life was in peril. Having ensconced himself safely in the war-ship, with a delightful absence of humor he summoned the assembly to meet him at the seat of government, an invitation not accepted by the Burgesses. Then he dropped down the river, was joined by some additional war-ships, made an attack on the village of Hampton, and was repulsed. Foiled there, he took position in rear of Norfolk, commanding the bridge, and drove off some militia. The Virginians, now thoroughly aroused, called out some troops, a sharp action ensued, and the British forces were beaten. Still unsatisfied, Lord Dunmore proceeded to bombard and destroy Norfolk, the largest and most important town in the colony. This was his last exploit, but he had done a good deal. His flight had cleared the way for an independent provincial government. His attack on Hampton and the fight at the bridge had brought war into Virginia, and her people, brave, hardy, and very ready to fight, had quickly crossed the Rubicon and committed themselves to revolution. The burning of Norfolk, wanton as it was, added to the political resistance a keen sense of wrong, and a desire for vengeance, which were not present before. The destruction of the Virginia seaport also had the effect of exciting and alarming the whole Southern seaboard, and brought no advantage whatever to the cause of England. Altogether, it seems that Lord Dunmore's policy, if he was capable of having one, was to spread the Revolution as fast, and cement the union of all the colonies as strongly, as possible.

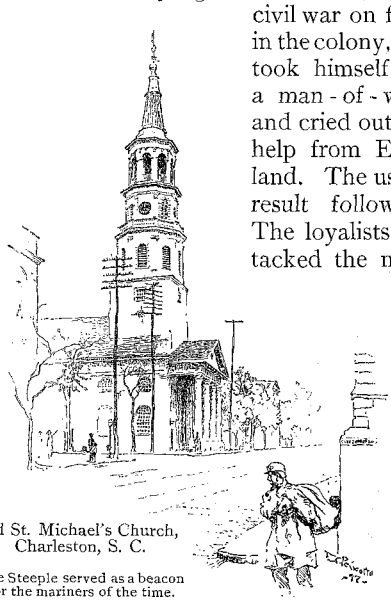
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fort Moultrie, at the Present Day.

On the site of Fort Sullivan.

Unlike Virginia, the Carolinas were sharply divided in regard to the differences with the mother-country. In North Carolina there was a strong loyalist party, the bulk of which numerically was formed of Highlanders who had come to America since 1745, and conspicuous among whom was the famous Flora Macdonald and her husband. Martin, the Governor, went through the customary performances of British governors. He stirred up one part of the community against the other, set a civil war on foot in the colony, betook himself to a man-of-war, and cried out for help from England. The usual result followed. The loyalists attacked the minute-men under Caswell, who had posted themselves at a bridge from which they had taken the planks. The Highlanders attempted to cross on the beams and were beaten back. The claymore was no match for the rifle. In this way the colony was alienated from the Crown, fighting was started, the party of revolution and resistance was left with a clear field and a free hand as the only positive force to set up an independent government and seize all authority.

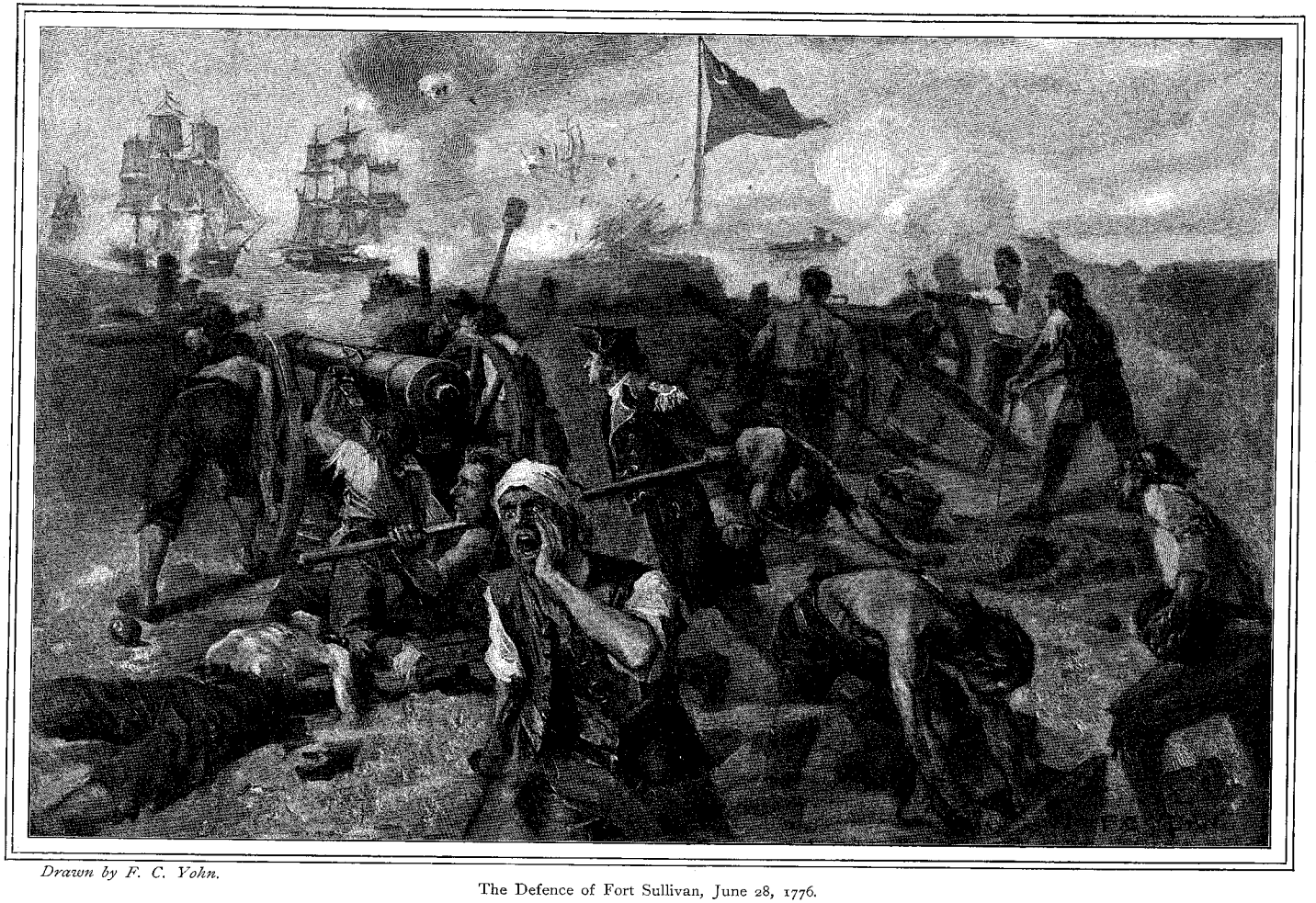


Old St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C.

The Steeple served as a beacon for the mariners of the time.

In South Carolina there was a similar division between the people and planters of the seaboard, who were on the American side, and the herdsmen and small farmers of the interior, many of whom inclined strongly to the Crown. This division, Lord William Campbell—the Governor, made so merely because he was one of a noble family—did all in his power to foment. British agents were sent into the western counties to rouse the inhabitants, and not content with this, these same agents began to intrigue with the Indians. If any one thing was more calculated than all else to make the rupture with the mother-country hopeless, it was the idea of letting loose the Indians upon the frontier. To incite this savage warfare was to drive the Americans to desperation and to convert even loyalists to the cause of resistance and hatred against England. Yet the English Ministry resorted to this inhuman scheme,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Defence of Fort Sullivan, June 28, 1776.

With four hundred and fifty men General Moultrie successfully withstood the British cannonade.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in the North their Indian allies fought for them diligently and damaged their cause irreparably. The Indian intriguing in South Carolina did not, at this time, come to much, but Lord William Campbell apparently felt that he had done enough. He had stirred up strife, incited the patriots to begin the work of fortifying Charleston Harbor, and then he departed to the customary man-of-war, leaving his opponents to take control of the government while he urged aid from England, and explained what cowards and poor creatures generally the Americans were from whom he had run away.

Georgia was weak, the youngest of all the colonies, and her Governor, Sir James Wright, was prudent and conciliatory. So the colony kept quiet, sent no delegates to the first, and only one, who was locally chosen, to the second Congress. The condition of Georgia was a lesson as to the true policy of England had her Ministry understood how to divide the colonies one from another. But they seemed to think that the way to hold the colonies to England and to prevent their union, was to make a show of force everywhere. Such stupidity, as Dr. Johnson said, does not seem in nature, but that it existed is none the less certain. So in due course a small squadron appeared off Savannah. Immediately the people who had been holding back from revolution rose in arms. Sir James Wright was arrested, and the other officers of the Crown fled, or were made prisoners. Three weeks later the Governor escaped, took refuge in the conventional manner on a convenient man-of-war, and then announced that the people were under the control of the Carolinians and could only be subdued by force. Thus Georgia, menaced by England and deserted by her Governor, passed over to independence and organized a government of her own, when she might have been kept at least neutral, owing to her position, her weakness, and her exposed frontier.

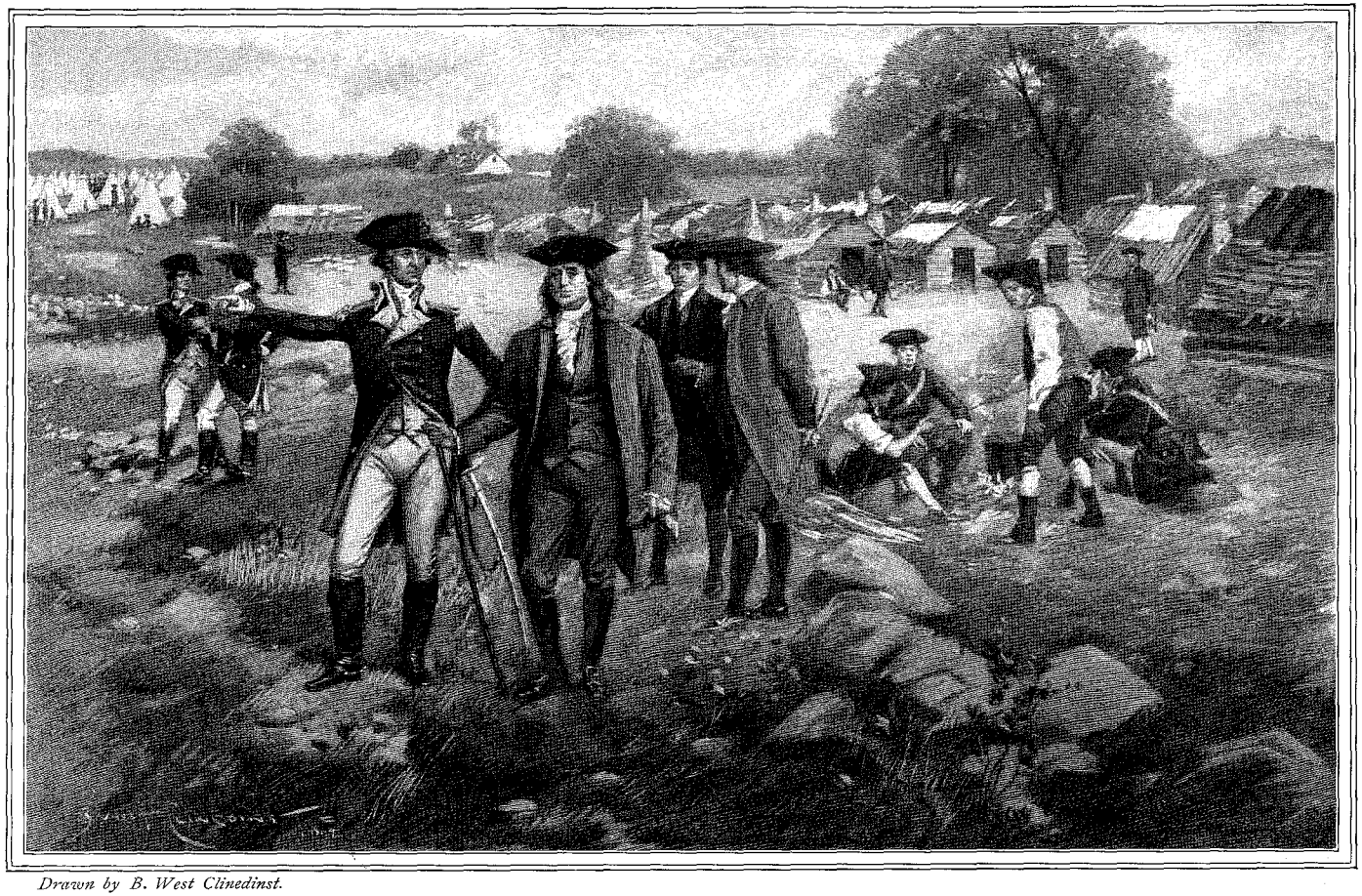
Robert Morris.

From a painting by Edward Savage, 1790.

The actions of their governors were sufficient to alienate the Southern colonies and push on the movement toward independence, but a far more decisive step was taken by the English Government itself. In October, 1775, the King decided that the South, which had thus far done nothing but sympathize with the North and sustain Massachusetts in Congress, must be attacked and brought by force into a proper frame of mind. The King therefore planned an expedition against the Southern colonies in October, and decided that Clinton should have the command. The manner in which this affair was managed is an illustration of the incapacity of English administration, which so recently, under Pitt, had sustained Frederick of Prussia, and conquered North America from the French. Not until February did the expedition under Admiral Parker sail with the fleet and transports from Cork. Not until May did Clinton receive his instructions, and it was the third of that month when the fleet, much scattered, finally entered Cape Fear River. The conduct of the expedition conformed with its organization, and differences between the general and the admiral began at once. Clinton wanted to go to the Chesapeake, while Lord William Campbell urged an attack on Charleston. The latter's council prevailed, and after Cornwallis had landed, destroyed a plantation, and roused the people of North Carolina by a futile raid, the fleet departed for the south.

It was the first day of June when news was brought to Charleston that a fleet of forty

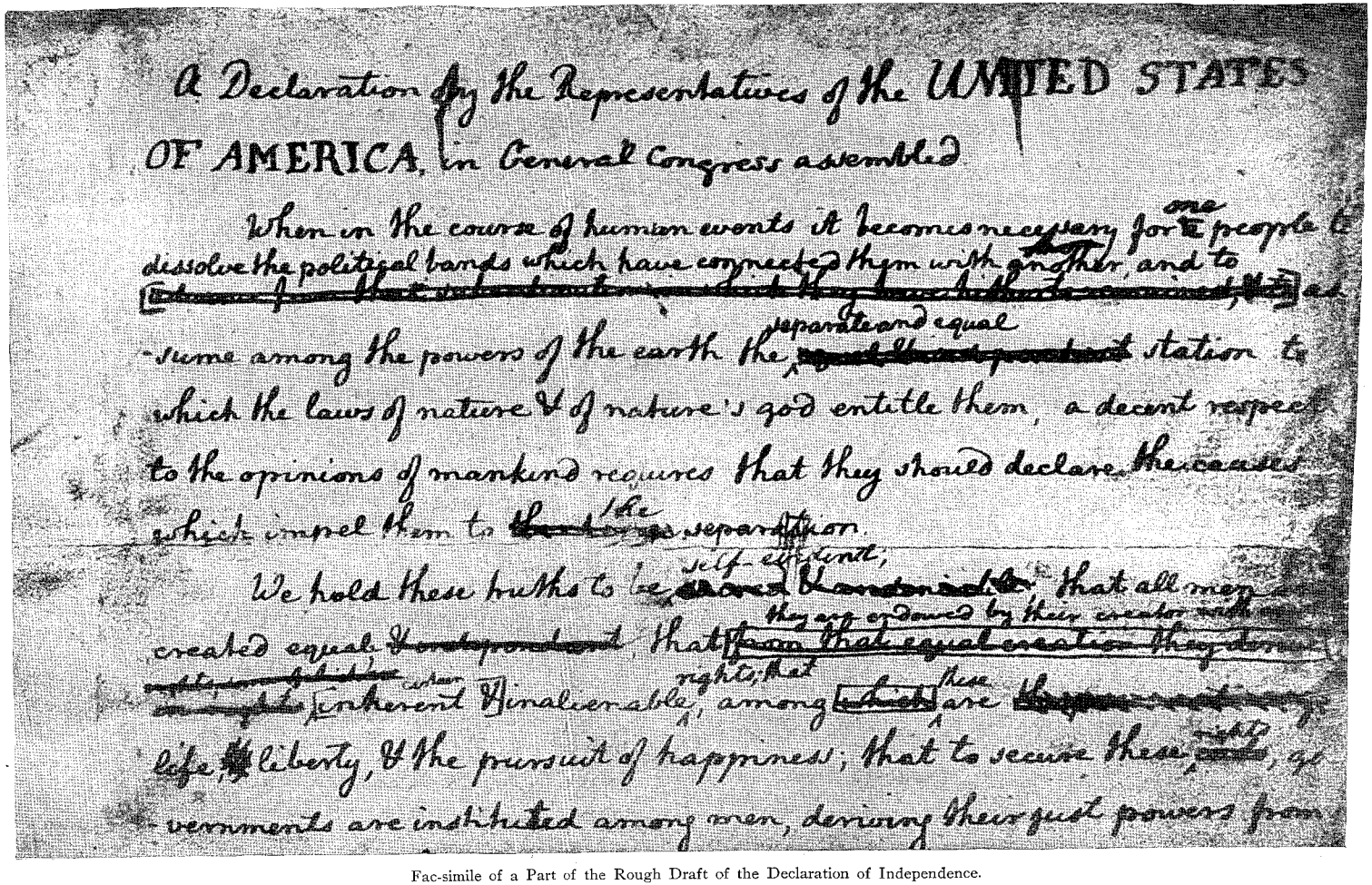
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

Washington showing the Camp at Cambridge to the Committee, consisting of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, appointed by Congress.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled

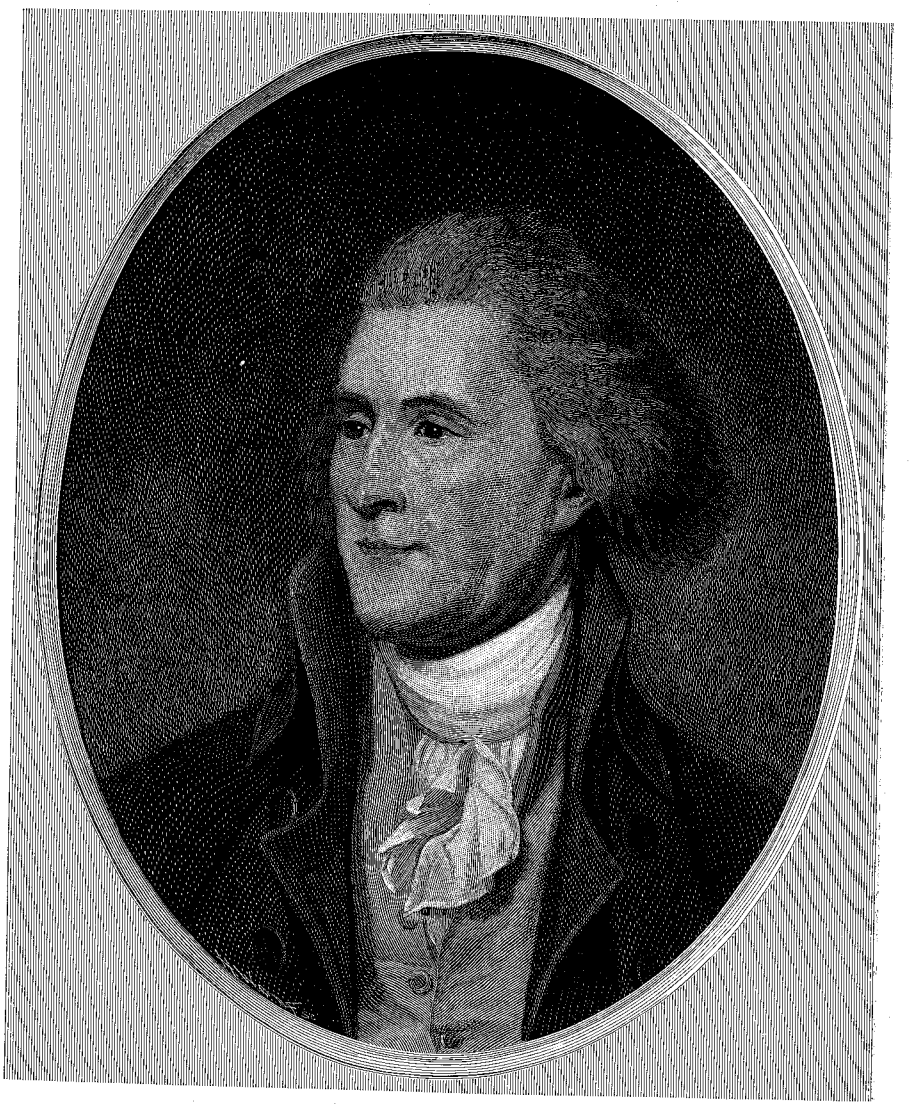
When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to [illegible] assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with [illegible] inherent & inalienable rights, that among these are [illegible] life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from

Fac-simile of a Part of the Rough Draft of the Declaration of Independence.

From an artotype by E. Bierstadt of the original in the Department of State, at Washington, D.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THOMAS JEFFERSON

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, 1791

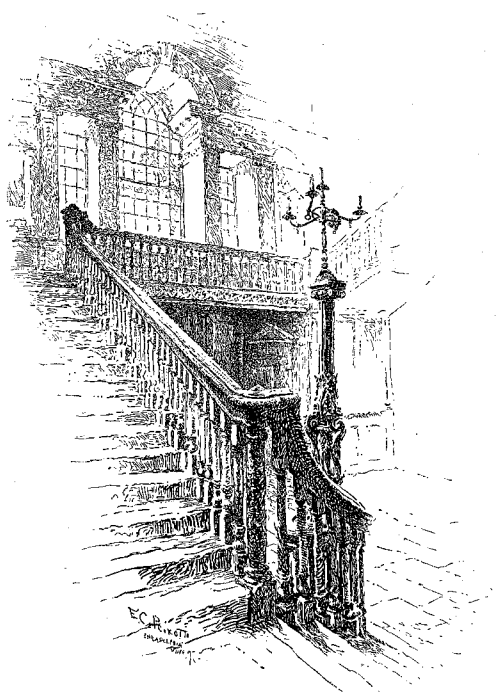
ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

View of Independence Hall from the Park Side.

or fifty sail were some twenty miles north of the bar. The tidings were grave indeed, but South Carolina had improved the time since Lord William Campbell's departure under the bold and vigorous leadership of John Rutledge, who had been chosen President of the colony. Work had been pushed vigorously on the defences, and especially at Sullivan's Island, where a fort of palmetto-wood was built and manned under the direction and command of William Moultrie. Continental troops arrived from the North. First came General Armstrong of Pennsylvania, then two North Carolina regiments, and then the best regiment of Virginia. Also came General Charles Lee, to whom great deference was paid on account of his rank in the Continental Army, and still more because he was an Englishman. As usual, however, Lee did no good, and if his advice had been followed he would have done much harm. He made an early visit to Sullivan's Island, pronounced the fort useless, and advised its abandonment. Moultrie, a very quiet man of few words, replied that he thought he could hold the fort, which was all he ever said apparently to any of the prophets of evil who visited him. At all events, sustained by Rutledge, he stayed quietly and silently where he was, strengthening the fort and making ready for an attack. Lee, who took the British view that British soldiers were invincible, then proceeded to do everything in his power to make them so. Being unable to induce Rutledge to order Moultrie to leave the island, he withdrew some of the troops and then devoted himself to urging Moultrie to build a bridge to retreat over. Moultrie, like many other brave men, had apparently a simple and straightforward mind. He had come to fight, not retreat, and he went on building his fort and paid but little attention to the matter of the bridge.

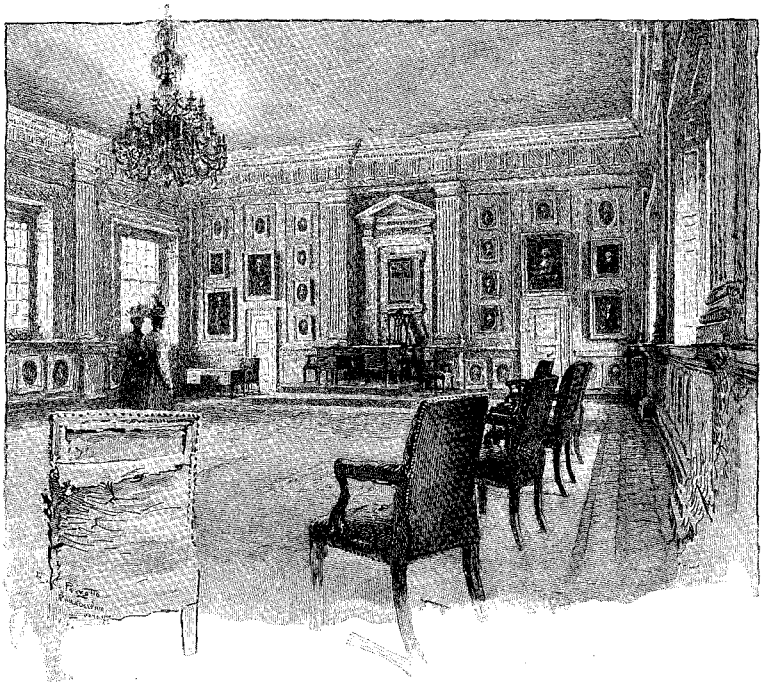
But although Lee was doing all the damage he could by interfering with Moultrie, the government of the colony gave the



Stairway in Independence Hall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latter hearty backing and supported him by well-arranged defences. Fortunately, there was an abundance of men to draw upon—all the South Carolina militia, the continental troops, and the regiments from North Carolina and Virginia. Armstrong, who acted cordially with Moultrie, was at Hadrell's Point with some fifteen hundred men. Thomson, of Orangeburg, with nearly a thousand riflemen from the Carolinas, was sent to the island to support Moultrie. Gadsden, with the first Carolina regiment, occupied Fort Johnson, and there were about two thousand more men in the city. Charleston itself had been diligently and rapidly fortified when the government heard of the coming of the British. Warehouses had been taken down and batteries and works established along the water-front. The skill, thoroughness, and intelligence shown in the preparations of South Carolina were wholly admirable, and to them was largely due the victory which was won.



Room in Independence Hall in which the Declaration was Signed.

Zealously, however, as these preparations had been made, they were in a large measure completed and perfected only after the news of the coming of the British fleet and army had been received. It seems almost incredible when time was so vital to success that the English should have given to their opponents such ample opportunity to make ready. But so it was. It was the first of June when Parker came off the bar with his ships, and a month elapsed before he attacked. Such inefficiency is not easily understood; nor is it clear why the English should have been so delayed. They seem to have simply wasted their time. Not until June 7th did Clinton send on shore his proclamation denouncing the rebels. On the 9th he began to disembark his men on Long Island, having been told that there was a practicable ford between that place and Sullivan's Island where the fort stood, a piece of information which he did not even take the trouble to verify. On the 10th the British came over the bar with thirty or forty vessels, including the transports. What they did during the ensuing week is not clear. Clinton completed the landing of his troops, more than three thousand in number, on the island, which was a naked sand-bar, where the men were scorched by the sun, bitten by mosquitoes, forced to drink bad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

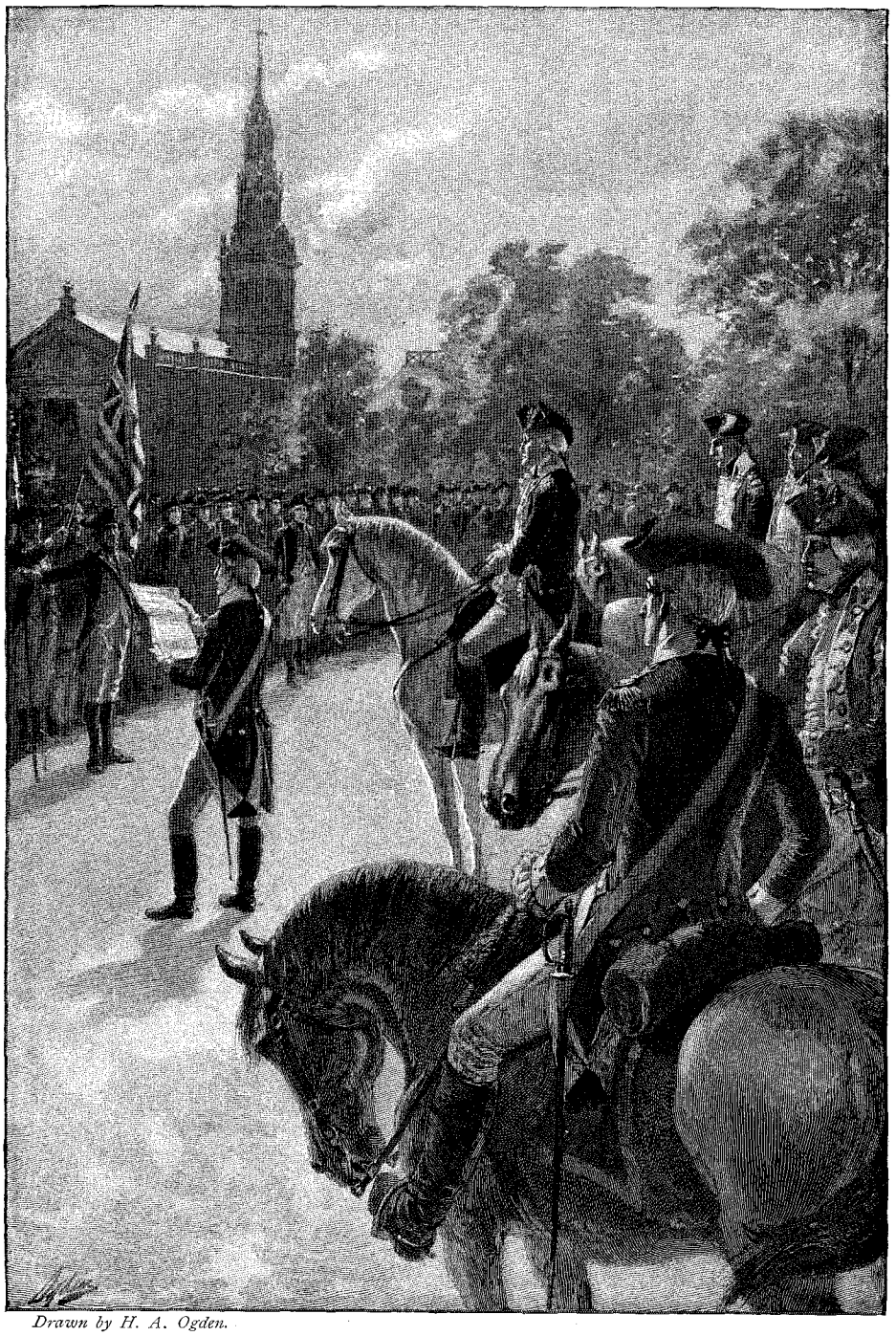
water, and suffered from lack of provisions. Having comfortably established his army in this desirable spot, he then thoughtfully looked for the practicable ford, found there was none, and announced the interesting discovery to Sir Peter Parker. That excellent seaman was not apparently disturbed. Indeed, his interest in Clinton seems to have been of the slightest. He exercised his sailors and marines in the movements for entering a fort, and felt sure of an easy victory, for he despised the Americans, and was confident that he could get on perfectly well without Clinton. In this he was encouraged by letters from the Governor of East Florida, who assured him that South Carolina was really loyal, and that the fort would yield at once. He was still further cheered by the arrival of the Experiment, a fifty-gun ship. Thus strengthened, and with a fair wind, he at last bore down toward the fort on June 28th. Moultrie was ready. He sent Thomson with the riflemen down toward the east to watch Clinton on Long Island and prevent his crossing. With four hundred and fifty men he prepared to defend the fort himself. The attack began about ten o'clock in the morning. First two vessels shelled the fort, then four more (including the Bristol and Experiment, fifty-gun ships) anchored within four hundred yards of the fort and opened a heavy fire. The palmetto-logs stood the shots admirably. The balls sank into the soft wood, which neither broke nor splintered. Moultrie had very little powder and received only a small additional supply later in the day. He was obliged, therefore, to husband his supply, and kept up a slow, although steady, fire. It was, however, well aimed and very destructive. The Bristol suffered severely; her cables were cut, and as she swung to the tide the Americans raked her. Three fresh ships that came up ran aground. The men in the fort suffered but little, and when the flag was shot away, Sergeant Jasper sprang to the parapet in the midst of the shot and shell and replaced it on a halberd. So the day slowly passed. The British kept up a heavy cannonade, and the Americans replied with a slow and deadly fire, striking the ships with almost every shot while the army on Long Island assisted as spectators. Clinton looked at the place where the ford should have been and decided not to cross. He then put some of his men in boats, but on examining Thomson and his riflemen, perhaps with memories of Bunker Hill floating in his mind, concluded that to attempt a landing would be a mere waste of life. So he stayed on the sand-bank and sweltered, and watched the ships. At last the long hot day drew to a close and Admiral Parker, having suffered severely, and made no impression whatever on the fort, slipped his cables and dropped down to his old anchorage.

Roger Sherman.

From the painting by Ralph Earl, 1787.

When morning came, the results of the fighting were apparent. The Acteon was aground, and was burned to the water's edge. The Bristol had lost two masts, and was practically a wreck. The Experiment was little better. Altogether, the British lost two hundred and five men killed and wounded, and one man-of-war. The Americans lost eleven men killed, and had twenty-six wounded. It was a very well-fought action, and the honor of the day belonged to Moultrie, whose calm courage and excellent dispositions enabled him to hold the fort and beat off the enemy. Much was also due to the admirable arrangements made by the South Carolinians under the lead of Rutledge. Every important point was well covered and strongly held.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

Reading the Declaration of Independence to the Troops in New York, assembled on the Common, now City Hall Park, old St. Paul's in the background.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

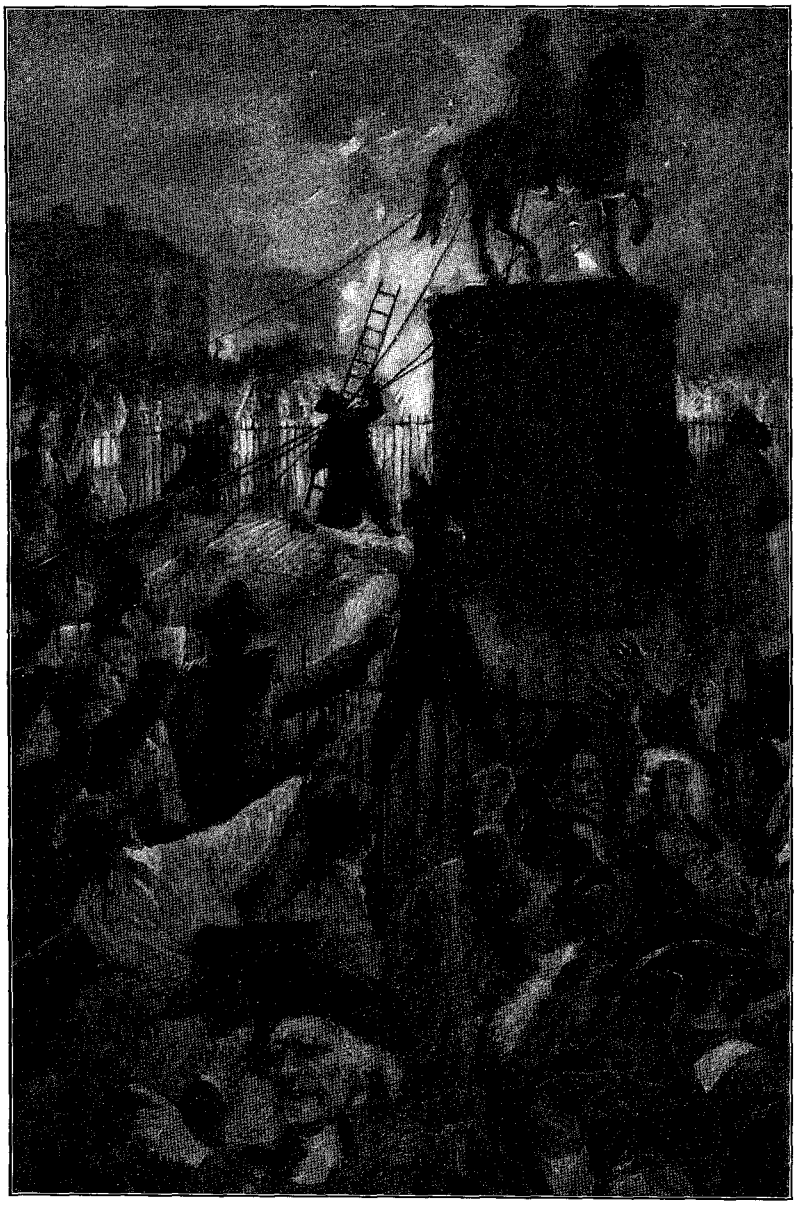
On the side of the British, to the long and injurious delays was added fatal blundering when they finally went into action. Clinton's men were stupidly imprisoned on Long Island, and rendered utterly useless. Parker, instead of running the fort and attacking the city, which from a naval point of view was the one thing to do, for the capture or destruction of the city would have rendered all outposts untenable, anchored in front of the fort within easy range, and tried to pound it down. It was so well built that it resisted his cannonade, and all the advantage was with Moultrie and his men, who with perfect coolness and steady aim cut the men-of-war to pieces, and would have done much more execution if they had been well supplied with powder. It was the same at Charleston as elsewhere. Parker believed that the Americans could not, and would not, fight, but would run away as soon as he laid his ships alongside and began to fire. He never stopped to think that men who drew their blood from England, from the Scotch-Irish, and from the Huguenots, came of fighting stocks, and that the mere fact that they lived in America and not in Great Britain did not necessarily alter their courage or capacity. So he gave them ample time to make ready, and then on the theory that they would run like sheep, he put his ships up as targets at close range and imagined that he would thus take the fort. No braver people lived than the South Carolinians. They stood their ground, kept the fort, and fought all day stripped to the waist under the burning sun. After ten hours Parker found his ships terribly cut up and the fort practically intact. Whether during the night he reflected on what had happened, and saw that his perfect contempt for the Americans was the cause of his defeat, no one now can say. Certain it is, however, that after exchanging recriminations with Clinton he gave up any idea of further attack. Clinton and his regiments got off in about three weeks for New York, and Parker as soon as he was able departed with his fleet to refit.

The British expedition, politically speaking, ought never to have been sent at all, for its coming simply completed the alienation of the Southern colonies. From a military point of view, it was utterly mismanaged from beginning to end. The victory won by South Carolina and by Moultrie and his men was of immense importance. It consolidated the South and at the same time set them free for three years from British invasion, thus enabling them to give their aid when it was needed in the middle colonies. When war again came upon them the British had been so far checked that the North was able to come to the aid of the South. Washington's victory at Boston and the repulse of the British fleet at Charleston, by relieving New England and the South, enabled the Americans to concentrate in the middle colonies at the darkest time when the fate of the revolution was in suspense. The failure of England to hold her position in Massachusetts, or to maintain her invasion of the South, was most disastrous to her cause. Either by political management or force of arms, she should have separated this region from the great central provinces. She failed in both ways, and only did enough to encourage the Americans to fight and to drive the colonies together.

INDEPENDENCE

After they had provided themselves with a general and an army, and the general had ridden away to Boston, Congress found themselves in a new position. They had come into existence to represent, in a united way, the views of the colonies in regard to the differences which had arisen with the mother-country. This duty they had performed most admirably. The State papers in which they had set forth their opinions and argued their cause were not only remarkable, but they had commanded respect and admiration even in England, and had attracted attention on the Continent of Europe. This was the work for which they had been chosen, and they had executed their commission with dignity and ability. They had elevated their cause in the eyes of all men, and had behaved with wisdom and prudence. But this work of theirs was an appeal to reason, and the weapons were debate and argument. While they were trying to convince England of the justice of their demands they had strengthened the opinions and sharpened the convictions of their own people. Thus had they stimulated the popular movement which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



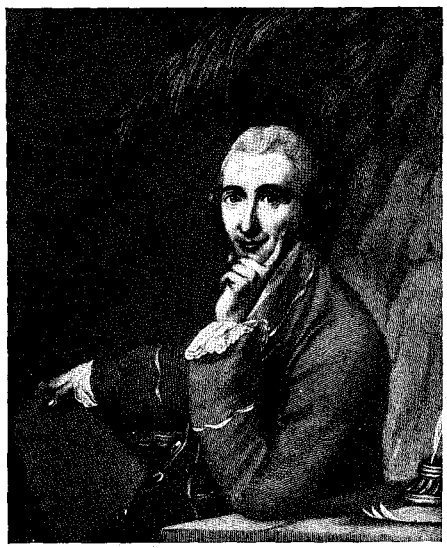
Tearing Down the Leaden Statue of George III., on Bowling Green, New York, Celebrating the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The lead was later moulded into bullets for the American Army.

had brought Congress into existence, and thus did they quicken the march of events which bore them forward even in their own despite. While they resolved and argued and drafted addresses and petitions in Philadelphia, other Americans fought at Concord and Bunker Hill and Ticonderoga. While they discussed and debated, an army of their fellow-citizens gathered around Boston and held a British army besieged. Thus was the responsibility of action forced upon them. They could not escape it. They had themselves helped to create the situation which made the battles in Massachusetts the battles of all the colonies alike. So they proceeded to adopt the army, make generals, and borrow money. In other words, under the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressure of events, they who had assembled merely to consult and resolve and petition, suddenly became a law-making and executive government. For the first of these functions, thanks to the natural capacity of the race, they were sufficiently well adapted to meet the emergency. If they could pass resolutions and publish addresses and put forth arguments, as they had done with signal ability, they were entirely capable of passing all the laws necessary for a period of revolution. But when it came to the business of execution and administration, they were almost entirely helpless. That they had no authority was but the least of their difficulties, for authority they could and did assume. Far more serious was the fact that they had no assurance that anything they did or said would be heeded or obeyed, for they represented thirteen colonies, each one of which believed itself to be sovereign and on an equality with the Congress. They were obliged therefore to trust solely to the force of circumstances and to public opinion for obedience to their decrees, and although this obedience came after a fashion under the pressure of war, it rested on very weak foundations. They had no frame of government whatever, no organization, no chief executive, no departments for the transaction of the public business. Yet they were compelled to carry on a war, and war depends but little on legislation and almost wholly on executive powers. No legislative body is really fit for executive work, and able, wise, and patriotic as the members of our first Congress were, they could not overcome this fatal defect. They chose committees as a matter of course, and this mitigated the inherent evils of the situation, but was very far from removing them. They were still a legislative body trying to do in various directions work which only a single man could properly undertake.



Thomas Paine.

From painting by C. W. Peale, 1783.

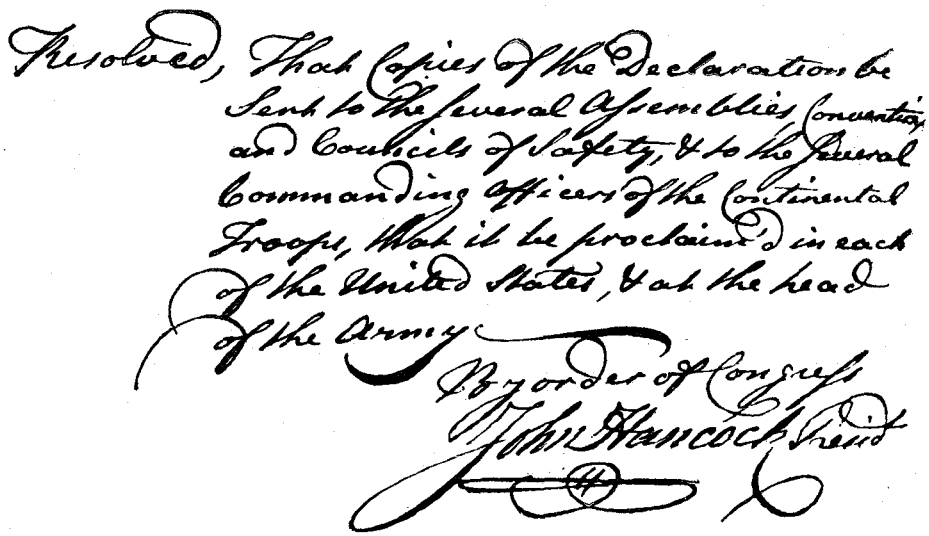
Here then was the great weakness of the American cause, and yet it could not be avoided. A Congress without power and forced to operate through thirteen distinct sovereignties was the only executive government with which the American Revolution began, and it never became very much better, although some improvements were effected. At the outset, moreover, the Congress was not clear as to just what it meant to do. They were engaged in actual and flagrant war with England, and at the same time were arguing and reasoning with the mother-country and trying to come to terms of peaceful settlement with her. They despatched George Washington to beleaguer a British army, and at the same time clung to their allegiance to the British Crown. When events forced them to action under these conditions, the weakness of Congress as an executive government soon became painfully apparent.

They sent Washington off with nothing but his commission, and hoped that they could in one campaign come to a treaty with England. The New York Provincial Congress came forward with a plan of peaceful reconciliation, which was all very well, if England had been willing to listen to anything of that sort, and the National Congress still labored under the same delusion. Yet there were the hard facts of the situation continually knocking at the door and insisting on an answer. So, even while they were considering plans for peace,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they were obliged to act. Money had to be obtained in some way, for schemes of reconciliation paid no bills, and they had adopted an army and made a general. How were they to get it? They had no authority to impose taxes. It is true that they could have assumed this as they did much other authority, but they had neither the power nor the machinery to collect taxes if they imposed them. The collection of taxes could not be assumed, for it was something to be done by proper executive force, of which they were destitute. Thus pressed, they resorted to the easy and disastrous expedient of issuing continental bills of credit, merely pledging the colonies to redeem them, and without any provision for really raising money at all. Probably, this was the best that could be done, but it was a source of weakness and came near wrecking the American cause. They also adopted a code for the government of the army; authorized the invasion of Canada, and sent agents to the Indians to prevent their forming alliances with Great Britain.

This done, Congress turned again to the business for which they had been chosen, the defence of the American position; and on July 6th published a declaration of the reasons for taking up arms. This was done thoroughly well. They set forth the acts of hostility on the part of Great Britain, and showed that the Ministry were trying to subdue them by force, which the Ministry certainly would not have denied. They declared that they preferred armed resistance to the unconditional submission which England demanded, and at the same time they protested that they were not fighting for "the desperate measure of independence," but only to defend themselves from unprovoked attack. Their statement was plain and truthful, and they honestly represented the public reluctance to seek independence. It would have been well if England had heeded it, but, unluckily, England was committed to another policy and this was all too late. The declaration, as it stood, under existing conditions meant war, and they should have followed it up by straining every nerve in earnest preparation. Some of the members, like John Adams and Franklin, knew what it all meant well enough, but Congress would not so interpret it. Instead of actively going to work to make an effective government and take all steps needful for the energetic prosecution of the war, they adopted a second petition to the King, which was drafted by Dickinson. The contradictions in which they were involved came out sharply even in this last effort of loyalty. They proposed a truce and a negotiation to the King, who had declined to recognize Congress at all. The King was


Resolved, That Copies of the Declaration be
Sent to the several Assemblies Conventions
and Councils of Safety, & to the several
Commanding Officers of the Continental
Troops, that it be proclaimed in each
of the United States, & at the head
of the Army.
By order of Congress
John Hancock Presid

From the Resolutions Adopted by Congress, July 5, 1776.

Fac-simile of a part of the original draft belonging to the Emmet collection in the Lenox Library.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite right in his refusal if he meant to fight, as he undoubtedly did. Congress was union, and union meant practical independence. How then could the King treat with a body which by its very existence meant a new nation? Yet this was precisely what Congress asked as the nearest way to peace and reconciliation. There could be no result to such a measure as this, unless England was ready to yield, and if she was, the difficulty would settle itself. They also adopted another address to the English people, a strong and even pathetic appeal to race feeling and community of thought and speech. At the same time they sent thanks to the Mayor and Aldermen of London for their sympathy. They intrusted the petition to the King to Richard Penn, and felt strong hopes of success, because of their concessions in regard to trade. They would not admit that the differences with the mother-country had now reached the point where the question was the very simple one, whether the people of the colonies were to govern America or the English King and Parliament. There was no lack of men who understood all this perfectly, but they were not yet in control, perhaps were not ready to be, and Congress would not admit that the case was hopeless and that they had reached the stage where compromises were no longer possible.

Even while they hoped and petitioned and reasoned, the relentless facts were upon them. Armies could not wait while eloquent pleadings and able arguments were passing slowly across the Atlantic. Washington wrote from Cambridge that the army was undisciplined and short in numbers; that there were too many officers, and not enough men; that he needed at once tents, clothing, hospitals, engineers, arms of all kinds, and gunpowder, and that he had no money. From Schuyler at Ticonderoga came the same demand and the same report. Congress had to hear their letters, and could not avoid knowing the facts. How were they to satisfy these wants, how deal with these harsh facts and yet not interfere with petitions to the King? A question not easy to answer. It is never easy to reconcile two conflicting policies, and still worse to try to carry both into effect. The result was that the army suffered because that was the only direction in which anything could really be done, all petitioning having become by this time quite futile. It is true that Washington was authorized to have an army of twenty-two thousand men, but no means were given him to get them. Five thousand men were also authorized for Canada, and nothing was done toward getting them either. To make matters still worse, no enlistments were to be made for a time longer than that in which they could hear from the King, who was diligently gathering together fleets and armies to send against them. They organized a post-office, which was desirable, but not an engine of war; they also organized a hospital service, which was very desirable, but not aggressive; they issued more bills of credit, and decided that they should be apportioned according to population, and they failed to open their ports to other nations, their only resource for munitions of war, and renewed their non-exportation agreements. Franklin, looking out on this welter of contradictions and confusions, and seeing very plainly the facts in the case, offered a plan for a confederate government so as to provide machinery for what they were trying to do. It was a wise and statesmanlike measure in principle, and was laid aside. John Adams wrote indignant letters declaring that they should be at work founding and defending an empire instead of arguing and waiting. These letters were intercepted and published by the party of the Crown in order to break down Adams and the radicals, which shows in a flash of light what public opinion was believed to be at that moment in the great middle colonies. Whether the loyalists gauged public opinion correctly or not, Congress agreed with them and allowed everything to drift. Yet, at the same time they decisively rejected Lord North's proposals. They would not accept the British advances or even consider them. The King would not deal with them, and yet with all this staring them in the face they still declined to sustain the army or frame a government. They could not bear the idea of separation, the breaking of all the bonds of race and kindred, the overthrow of all habits and customs to which human nature clings so tenaciously. It was all very natural, but it was very bad for the American Revolution, and caused many disasters by keeping

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us unprepared as long as possible, and also by fostering the belief in the minds of the people that all would yet come right and go on as before. Men are slow to understand the presence of a new force and the coming of a great change. They are still slower to admit it when they do know it, but meantime the movement goes on and in due time takes its revenge for a failure to recognize it.

Thus Congress, faithfully reflecting the wishes and feelings of a majority of the people, failed to do anything, where alone they could have been effective, tried nobly and manfully to do something where nothing could be done, hesitated on the brink of the inevitable, and finally adjourned on August 1st and left the country without any central government whatever. At the same time they left Washington with his army and the Canadian expedition and the siege of Boston on his hands, and nothing to turn to for support but the governments of the different colonies. Congress is not to be blamed, for they reflected the hesitation and haltings of a time when all was doubt. But their failure to act and their adjournment without leaving any executive officer to represent them, bring out in strong relief the difficulties which beset Washington, who with his army alone represented the American Revolution and the popular force, as he was destined to do on many other occasions and in much darker hours. It is well also to note that despite the inaction and departure of Congress the work of war was done in some fashion, the siege of Boston pushed, and the expedition to Canada set in motion.

The weeks of adjournment went by. Congress should have reassembled on September 5th, but a week elapsed before enough members were present to do business, an instance of unpunctuality which was ominous in a body that had undertaken executive functions. Helplessness was still supreme. John Adams, of the intercepted letters, was cut in the street by the excellent and patriotic Dickinson, to whom he had referred in those letters as a "piddling genius." All the New England members were regarded with suspicion by the great central colonies, but were sustained by the South. Hence much ill-feeling and animosity became apparent between the two parties, but the party with hope for peace was still in the ascendant, still holding a majority which was weakening every day and yet shrinking from the inevitable, after the fashion of human nature under such trying conditions. Out of such a situation little could come. The time was wasted in much talk. Would they send an expedition to Detroit? A wise scheme but after much talk, rejected. England was prohibiting our fisheries and restricting the trade of Southern colonies. It was obvious that we should open our ports to the world. Nothing was done. Then came long discussions about expeditions, the boundary line of Pennsylvania, the rights of Connecticut in Wyoming, and the enlistment of negroes, this last decided in the affirmative despite Southern remonstrance. Meantime war was in progress as well as debate, and war could not be postponed. Washington, observing that England was replying to Bunker Hill with increased armaments and paying no heed to petitions, had no doubt as to the realities of the situation. Independence was the only thing possible now that fighting had begun, and to fail to say what was meant was simply ruinous. Moreover, his army was about to disappear, for terms of enlistment had expired, and he had no means to get a new one. Without an army a siege of Boston was plainly impossible, and so there came a letter to Congress from their commander-in-chief which roused them from their debates. Here was a voice to which they must listen, and a condition of affairs which they must face. They accordingly appointed a committee, consisting of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, to visit the camp. Three men, when one of them was Franklin, made a better executive than the country had yet had, and the result was soon apparent. The committee reached the camp on October 15th. Franklin, who understood the facts, had no difficulty in arranging matters with Washington. A scheme was agreed upon for a new army of twenty-three thousand men, and power given the general to enlist them. The Congress gave its assent, and the four New England colonies were to furnish the men and the money, while Washington was to get the work done. Meantime the Congress itself was going on with its debates and hesitations. One day Rhode Island demanded a navy, and after much struggle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vessels were authorized. Then came the cold fit again. Nothing must be done to irritate England and spoil the chances of the petition, so no prize courts were established, no ports were opened, and New Hampshire, when everything depended upon New England, was kept waiting a month for authority to establish an independent government.

Yet under all the doubtings and delays the forces were moving forward. The pressure for decisive action increased steadily, the logic of independence became constantly more relentless, more unavoidable. Washington and the army were clearly for independence, and they were now a power no longer to be disregarded. One colony after another was setting up a government for itself, and as each one became independent, the absurdity of the central government holding back while each of the several parts moved forward was strongly manifested. New England had broken away entirely. The Southern colonies, led by Virginia and mismanaged by their governors, were going rapidly in the same direction. The resistance still came from the middle colonies, naturally more conservative, with loyal governors, like William Franklin in New Jersey, who, except in New York, were politic and judicious. Pennsylvania, clinging to her mild proprietary government of Quakers and Germans, held back more resolutely than any other and sustained John Dickinson in his policy of inaction.

But the party of delay constantly grew weaker. The news from England was an argument for independence that could not well be met. Richard Penn, the bearer of the olive-branch, could not even present his petition, for the King would not see him. Chatham and Camden might oppose, other Englishmen, studying the accounts of Bunker Hill, might doubt, but the King had no misgivings. George meant to be a king, and the idea of resistance to his wishes was intolerable to him. It was something to be crushed, not reasoned with. So he issued a proclamation declaring the Americans rebels and traitors, who were to be put down and punished. To carry out his plans, ships, expeditions, and armaments were being prepared, and the King, in order to get men, sent his agents over Europe to buy soldiers from the wretched German princelings who lived by selling their subjects, or from anyone else who was ready to traffic in flesh and blood. It was not a pretty business, or over-creditable to a great fighting people like the English, but it unquestionably meant business. It was not easy to go on arguing for reconciliation when the King shut the door on the petitioners and denounced them as traitors, while he busied himself in hiring mercenaries. Under these conditions the friends of Independence urged their cause more boldly, and the majority turned to their side, but now they waited until they could obtain unanimity which was in truth something worth getting. The change in the opinion of Congress was shown plainly by the change in their measures. They applauded the victories of Montgomery, they took steps to import arms and gunpowder, and export provisions to pay for them; they adopted a code for the navy, approved Washington's capture of vessels, and issued three million dollars in bills of credit. Most important of all, they appointed a committee on Foreign Relations, the first step toward getting alliances and aid from other nations. These were really war measures, and it was a great advance for Congress to have come to the point of recognizing that war measures were proper in order to carry on a war. They were so filled, indeed, with new-born zeal that after having held Washington back and crippled him by delays and by lack of support, they proceeded to demand the impossible and urge by solemn resolution that Boston be taken at once, even if the town were destroyed. This was a good deal better than being left without any government at all, but we can imagine how trying it must have been to the silent soldier who had been laboring for months to take Boston, and who now answered Congress in a conclusive and severe manner which did them much good.

Far stronger in its effect on Congress than the action of the King, or even the demands of the army, was the change in public sentiment, which was the result of many causes. From the time of the Stamp Act to the day of Lexington the American party in the colonies had steadily declared, with great fervor and entire honesty, that they had no thought of independ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence, which meant separation from the empire. They protested even with anger that the charge that they aimed at any such result was the invention of their enemies and made to injure their cause. When the first Congress assembled this was the universal feeling, and Washington was but one of many who asserted it strongly. Here and there was a man like Samuel Adams, radical by nature, and very keen of perception, who saw the set of the tide; but even these men said nothing and agreed to the views held by the vast majority. The change started at Lexington. When fighting had once begun, no other outcome but separation or complete subjection was possible. To carry their point by defeating the troops of Great Britain and yet remain an integral part of the empire was out of the question. At the distance of more than a century we see this very plainly, but it was not so easily understood at the time. Washington grasped it at once, and when he took command of the army he knew that the only issue must be a complete victory for one side or the other. Congress, still working on the old lines of reconciliation and peace, could not see it as he did, and hence their hesitations. They still thought that they could defeat the King's armies and remain subjects of the King. Every day that passed, however, made the impossibility of this attitude more apparent. Every ship that came from England brought news that stamped this idea of peace and union as false, and each colony that set up a government for itself gave the lie to such a proposition.

Outside of Congress there was constant discussion going on by which public opinion was formed. At the outset the loyalists had many able writers, chiefly clergymen of the Anglican Church, who opposed the arguments so vigorously urged in support of the American claims. The writers on the American side, however, not only possessed abundant ability but events were with them. Dickinson, in the "Farmer's Letters," before he became conservative; Alexander Hamilton, in his replies to Samuel Seabury, an Episcopal clergyman and author of the able letters of the Westchester Farmer; John Adams, and many lesser men had done much in shaping public sentiment. The satirists and the versemen were generally on the American side, and they reached the people through their humor, wit, and fancy. Some of them, like Hopkinson, Freneau, and Trumbull, were very clever men, who wrote often brilliantly and always well, and their excellent verses, full of pith and point, went everywhere and converted many a reader who had been deaf to the learned constitutional and political arguments which poured from the press. Newspapers were not as yet a power. It was through pamphlets that the printed debate before the people was conducted, and it was well and amply performed on both sides.

The same change which is apparent in Congress is apparent also in the literature * of this crucial time.

As events hurried on, supplying arguments for the American side and forcing the American party from legal opposition to war, separation, and independence, the tone of the loyalist writers gets lower. Many of the loyalist writers, too, had left or been forced to leave the country. On the other hand, the American writers grow more vigorous and more triumphant, and demand stronger measures. Thus public opinion, rapidly changing in tone in the winter of 1775–76, needed but the right man speaking the right word to send it irresistibly along the new path. It was just at this moment that John Trumbull published his satire of McFingal, and the sharp hits and pungent humor of the poem caught the public ear and helped to spur on the laggards in the American cause. But a mightier voice was needed than this, and it, too, came at the beginning of this new and fateful year of 1776. It gave utterance to the popular feeling, it put into words what the average man was thinking and could not express for himself, and it did it with a force and energy which arrested attention in America, and travelling across seas, made men over there listen too. This voice crying aloud to such purpose was not that of an American but an Englishman. The writer was Thomas Paine, staymaker, privateersman, exciseman, teacher, adventurer, and his pamphlet was

* In all I have to say about the literature of the time I desire to express my obligation in the fullest measure to Professor Tyler's admirable History of the Literature of the Revolution. This is particularly the case in regard to the chapter on the Declaration of Independence from the literary point of view, which is not only admirable but conclusive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called "Common Sense." Paine, after a checkered career both in domestic and official life, had come over here with no capital but a letter of introduction from Franklin. He got a start in writing for the newspapers and threw himself into the life about him. He came a friend to the English connection. Looking about him with eyes undimmed and with mind unhampered by colonial habits, he reached the conclusion in the course of a year that independence was not only right but the only thing possible. So with but little literary experience he sat him down and wrote his pamphlet. He first argued about kingship and natural rights, and then in favor of independence. Critics have said of that first part that it was crude, unreasoned, and full of blunders, for Paine was not learned. Yet in that same first part he enunciated the great principle which lay at the bottom of the whole business, which James Otis had put forward years before, that in the nature of things there was no reason for kings, and every reason why people should rule themselves. And this was just what this quarrel had come to, so that it needed no learning but only courage and common-sense to set it forth. As for the second part, which concerned the practical question always of most interest to men, Paine knew his subject thoroughly and he argued the cause of independence in a bold, convincing, indeed unanswerable, fashion. He put forth his argument in a strong, effective style, roughly, plainly, so that all stopped to listen and all understood. His pamphlet went far and wide with magical rapidity. It appeared in every form, and was reprinted and sold in every colony and town of the Atlantic seaboard. Presently it crossed the ocean, was translated into French, and touched with unshrinking hand certain chords in the Old World long silent but now beginning to quiver into life. In the colonies alone it is said that one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold in three months. This means that almost every American able to read, had read "Common Sense." Its effect was prodigious, yet with all its merits it is a mistake to glorify it as having convinced the people that they must have independence. The convictions were there already, made slowly by events, by the long discussion, by the English policy, by the fighting around Boston. "Common Sense" may have converted many doubters, but it did something really far more important; it gave utterance to the dumb thoughts of the people; it set forth to the world, with nervous energy, convictions already formed; it supplied every man with the words and the arguments to explain and defend the faith that was in him. Many Americans were thinking what "Common Sense" said with so much power. So the pamphlet marked an epoch, was a very memorable production, and from the time of its publication the tide slowly setting in the direction of independence began to race with devouring swiftness to the high-water mark.

As the winter wore away and spring began, Congress still lingering behind the people continued to adopt warlike measures but did nothing for independence. The central colonies still hung back, but the movement for independent provincial governments went on unchecked, and the action in that direction of each separate colony brought nearer like action on the part of the continent. The rising of the Highlanders in the valley of the Mohawk under Sir John Johnson, easily crushed by Schuyler; a similar rising of the Highlanders in North Carolina, defeated in a sharp fight by the minute-men under Caswell; the evacuation of Boston, all drove events forward and forced the hands of Congress. The measures of Congress stiffened. More men and more money were voted, the country was divided into military departments, and Silas Deane was appointed an agent to France. Still they shrank from facing what they knew must be faced, but the friends of independence could no longer be kept silent. Even if Pennsylvania, not without great effort, was kept true to Dickinson and peace, the other colonies were coming into line, and the American party, virtually led by John Adams, began to argue for independence on almost every debate that sprang up. In some way the real issue appeared on every occasion, and the efforts to avoid it, or to pretend that it was not there, grew fainter and fainter. On May 10th John Adams carried his resolution to instruct all the colonies that had not yet done so to set up independent governments, a heavy blow to the Pennsylvania

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peace party and a long step toward national independence. In the same month the Virginia convention, which established the State government, instructed the delegates in Congress to urge and support independence. With this decision from the oldest and most powerful colony, backed as it was by Massachusetts and New England, the final conflict in Congress could no longer be postponed. The American party was in the ascendant, and with their instructions from Virginia would wait no longer. The colonies, even those in the centre, were now all in line or fast coming there, and Congress could not hesitate further. On June 8th Richard Henry Lee, in the name of Virginia, moved that the colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and that their allegiance to the British Crown ought to be dissolved. For two days the question was earnestly debated, and then it was decided, although the resolution clearly had a majority, to postpone the debate for three weeks, during which time plans were to be prepared for a confederation and for treaties with foreign powers, and the members were to have opportunity to consult their constituents, so that the great act, if possible, might be adopted with unanimity. To avoid any delay a committee was appointed to draft a declaration to accompany the resolution for independence. This committee consisted of Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston, and to Jefferson was intrusted the work of preparing the draft.

The three weeks slipped rapidly by. Congress heard from its constituents, and there was no mistaking what they said. New England and the South were already for independence. New York, menaced on the north by savages and on the south by the speedy coming of a powerful English fleet, wheeled into line. Maryland and Delaware joined readily and easily. New Jersey called a State convention to establish a State government, arrested their royal Governor, William Franklin, and elected five stanch friends of independence to Congress. Even Pennsylvania, after long debates and many misgivings, agreed to sustain Congress if it voted for independence.

All was ready for action when Congress met on July 1st. There were fifty members present, and they were the best and ablest men America could produce. It was the zenith of the Continental Congress. However through inevitable causes it afterward weakened, however ill suited it was by its constitution for executive functions, it now faced the task for which it was perfectly fitted. No wiser or more patriotic body of men ever met a revolutionary crisis or took the fate of a nation in their hands with a deeper and finer sense of the heavy responsibility resting upon them. All that they did was grave and serious. They faced the great duty before them calmly, but with a profound sense of all it meant.

A letter from Washington was read showing how small his army was and how badly armed. A despatch from Lee announced the arrival of the British fleet and army at Charleston. Unmoved and firm, Congress passed to the order of the day and went into committee of the whole to consider the resolution "respecting independence." The mover, Richard Henry Lee, was absent at the Virginia convention. There was a pause, and then John Adams arose and made the great speech which caused Jefferson to call him the Colossus of Debate, and which, unreported as it was, lives in tradition as one of the memorable feats of oratory. With all the pent-up feeling gathered through the years when he was looked on with suspicion and distrust, with all the fervor of an earnest nature and of burning conviction, he poured forth the arguments that he had thought of for months, and which sprang from his lips full-armed. There was no need of further speech on that side after this great outburst, but Dickinson defended the position he had long held, and others entered into the discussion. When the vote was taken, New York, favoring independence, but still without absolute instruction, refused to vote. South Carolina, instructed but still hesitating, voted with Pennsylvania in the negative. The other nine colonies voted for independence. Then the committee rose, and on the request of South Carolina the final vote was postponed until the next day.

When they met on July 2d they listened to another letter from Washington, telling them that Howe, with some fifty ships carrying troops, had appeared off Sandy Hook. There was no quiver in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the letter; he hoped for reinforcements, but he was ready to face the great odds weak as he was. No news came from Charleston, which might have been falling before the British fire even as they talked. The enemy was at the gates, but there was no wavering and their courage rose under the dangers upon them. With independence declared, they would have a cause to fight for. Without it they were beating the air. So they went to a vote. New York was, as before, for independence, but still unable to vote. South Carolina, knowing only that her capital was in danger, and still in ignorance that the battle had been won, voted for independence. Delaware was no longer divided, and Pennsylvania, by the intentional absence of Dickinson and Morris, was free to vote with the rest. So twelve colonies voted unanimously for independence, thirteen agreed to it, and the resolution passed. Henceforth there were to be no colonies from Maine to Florida; a nation was born and stood up to prove its right to live.

The great step had been taken. It now remained to set forth to the world the reasons for what had been done there in Philadelphia on July 2, 1776.

Thomas Jefferson, to whom this momentous work had been intrusted, came a young man to Congress, preceded by a decided reputation as a man of ability and a vigorous and felicitous writer. His engaging manners and obviously great talents secured to him immediately the regard and affection of his fellow-members. He was at once placed on a committee to draft the declaration of the reasons for taking up arms, and then on one to reply to the propositions of Lord North. So well did he do his part, and so much did he impress his associates, that when the resolution for independence was referred, he was chosen to stand at the head of the committee and to him was intrusted the work of drafting the Declaration. No happier choice could have been made. It was in its way as wise and fortunate as the selection of Washington to lead the armies. This was not because Jefferson was the ablest man in the Congress. In intellectual power and brilliancy Franklin surpassed him, and John Adams, who, like Franklin, was on the committee, was a stronger character, a better lawyer, and a much more learned man. But for this particular work, so momentous to America, Jefferson was better adapted than any other of the able men who separated America from England. He was, above all things, the child of his time. He had the eager, open mind, the robust optimism, the desire for change so characteristic of those memorable years with which the eighteenth century closed. Instead of fearing innovation, he welcomed it as a good in itself, and novelty always appealed to him, whether it appeared in the form of a plough or a government. He was in full and utter sympathy with his time and with the great forces then beginning to stir into life. Others might act from convictions on the question of taxation; others still because they felt that separation from England was the only way to save their liberty; but to Jefferson independence had come to mean the right of the people to rule. He had learned rapidly in the stirring times through which he had passed. The old habits of thought and customs of politics had dropped away from him, and he was filled with the spirit of democracy, that new spirit which a few years later was to convulse Europe. Compared with the men about him, Jefferson was an extremist and a radical, more extreme in his theories than they guessed, or perhaps than even he himself realized. Compared with the men of the French Revolution he was an ultraconservative, and yet the spirit which moved them all was the same. He believed as they believed, that the right to rule lay with the whole people and not with one man or a selected class. When he sat down to write the Declaration of Independence it was the spirit of the age, the faith in the future, and in a larger liberty for mankind which fired his brain and guided his pen.

The result was the Declaration of Independence. The draft was submitted to Franklin and Adams, who made a few slight changes. The influence of the South struck out the paragraph against slavery. It was read on July 3d. A debate ensued in which John Adams led as in that on the resolution, and on July 4th the Congress agreed to the Declaration and authorized the President and Secretary to sign, attest, and publish it. The formal signing by the members did not take place until August, and some signatures were given even later.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the July 4th when the Declaration was adopted by Congress, was the day which the American people have set apart and held sacred to the memory of a great deed.

The Declaration when published was read to the army under Washington and received by the soldiers with content. It was a satisfaction to them to have the reality for which they were fighting put into words and officially declared. It was read also formally and with some ceremony in public places, in all the chief towns of the colonies, and was received by the people cordially and heartily, but without excitement. There was no reason why it should have called forth much excitement, for it merely embodied public opinion already made up, and was expected by the loyalist minority.

Yet despite its general acceptance, which showed its political strength, it was a great and memorable document. From that day to this it has been listened to with reverence by a people who have grown to be a great nation, and equally from that day to this it has been the subject of severe criticism. The reverence is right, the criticism misplaced and founded on misunderstanding.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and secondly, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth in a series of propositions the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the king, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style.

The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independence has been solemnly read in every city, town, and hamlet of the United States to thousands of Americans who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death-warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary quality which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified, and the style strong, clear, and imposing.

Passing from the form to the substance, critics as far apart as John Adams and Lord John Russell have condemned the attack on George III. as a tyrant as unjust, bitter, and almost absurd. Yet, as the years have gone by, it has become very plain that George III. was making a final and very serious attempt to restore the royal authority, and by shrewd and more insidious methods regain what Charles I. had lost. He was steadily following out his mother's behest and trying to be a king. If the revolt had not come in America it would have come in England, and England would have defeated his plans and broken his power as his American colonies succeeded in doing. When the best of modern English historians, like Lecky and Green, admit this in regard to George III., we need not question that Jefferson's instinct was a true one when he drew the indictment of his sovereign. But Jefferson was right on broader grounds than this. He was declaring something much more far-reaching than the right of the colonies to separate from England. He was announcing to the world the right of the people to rule themselves, and that no one man was entitled to be king, but that every man had a title to kingship in virtue of his manhood. The logical step from this proposition was not to assail the people or Parliament of England, which would have been a contradiction of his own argument, but the man who represented the old-time theory of kingship and from whom as part of a system the evils he complained of came. Jefferson was instinctively right when he struck at the kingly power, for that was the real point of conflict.

John Adams's criticism that the doctrines and principles set forth were not new, but had been heard before from James Otis down through all the long controversy, was simply inept. The doctrines and principles, of course, were not new. That was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their strength. Jefferson was not a Frenchman bursting through the tyranny of centuries, to whom the language of freedom and of constitutional liberty was an unknown tongue. He was one of that great race which for five hundred years, from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence, from Runnymede to Philadelphia, had been slowly, painfully, and very strenuously building up a fabric of personal liberty and free government. In all those long discussions, in all those bitter struggles, the words and principles of freedom and human rights had been developed and made familiar. This was the language that Jefferson spoke. Its glory was that it was not new, and that the people to whom he spoke understood it, and all it meant, for it was a part of their inheritance, like their mother-tongue. In vivid phrases he set forth what his people felt, knew, and wanted said. It was part of his genius that he did so. He was not a man of action, but a man of imagination, of ideas and sympathies. He was a failure as the war Governor of Virginia. The greatest and most adroit of politicians and organizers, when dangers from abroad threatened him as President, he was timid, hesitating, and inadequate. But when he was summoned to declare the purposes of the American people in the face of the world and at the bar of history, he came to the work which no other man could have done so well. His imagination; his keen, sure glance into the future; his intense human sympathies came into full play, and he spoke his message so that it went home to the hearts of his people with an unerring flight.

The last and best-known criticism is the bold epigram of Rufus Choate, most brilliant of American advocates, that the Declaration of Independence is made up of "glittering generalities." Again the criticism proceeds on a misunderstanding. The Declaration of Independence in its famous opening sentences is made up of generalities, and rightly. That they glitter is proof of the writer's skill and judgment. It was not the place for careful argument and solid reasoning. Jefferson was setting forth the reasons for a revolution, asserting a great, new principle, for which men were to be asked to die. His task was to make it all as simple, yet as splendid as possible. He was to tell men that they must separate from the great empire of England and govern themselves, and he must do it in such a way that he who ran might not only read, but comprehend. It is the glory of Jefferson that he did just this, and it was no fault of his that the South dimmed one of his glowing sentences by striking out his condemnation of human slavery.

In the Declaration of Independence Jefferson uttered, in a noble and enduring manner, what was stirring in the hearts of his people. The "Marseillaise" is not great poetry, nor the air to which it was set the greatest music. But no one can hear that song and not feel his pulses beat quicker and his blood course more swiftly through his veins. It is because the author of it flung into his lyric the spirit of a great time, and the dreams and aspirations of a great people. Hope, faith, patriotism, victory, all cry out to us in that mighty hymn of the Revolution, and no one can listen to it unmoved. In more sober fashion, after the manner of his race, Jefferson declared the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations of the American people. But the spirit of the time is there in every line and every sentence, saying to all men, a people has risen up in the West, they are weary of kings, they can rule themselves, they will tear down the old landmarks, they will let loose a new force upon the world, and with the wilderness and the savage at their backs they will even do battle for the faith that is in them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MADONNA THAT IS CHILDLESS

By T. R. Sullivan

It chanced to be the afternoon of an April day when Beppe set forth from the northern gate of Lucca upon his adventurous expedition. But an April day in Tuscany has not that uncertain glory which elsewhere makes its treachery proverbial. Titanic, vaporous shapes, it is true, slowly raised their heads above the snowy peaks of the Carrara Mountains; they threatened no storm, however, near or remote, and were but customary fair-weather signals of the place and season; the well-known "Lucca clouds," which are spring-time features of this landscape as familiar as the vivid green of its grain-fields, spreading miles away in every direction from the city wall. The sky was cloudless overhead, and the sun shone almost with summer fierceness. Wall-flowers budded again in crevices of the old brick ramparts which still encircle Lucca, but, surviving their former use, serve now as supports for the trim plantations of a pleasure-ground. Here, in these hanging gardens, the dark ilexes that alone had worn their leaves all winter were no longer conspicuous. The oaks and elms had put on fresh, thick foliage, and even the slender, pallid sycamores already cast a grateful shade.

Down at the city level, under an angle of this peaceful promenade, stood the old glass-house which for years had made the retired and now deserted corner a very busy one. But a fire breaking out there, nobody knew how, in the dead of night, suddenly turned the place into a dismal ruin. Only its blackened outer walls were left, and the owner, losing heart, had determined not to rebuild them. Many of his workmen remained still out of employment, and among these Beppe Lunardi, upon whom the blow had fallen less heavily than upon others; for he was a boy of sixteen, with no family to support, practically alone in the world.

He had been an only child and remembered his parents very dimly. His father was of humble origin, an artisan of the silk-mills, with a talent for dreaming that kept him poor. Encouraged therein by a devoted wife who, marrying beneath her station, longed to see her husband recognized and respected, he exhausted his resources in desultory artistic experiments that came to nothing. She had died believing that he was on the eve of a great discovery, a secret of enamel which should reproduce the best work of the Renaissance, or, even surpassing that, should make him famous for all time. But he had followed her into the grave too soon to establish this claim to recognition, leaving his son Giuseppe, or Beppe, as he was commonly called, in charge of the nearest relative, old Dr. Ridolfi, the boy's maternal grandfather. This good soul, though far from prosperous, received Beppe very kindly, sent him to school, and would have given him further advantages, if, in seeking to retrieve his own fallen fortunes, he had not been drawn into the folly of speculation. Weak and senile as he was, with his practice already dwindled, the worthy Dr. Ridolfi soon furnished an example of that distressing, genteel poverty which is by no means rare in Italian provincial cities. His black clothes grew shabbier and shabbier; even his skull-cap was too threadbare to be respectable. Certain treasures of art, collected long ago in brighter years, disappeared from his walls; last of all, a beautiful relief in terra-cotta, undoubtedly a genuine Andrea della Robbia, went the way of the dealers. After these things were sold, the doctor devoted hours to the melancholy pleasure of reviving them in his imagination, line by line. When the old man wandered silently among the vacant wall-spaces, Beppe understood what it meant; indeed, he, too, had learned the value of the lost treasures, many of which, and particularly the Robbia, he could have summoned back in a similar way, had he tried.

While Beppe remained at school these changes affected him little; he shouted with his companions, and played his game of *toccheto* against the church wall as heart-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ily as the rest. But his childhood came suddenly to an end when he was set to work in the glass-house. There, in the glow of the furnace, began the day-dreams which were his natural inheritance, fostered rather than restrained by the associations of his grandfather's house. His imagination, taking flight, soared for awhile vaguely; then, through a chance discovery, it received a definite bent, of which, before, he had not dreamed.

Among his few worldly possessions was an old, worm-eaten cabinet which had belonged to his father, and now served as a clothes-press in Beppe's chamber. Its shallow upper drawer he seldom used; and one night, observing that this was not fully closed, he tried in vain to push it into place. A search for the obstacle brought to light some loose sheets of manuscript, irregularly folded, which, catching at the back of the drawer, had gradually worked their way behind it. They were so faded as to be scarcely legible; but Beppe, recognizing his father's hand, deciphered them, and found that these were notes of an experiment—the scheme, in fact, of that wondrous enamel, destined by its inventor to startle the world. Here was fuel for the lambent flames in Beppe's mind. Henceforth his dreams at the furnace were of this one thing which he longed to perfect. But poverty and ignorance stood in the way of a serious attempt, as he was well aware; and, keeping his own counsel, he lived his leisure hours alone, while all his artistic perceptions grew keener amid the favorable influences that surrounded him.

On the Sunday preceding the destruction of the glass-house Beppe had turned from the noon sunshine into San Frediano's dim aisles. The mass was over, as he had foreseen, and the few loiterers far up the nave were unlikely to disturb his reflections, which he now concentrated upon a certain Robbia "Annunciation," adorning a side wall of the great church near the door. Close by is a marble font of very early date, with quaint, mystical figures carved upon its basin. Under this Beppe seated himself, as he had often done before, for a long look at the Archangel and the Virgin, the sweet, cherubic faces of the border medallions, the heavy garlands illuminating the whole composition with a glow of color. How brilliant it was; as if a rainbow, gleaming over the dark wall, by some secret process, had been held in suspension there for centuries! While he sat thus, shielded from chance observers, two men who were unknown to him stepped aside from the nave to consider the "Annunciation" critically, with no knowledge of the eager listener so near them.

"Yes," said one, at last; "it is a marvel! But ours, that I tell you of, are finer. The Robbias outdid themselves when they set up a furnace in our bleak hillside for its eternal glory. They left us masterpieces—not down in the books, it is true—but, nevertheless, wonders of the world. Come and judge for yourself if I have overrated them."

"The glaze—the glaze!" said his companion, half to himself, drawing nearer the wall and out of the discussion. "How did they produce it? The art died with them and is lost, never to be regained."

"Aha!" cried the other, with a triumphant smile. "How easily we in Barga might solve your problem! The answer was entrusted to us, and is still in our possession; but no earthly power shall ever compel us to disclose it to you."

"Pray, what do you mean by that, *amico mio?*"

"I mean that, though you have the air of doubting it, our Robbias in Barga contain figures to which these are as nothing; and that in one of them it pleased the master, crowning his best work, to conceal his great secret—the secret of the glaze. They smile at us with sealed lips, and which head holds the secret we shall never know; but, all the same, it is there; there, also, it will remain undiscovered, so long as we poor Barga folk are honored with its keeping."

"Upon my soul this is a fine tradition!"

"Scoffer! What is that but the well-spring of all history? The tale is a very old one, and it pleases me to find it credible. Come to Barga, and admit, at least, that the supreme beauty of the work justifies our fine tradition. There go the quarter chimes. I must make haste, or the diligence will be off without me."

Starting forward as he spoke, he slipped, made a violent effort to save himself, and slipped again. He would have fallen heavily upon the marble pavement, but that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beppe, springing up, caught him in his arms. As he did so, a leathern case dropped from the man's pocket, and out of it flew a number of letters, which were scattered in all directions. Beppe hastened to collect them, and in picking up the last saw that it was addressed to Signor Saverio di Brocca, Barga.

When Beppe came back he found the man, whose name this proved to be, leaning against the font, laughing heartily. The other had joined him, and now inquired anxiously if his friend had hurt himself.

"No, no! thanks to this good fellow. My boy, you saved me from an ugly fall; I am more than grateful to you."

Beppe, flushing with pleasure, smiled, but made no answer.

"And in proof," continued Signor di Brocca, opening the pocket-book which Beppe had handed him, "I beg you to accept this." Then he drew out a note for ten *lire*, and offered it.

But Beppe, shrinking, turned now a deeper crimson.

"Signore, I asked you for nothing," said he, proudly. "What I did deserves no payment. Indeed, I will not take your money."

"Quite right!" returned Signor di Brocca, putting away the purse. "And I also was right in calling you a good fellow." Then, fumbling at his watch-chain, he detached one of its trinkets and offered that. "But you will not refuse to keep this trifle in remembrance of my wish for your good fortune."

It was a forked bit of red coral—a charm against the evil eye, as Beppe comprehended. "*Tante grazie, Signore*," he murmured, accepting the gift. Then, in sudden confusion, without a word more, he darted off into the nave. The men, laughing, went their way, and were gone; while Beppe, too late, repented his shyness. He had liked the stranger's looks. The man was well-to-do evidently, rich and powerful, perhaps. Why had he broken from him with such discourtesy? How stirring had been that talk of the Robbia reliefs, with their strange legend! Barga was not so far off; he must contrive to go there some day, for the sake of those masterpieces "not down in the books," for another word with this good Signor di Brocca who had described them.

So, carrying the charm always in his pocket, that he might touch it the moment an evil eye should threaten him, Beppe returned to his work and its attendant dreams. The fire came like a thief in the night to steal away his resources. His fruitless search for a new employment grew daily more disheartening, until there seemed to be no comfort left for him abroad or at home, where his poor grandfather, inclining toward dotage, tottered with steps more aimless than his own. What would be the issue of this heavy trial? Were all ways closed to him, save one?

Suddenly, on this bright April afternoon, a way opened wide before him. He was alone upon the city wall, and, leaning over its outer parapet, looked darkly down into the valley. Behind him, in the shadow of San Frediano's tower, stood the great silk-mill where his father once had worked; and from the windows came a monotonous chant of the girls weaving at the loom. No other sound intruded upon the silence until there rattled out of the Santa Maria gate a two-horsed diligence, very shabby and old-fashioned. It was heavy and heavily laden; but the horses shook their heads as if rejoicing to be free of the city pavement, and, encouraged by the driver's shouts, dashed merrily along the level country-road.

"*Il postino!*" said Beppe to himself. "*Il postino di Barga!*" Then, in a flash, came the thought that the way they were going might also be his. "Barga!" he repeated. "I will go to Barga. The good man there will help me. He will have forgotten me, perhaps; but when I show him this gift of his he will remember. I shall see, at least, the great Robbias. And at the worst one may starve in Barga as easily as in Lucca."

The thought had become a fixed resolve, to be fulfilled without delay. Barga, as he knew, was sixteen miles distant up there in the mountains, and to reach it before nightfall he must lose no time. At the foot of the incline leading to the gate the revenue officials were lounging in the sun. They did not even look up, however, as he passed into the shadow of the archway. The eye of no living creature took note of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his first step forth into the world. Only the great marble Madonna, from her niche above the outer arch, smiled upon him placidly, with a wise look that appeared to read his purpose. And Beppe, making her a timid obeisance, quickened his pace, and was soon but a speck upon the broad, white highway which stretched straight across the fertile plain.

He did not turn again until he had reached the village of Ponte a Moriano, close under the hills. Here, after a sharp ascent, is a fork in the road, one branch of which bends abruptly to the left over the river Serchio. Beppe paused in doubt at the angle of the bridge, and looked down upon the river winding toward the city through the vineyards he had left behind him. There were fresh leaves in their festoons; and their dwarf trees, bound together by these luxuriant garlands, seemed like distorted creatures of some strange, new world, joining hands in a dance. The clustered roofs and battlements of Lucca stood out against the sky, scarcely recognizable at this distance. But one tall red tower, with four ilex-trees growing at its summit, formed Beppe's landmark. Close under it, as he remembered, was the dismantled house in which he had lived so long.

While he lingered there, uncertain which way to take, a light peasant's cart, gayly painted in red and blue, came up from the valley. The driver, letting the reins fall carelessly, had been humming a tune, half asleep; but at the cross-roads he roused himself to urge his horse toward the bridge. He was a handsome fellow, prematurely gray, with a neat little white mustache and chin-tuft. He wore a feather in his hatband, and his jaunty trimness gave assurance of geniality.

"Is this the way to Barga?" Beppe asked.

The man reined in his horse and smiled. "Yes, yes, we cross the river. You may see the road up yonder, far away." And he pointed with his whip toward the gray mountain-side. Beppe thanked him, drawing back to let him pass. But the man waited a moment longer.

"I am going to Barga," said he, "and my load is very light. I have only this sack of grain from the market in San Michele. One may sit upon it—not so comfortably—but it is better than walking. Will you come with me?" Beppe repeated his thanks twice over, and, clambering into the wicker bottom of the cart, curled himself up there with his head against the yielding grain-sack. This was indeed better than walking.

Above were overhanging, rocky summits, wild and bare; but on the lower slopes pale, feathery olive-trees softened all the landscape through which the road wound by one small village after another; until, across the stream before them, rose five great arches of varied height and width, with one overtopping all the rest. Beppe's friendly guide explained that this quaint structure was a Devil's Bridge, of the fourteenth century, and that in the cluster of houses at its hither end they would rest for a time. The villagers hailed him as he drove on to a withered bush that marked the tavern door, and the host hurried out with a flask of wine, from which Beppe was given his share. Then, while the horse plunged his nose into the fountain, Beppe strolled out upon the bridge, which it had pleased the devil's architect to make but the narrowest of footways. Half-way up its inclined plane a tall man, wrapped in a cloak, gave the boy a searching look as he brushed him by. Beppe was sure that he had seen the man's face before, but could not remember where; and when he turned, the figure had passed out of sight between the houses. Dismissing it from his mind he perched among the weeds that grew in the crown of the big arch, and looked across the intervening mountains to their highest peak, a broad, truncated cone, capped with snow. He had seen that mountain often from the walls of Lucca; toward it they were tending, and as they drove up from the defile to the open table-land, the driver, whose tongue the wine had loosened, drew attention to its awful beauty and told Beppe that it was called *Il Paniere*.

"Barga lies close under it," said he. "You may see the town now, if your eyes are sharp enough."

"And do you know a certain Signor di Brocca who lives in Barga?" Beppe inquired, timidly. "Signor Saverio di Brocca?"

"Know him? *Altro!* Why, who does not? Everybody knows him in Barga."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah!" said Beppe, faintly. "So he is a great man."

"He is the Syndic of the commune," returned Beppe's new friend, impressively; "and the richest man in all the country round. He has made a fortune in his wine-shop. He employs a score of men there, and his wines are known the world over. Have you business with him, then?"

Thus interrogated, Beppe, upon whom also the wine had exerted a communicative influence, opened his heart sufficiently to tell of the misfortune which had thrown him out of work, and of his small adventure with the important personage whose domain they were approaching. "I come to take advantage of his kindness," he concluded; "not as a beggar, but as one who seeks an honest livelihood, and asks no more than that. Yet I would rather turn back even now, than run the risk of a refusal. Tell me, since you know him, what it is best to do."

He was warmly assured that whatever might be the result of his quest, the great man would not fail to give it consideration. And the citizen of Barga hastened to display his own interest in the matter by demanding a look at the coral charm, which he professed to recognize, and then by inquiring the adventurer's name.

"Beppe," he repeated, with a sigh. "Strange! I had a brother who was called so. A fine fellow, strong as a lion—just your age, too, he would have been."

"He is dead, then?"

"Alas! yes. He had a fall and died in two hours. *Poverino!*"

"And your name, Signore?"

"Eh, mine is a common one enough. I am called Luigi—Luigi Landucci."

So chatting intimately with ever-increasing friendliness, they entered upon the last stage of their journey, a zigzag road of many steep ascents, closed at the hill-top by Barga's walls. The horse soon tugged so hard that they took to the road themselves and walked beside him through the twilight. Deep valleys opened to the right and left with tiny villages upon their slopes, all still and dark, like fabrics of a dream; and one slim campanile towered up in the gloom, so near their path that, as they passed, it seemed as if, by stretching out their hands, they might have swung its silent bells.

"One must climb to live among you," said Beppe, when they had toiled on in this manner for some time without exchanging a word.

"Yes," replied Luigi, catching the bridle at a rough place in the road-bed. "Our horses know that well; they are strong, but, alas! they are short-lived. Their very strength destroys them. It is a proverb with us. See! The lights are coming out above us. *Adagio!* Five minutes more, and we are there!"

It was quite dark when, resuming their places in the cart, they dashed along a wide esplanade of the outer precincts through the gateway of the inner and more ancient town, and climbed still farther up narrow streets, unlighted and roughly paved, to the highest point in Barga—a wind-swept area, opening toward the vast circumference of the night from the cathedral walls. On a terrace at its farther end the town-hall and prison frowned grimly under one roof. Between this and the church-apse the land fell off abruptly; and there, with these monumental buildings overhanging it, stood a small house, perched upon the very edge of the hill. As they drove up, Luigi explained that here he lived and cultivated his garden entirely alone. The hour was late; to disturb the prospective patron, then and there, would be unwise; Beppe must go no farther that night, since, for the time being, all this house afforded without ceremony had become his. Thus cordially welcomed, Beppe made no resistance, but took upon himself his portion of the household duties. Together they cooked an ample meal of eggs and macaroni; and when no morsel was left, Luigi, in the best of spirits, moved into the chimney-corner, smoking pipe after pipe, telling stories and cracking jokes, while his queer little chin-tuft twinkled in the firelight. Then Beppe's bed was made up in a box of a place, that must once have been an oratory, adjoining Luigi's chamber. A patch of sky shone upon him through one small window, high above his head. And there he dropped asleep in a starlit silence, such as before he had never known.

When he awoke day was well advanced, and he found Luigi already busy in his garden, which sloped to the south, all steeped in sunshine. Beppe declared it to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be the most beautiful spot in all the world. But his host laughed, and strolled out with him to the meagre cathedral front, where he stood face to face with the great mountain-range and its snow-capped *Paniere*, lost in wonder. Then, sending Luigi back to his work, he went down alone into the quiet streets, by church-doors and convent-walls, until, after many intricate windings, he came suddenly upon a little square, open on one side to the marvellous northern prospect. There, above the wine-shop door, he read the name he sought, and passed on, unchallenged, into a huge vaulted room, piled high with casks. At a rude table in one corner men were drinking, and the air was heavily charged with wine-fumes. Upon inquiring for the *padrone* he was shown at once into Signor di Brocca's presence. And now, to Beppe's unspeakable joy, the great man knew him instantly, and listened with evident interest to his little story—nay, even helped him on with it by kindly questions. Furthermore, when Beppe produced the cherished amulet, its former possessor, smiling pleasantly, laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder and promised that work should be found for him to do. He added a word of reproof, however, for the manner of Beppe's flight. "The good Dr. Ridolfi will be anxious," said he; "we must inform him that you are safe in our hands. Come to me to-morrow when the shop opens, that you may learn your duties. Since you are to be a citizen of Barga, go now and make acquaintance with the town."

"It is not the town that I desire to see," replied Beppe, emboldened by his good fortune, "but the treasures of art contained in it—those you talked of in the church at Lucca—the Robbias, I mean."

The boy, quite unintentionally, had chosen the surest way to win the favor of his patron, whose face now flushed with surprise and pleasure.

"Eh, what is this?" he cried. "I did indeed speak of these wonders with Casella, the Florentine, who deals in such things, and even strives to reproduce them. You a pilgrim of the arts! *Meno male!* You shall see all, this day, and learn that I spoke truly." Thereupon he caught up his pen and jotted down his instructions. Beppe was to explore the convent chapel, the cathedral, the church of the *Frati*. In these three sanctuaries the glories of Barga were enshrined.

Joyfully the pilgrim of the arts hastened back to tell Luigi all that had happened. "You will be one of us, then," cried his friend, embracing him; "and shall make your home with me." Beppe answered that he wished for nothing better, and that this was the most fortunate day of his life. So, with all the happiness of anticipation, he went forth to the great reliefs, always their only worshipper, until, in the little church of the *Frati*, where above its high altar the Madonna sits enthroned, the boy instinctively dropped upon his knees at the marble rail, subdued into awe-struck silence. He had never dreamed of loveliness like this; it was divine. No echo of the world intruded upon his thoughts. He knelt there a long time; then, as if a spell were cast upon him, lingering and looking back, he stole out again into the walled court before the church. Here he was suddenly confronted with another group, which, till then, he had not perceived—a Madonna, the size of life, built into a side-wall of the court at so low a level that he could examine it closely, touch it, even, if he pleased. He did not hesitate to do so, for the dark-red figures, untinted and unglazed, lacked the divinity of those within the church. But they were superbly modelled in very high relief. Evidently this, too, though unfinished, was a work of the master-hand. All Beppe's latent aspirations awoke anew as he stood before it, studying long and patiently the gentle mother's face, the expressive gestures of the child. He knew what colors the artist would have employed there; he could supply in his fancy the delicate creamy white of the figures, the glowing blue of the background; but, alas! none living knew the method of their application—the lost secret of the Robbia glaze! If his father were alive! Then, drawing out that legacy of futile endeavor which, from the moment of its discovery, he had carried with him always, Beppe read once more the faded proofs his father had failed to demonstrate, and half believed he held the secret in his hand. With untold wealth, he would have staked it all, like a desperate gambler, upon this delusive hope. That night, dreaming of riches in Luigi's oratory, he made the cast and won.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This vision of a Fortunatus-purse, with its resultant fame, was but scantily borne out, during the next few months, by the circumstances of Beppe's life in Barga. The patron, true to his promise, made room for the boy in the wine-shop, but only at the bottom of the ladder, as was entirely just, in view of the applicant's youth and utter ignorance of this new trade. His daily wants were supplied, and he could put by a little, even after buying, recklessly, a fellow-workman's watch, chiefly that he might hang his employer's gift upon the bit of ribbon which served him as a chain. All direct intercourse with that employer soon ceased. Beppe stood in the ranks as a mere private soldier, given to understand that promotion was dependent upon his own diligence and aptitude. These, certainly, did not fail him. And the overseer, whose power was absolute, took him into favor, quickly observing this new drudge to be a zealous one.

One day, when the shop was full, he was sent in great haste to the inner court for water from the well. As he rattled the bucket down, its wet rope caught the ribbon at his waist, and tore it into shreds. His watch was safe; but the amulet, the precious amulet, flew off into the depth beyond all hope of recovery. Beppe's superstitious soul at once found in this unlucky accident the worst of omens. From that moment he studiously avoided the man who had befriended him in his need, and for a long time contrived to keep out of Signor di Brocca's way. This course, once adopted, was easily pursued; for the Syndic of Barga, leading a very active life, was often absent, and when at home kept open house to entertain, with patriarchal hospitality, not only his friends but even those strangers who chanced to visit the commune. On feast-days a great company always gathered at his table. Then the laughter and the clink of glasses could be heard through half the town, and, if the wind were favorable, even in Luigi's garden.

Midsummer came, bringing with it the feast of San Giovanni. On that day the shops would close, and there would be a great service in the cathedral, of which Beppe heard much from Luigi and his comrades; but he liked their churches best when he could have them to himself, and he privately resolved that he would devote these hours of freedom to a long-contemplated excursion. Down the valley, as he knew, some trace of the Robbia furnaces still existed. Their site, under a pine-grove on a rocky hill-side, within easy walking distance, had been pointed out to him; the spot must not only be charming in itself, but would have for his mind the additional charm of its association. When the morning dawned, accordingly, he rose while Luigi was still asleep, and taking with him a supply of bread and sausage, turned his back upon the festival preparations, to follow the same rough path up which he had once been guided in the twilight. Passing down into the valley he turned from the road and struck out across the country, with the pine-grove always in sight. The crows called overhead; once he started a hawk that whirled away with a shrill cry; but otherwise the whole land was silent, and after leaving the highway he met no one. The pines, as he approached them, proved to be of great age, but were warped into fantastic shapes by the prevailing winter wind, which had given them a one-sided growth. There was no wind now that Beppe could discover, yet from the topmost branches came a faint murmur like the echo of a sigh, which made him turn to assure himself that he was still alone. To his disappointment not a vestige of human handiwork remained above ground; but after careful search he found at last, overgrown with briers, some rough-hewn stones which must have formed part of the furnace-foundation. They were arranged in a semicircle, at the upper end of a grassy patch, where Beppe sat down to rest. Here was nature's own cathedral with its invisible choir, the best place in all the world for thorough enjoyment of the *festa*. He munched away at his provisions till no crumb was left. He pulled out his father's manuscript, and began to read it. Then, yielding to that desire for a *siesta* which overcomes the Italian laborer when his meal is finished, he stretched himself out upon the grass, and soon was fast asleep.

When Beppe awoke the sun recorded its decline in long, slanting shadows. As the dismal sigh of the pines struck his ear the suspicion that he was not alone came sharply back, and he hastened to gather up the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loose papers which lay just where they had fallen from his hand. Then, rising to look about him, he gave a startled cry at sight of a man's figure, wrapped in a cloak, moving slowly off between the tree-trunks. His face was turned away, but, upon the sound of Beppe's voice, he wheeled about and, as the boy stood still in dumb surprise, drew nearer. For a few moments Beppe stared at him, trembling without apparent cause, for there was no threat either in the man's demeanor or in his face, which looked rather agreeable than otherwise. Yet there was a kind of fascination in the look, incomprehensible to Beppe, unless it arose from the conviction that this must be the man whom he had met upon the Devil's Bridge, and whom he had certainly seen before that chance encounter, though where, he could not tell. The eyes, bent on his, held them calmly and coldly, as if with conscious power. Then, still holding him in their control, the man broke the silence, which had grown constrained and awkward, by a simple question.

"I am going to Barga," he said. "Will you show me the road?"

"To Barga!" Beppe stammered.

"Yes. I turned aside for this." And he pointed at the sunken stones. Beppe felt the gesture without seeing it. His eyes did not wander from the face, so strange, yet so familiar, which he scrutinized with eager, painful interest. The effort to recall its features wearied him unduly; inexpressibly. And when he spoke his voice faltered.

"I saw you on the *Ponte del Diavolo*," he said, faintly. "But where else?"

"At Florence, perhaps," replied the stranger, with a smile. "I am a Florentine."

A single word had cleared up the mystery. "Casella!" Beppe cried.

"Quite right; Casella is my name."

"Oh, pardon me!" continued Beppe, now overcome with confusion. "Signor Casella I meant to say. It was not at Florence but at Lucca, in San Frediano, with your friend, my good *padrone*, under the Robbia 'Annunciation.'"

"Under the Robbia 'Annunciation!'" repeated Signor Casella, slowly. "I remember now, and now I understand. To you, as to me, these records of the past are full of meaning. And so the worthy Syndic has become your master! Will you show me now the way to Barga? Let us go together since we must follow the same road to the same end."

Beppe smiled and nodded, leading the way out into the open country with a light heart. If this new companion had cast a spell upon him, the influence was no longer alarming, and he soon ceased to be conscious of it. The interests they shared in common brought them very near together. By displaying, without arrogance, knowledge incredibly profound and tempered well with admiration of the great masters, the man disarmed the boy completely. Before they left the fields Beppe, won over by sympathetic questions, began to speak of hopes and desires never yet revealed to anyone; and as they climbed higher into the light of the golden afternoon, he laid bare his inmost soul. At a turn of the zigzag road they sat down for a breathing-space. Then Beppe's hand, stealing to his breast, closed upon the papers there, and drew them out.

"Here," he said, "is the secret I have kept so long. You, who make experiments, who know so much, will perceive its value in a moment. You know all, Signore, I know nothing. Read, and judge for me."

Once more a smile deepened the lines of Signor Casella's face as he eyed indifferently the outstretched hand holding the faded leaves. "Put them away," he said; "for I already know the secret. Not to confess so much would be a waste of time."

"You know all that is written here?"

"Why should I deny it, since you are willing to confide in me? While you lay asleep I collected the scattered leaves and read them. But your secret is safe—all the more that it is worthless."

"Worthless! Ah, Signore——"

"Let me tell you the truth frankly. There is nothing in those papers of the smallest value. All they contain has been weighed, and found wanting. I take away a hope that would lead you on to hopeless failure. Out of the knowledge that springs from many failures I speak, and swear that this is true."

Beppe's eyes slowly filled with tears. Silently he put away the crumpled manuscript; then hid his face in his hands, and moaned.

"Courage!" whispered his companion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have saved you from this false step—think of it no more. But though the secret of the glaze is lost, it may be found again by other means. Up, and strive with all your heart and soul for that discovery! A little strength of purpose shall make you glorious in the eyes of men!"

"Why do you say that?" cried Beppe, starting up to face the irresistible calmness of the stranger's look, and question it. "What is it that you mean?"

"I mean to be your friend, if your courage does not fail you. And in proof of that I place myself in your hands. Come, let us go on to Barga! I long to see the wonders there of which I have heard so much. Be my guide, and show them to me. But no more vain regret, no more groaning!"

So, as they climbed up toward the town, the boy gradually recovered his cheerfulness. The hope which had long sustained him had been destroyed by a single word, spoken in good faith, as he could not doubt. But his illusion was now replaced by another hope, still indefinable, yet strengthening at every moment. His new friend's interest in him was itself a promise. And each word he uttered seemed full of prophetic meaning. Barga's streets, when they entered them, lay all deserted under the setting sun. The *festa* was over, and the towns-people, with one accord, had turned indoors for the evening meal. Beppe, acting as guide, led the way, while Signor Casella inspected all that was shown him carefully and critically; but he said little, lapsing into moody silence when they turned back toward the church of the *Frati*, which Beppe had purposely left for the last. Half-way down the narrow street they followed; through an open window came a shout of many voices, then one man's voice, singing.

"That is the *padrone's* house," said the boy, as they passed. "Will you go in?"

"Not now," replied the Florentine, quickening his pace. "Let us make haste, my boy, before the darkness overtakes us."

In the court-yard of the *Frati* some repairs were in progress upon one of the church-windows, which was masked by a temporary staging. Under this stood a small iron furnace, used in melting lead for the window-panes. But its fire was extinguished, for there had been no work that day. Signor Casella glanced idly at the ashes as they hurried by.

"The men are gone," said he.

"Yes," said Beppe. "They keep the *festa*. There will be no one to disturb us. This is the door."

Passing along the vacant aisle to the high altar, he pointed up with a triumphant smile. His friend gazed long at the altar-piece without speaking; then climbed the rail for a nearer view of it, and sighed.

"Hopeless!" he said at last. "We shall never rival that unless——"

"Unless—" murmured Beppe, struck with sudden fear, as the man stepped from the rail to the altar itself. "Signore, I implore you!"

"Unless the secret lies waiting for a hand bold enough to grasp it, as the Barga folk pretend!" returned the man fiercely, catching up, while he spoke, one of the metal candlesticks beside him. "What if I strike and bring it down?"

"In heaven's name, Signore!" cried Beppe, dropping upon his knees.

Signor Casella laughed, and, replacing the candlestick, leaped lightly to the pavement. "Fear nothing!" he said, as he seized the boy's hand and pulled him up. "I have little faith in these childish tales." Then, taking the lead, he strode off to the door. "Let us go now, since there is no more to see."

"Stay, Signore!" said Beppe, following him. "There is one thing more—here in the court. Look! One better than all the rest, even in its poor condition!"

"It is easy to say that," coldly replied Signor Casella, approaching the dark Madonna and laying his hand upon it. "We may carry work like this to any glorious result we please, in perfect confidence. Who can prove that our imagination plays us false? Strange!" he continued, thoughtfully, as his study of the work proceeded. "Why should this one thing be incomplete? Why should they bring this group from the furnace to its destined niche, a mere rough sketch, unfinished and unglazed? I could half believe in some mysterious purpose underlying it. If their fine tradition were, after all, well grounded!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Signore, what are you saying?"

"I am like you, my boy; I follow imagination to its utmost limit, and read in the Madonna's smile the secret of the Robbias. To think that it may lie hidden here—here, under my hand!"

Beppe caught his arm. "Even then you would spare the master's work, Signore!"

"My hand is not of iron," laughed the Florentine. "Were it and my faith a little stronger, who knows? I might commit the crime in the hope of absolution. At the very worst the world would lose so little! At best, in recovering the secret, I should repay its loss a hundredfold."

The words sank deep into Beppe's heart, as if they had been graven there. They moved away through the failing light, while he looked back at the wall with longing eyes. For one moment he felt an impulse to rush at the Madonna and dash himself to pieces in a wild effort to destroy it. The moment passed, leaving him appalled at the thought of sacrilege. Then he fled out into the silent street, where, coming to his senses all at once, he found that his companion walked beside him.

"Signore, will you go now to the *padrone's* house?" he asked, wearily.

"No. He keeps the *festa* with his friends, and I am in no mood for feasting. There should be an inn close by—I saw its door as we passed. Ah! This is the place. I will rest here alone to-night—rest, sleep, and dream! We shall meet to-morrow."

He stepped aside and disappeared in the blackness of an archway. Beppe walked on alone, starting at shadows, turning to look behind him, still haunted by the man's presence and by an inciting fury in certain of his words:

"A hundredfold!" he muttered. "And the world would lose so little. If one could know—if one could know!"

Luigi asked no questions, but made room at the table, where, in his own humble way, he was already keeping the *festa* with a friend and neighbor, the jailer of Barga. This good soul, whose duties were far from oppressive, led a quiet, hermit life among his empty cells. He was a mild old man of the gentlest manners, but Beppe, associating him with his office, had a wholesome fear of his kindly face. To-night it grew more terrible than ever, and the boy shrank from it, nervously bolting his food, saying little. Then, at a favorable moment, when the men were absorbed in talk, he crept away to bed. But his sleep was troubled. In the dead of night he started up with a fearful shriek that roused Luigi, who rushed in and shook him roughly.

"In God's name," he cried, "wake up! What is the matter with you?"

"Will they put me in the prison?" Beppe moaned.

"*Per Bacco!* No! Unless you scare us into fits. There! go to sleep! We have no prison in Barga for honest men. *Dio mio!* I thought the devil himself was after you."

He growled a prayer, and composed himself again to sleep. But Beppe, tossing feverishly, slept no more.

The morning dawned in excessive heat with scarce a breath of air to relieve it. Through all his working-hours Beppe moved sluggishly, as though a weight were upon him. While his hands mechanically performed their task, his mind wandered out at the door, toward which he turned from time to time with an expectant look. "We shall meet to-morrow," Signor Casella had said at parting; and Beppe interpreted this to mean that he would visit the wine-shop with the *padrone*, who must now be aware of his presence in the town. But time dragged heavily on and neither came. The sultriness of the afternoon grew intolerable. Beppe longed, as he had never done before, for the signal of the *merenda*, which at five o'clock in summer gives a half-hour's respite to the Tuscan workingman. The hour struck at last, and his fellows trooped away. Then Beppe, following his thought, hurried down the street, out of the gate and along the dusty esplanade, to an old pine-tree of gigantic proportions which overspreads its southern end. The heat was still intense, and he lingered for a moment in the shade to watch a huge, black cloud that rose over the mountains, widening toward the city, with a promise of wind and rain. From this point to the inn-door is but a step, and Beppe, passing on, hovered timidly about the arch, in the hope of a friendly summons. But if Signor Casella was within he made no sign. "It is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hour of the *siesta*," Beppe thought; "I must not disturb him." He looked at his watch. Scarcely five minutes of the resting-time had passed, and he strolled on to the open gate of the *Frati* court. The men had dropped their work, leaving the pavement littered with tools; there were live coals in the furnace. But the walled area, still and sunless, as Beppe entered it, echoed his footsteps. A long peal of thunder broke from the storm-cloud which had swept over the sky, and the sudden darkness that fell upon him sent a chill through all his veins. Out of the deep shadow the Madonna smiled in mockery, luring him toward her with an irresistible temptation. He could have sworn that she lived and breathed — nay, that she had spoken. "Come!" she seemed to say; "I hold the secret. In one moment you may make it yours!" Trembling, he would have fallen upon his knees; but a hand grasped his shoulder, and he turned to meet the fierce eyes of the Florentine. The evil look controlled him to the very soul. "Yes, it is there!" the man whispered. "One blow will bring it down!" Then, with his eyes still fixed on Beppe's, he stooped, groped for the means, and, finding it, placed a workman's mallet in the boy's hand. "Strike!" he commanded. "Strike! and make your name immortal!"

Beppe raised his arm, aiming a blow full at the Madonna's face. But the heavy mallet slipped and glanced aside. The blow struck the figure of the infant Christ, which was dashed into a thousand pieces. From the head, as it broke upon the pavement, there flew out a folded parchment. Beppe sprang for it with a cry of triumph. But now he was clasped by strong arms from which he strove in vain to free himself; they dragged him back and threw him down. As he lay where he had fallen, helpless, weak with rage, his name was spoken in a stern voice which he knew instantly. He scrambled up and saw his patron, the master of the wine-shop, fling the prize, which was never to be his, unread, into the furnace coals. While the parchment curled with the heat one glowing word stood out upon it in fiery letters. Then it shrivelled into ashes, and the secret was gone forever.

"Viper!" cried his master, striding forward, angrily. "What fiend prompted you to do this thing?"

The storm burst, and drops of rain pattered down between them. Beppe stared into the darkness with straining eyes.

"Casella!" he gasped. "Signor Casella! Where is he?"

"Casella—what do you mean?"

"The man, the Florentine! I saw him with you in San Frediano. He was here just now."

"Are you mad? Casella lives in Florence. He has never been in Barga. No one is here, no living creature but ourselves."

"He was here, I saw him, talked with him. *Padrone*, as I hope to be saved I swear it to you!"

A pitying look stole into the master's darkened face. "My poor boy!" he said, gently. "The fiend has tempted you. Come, come with me."

Beppe slipped aside, eluding him, only to be caught again and held in a grip of iron. He struggled desperately, losing ground, forced back at last against the wall. There came a blinding glare, a sharp report, a roar that deafened them. The masonry crumbled above their heads, while the man, stunned by the shock, staggered with loosened hold. And Beppe, darting off, fled as from the wrath to come, out of the gate, out of the town, he knew not where, away into the storm.

All night the tempest raged with unabated fury. But in the sunshine of a calm morning Luigi went from house to house, seeking news of his lost comrade, and learning nothing. About the church of the *Frati* he found a crowd collected. "See what the thunderbolt has done for us!" they cried, pointing at the Madonna and the ruined wall. Before the day was done every soul in Barga had visited the place—among the rest the Syndic, shaking his head gravely like the others, without a word of explanation. But the boy, Beppe, never came. Days, weeks, and months had passed before a peasant, crossing the mountain, discovered, in a cleft of the awful *Paniere*, his whitened bones. Then they brought him back and buried him in Barga, where now Luigi tends his grave.

There, in the wall of the *Frati* court, the Madonna to this day smiles on, empty-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

handed. She is known far and wide as "the Madonna that is childless," and the blow which threatened her still passes for a lightning-stroke. To this day the peasant and the townsman of that quiet commune repeat its favorite legend, believing firmly that the famous Robbia secret remains in their possession, still to be discovered. And the truth concerning it only the good Syndic knows.

MEMINISSE JUVABIT

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE deep sea shines, unbearable in glory,
The green wood beckons, luminously dense,
Yet both will fade as a forgotten story
When we go hence.

We shall fare forth no more into the meadows,
The low, salt valleys of the water-plain,
Among the shallow, early-morning shadows—
No more again.

Here, in the oak-wood with the young trees flinging
Slim silver boughs athwart a purple sea,
The chill, sweet ripple of a robin singing
To you and me.

Although the hour has come—our hour is over—
Surely there seems some solace yet to know
In twilight time when Memory turns rover
Across the snow.

It may be it shall please you to remember
These silver stems, this shadowy woodland way,
To think upon one sun-perfumed September—
Perchance, some day.

In your late gloaming when the ghosts are thronging,
When daylight fails, and all the flowers are gray,
You may look back with wonder and with longing
Perchance—some day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROMANCE OF A CASH-BOOK

By Charles A. Briggs, D.D.

A CASH-BOOK is usually a very prosaic document. It is not infrequently of great importance to the person or corporation to whom it belongs, but is seldom of public interest. If one would consult an old cash-book he resorts to the safe of the company to whom it belongs. Sometimes cash-books are stolen or destroyed in order to conceal fraud, but their fate is commonly to be cast into the fire, after they have served their purposes of record for consultation by the generation first using them.

Cash-books are sometimes, however, full of important historical records, and are, therefore, carefully preserved in public libraries and halls of record, or in the safes of ancient companies. Many such are to be found in the Old World, and some of them are of public interest.

It is proposed in this article to tell the story of a cash-book of some historic importance, whose fortunes have been mysterious and romantic. It was the good fortune of the writer, some months ago, to discover such a book which had been lost for more than two hundred years—the cash-book of the oldest missionary society now existing—which contains valuable historical information relating to old England and New England that can be found nowhere else.

His attention was called by a friend to an old book of deeds in the Hall of Records of one of our State capitols which contained references to The Corporation for New England. This friend knew that I was interested in this Corporation and had published certain discoveries connected with it.* As soon as time could be found an investigation was made, and it became evident that a discovery had been made of the original cash-book of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, audited at the close of each year, and signed by the auditors. A rough copy was made and taken to London to the office of the company, where the treasurer examined it and compared it with the other cash-books in his possession. It became clear that the cash-books in his possession were the second and later cash-books of a series; and that their first cash-book, so long lost, had been discovered in America. The last entry in the first cash-book, now discovered, corresponded with an entry in the second cash-book.

This discovery was not reported earlier because it was thought best to give the company an opportunity to recover their property before attention was called to its value. For this reason also the place where it was found is not now made known.

There is in the cash-book in America a remarkable omission of disbursements on folio 9, which at first excited suspicion that a dishonest motive had caused the removal of this cash-book from London to an American colony. But this omission was supplied in the second cash-book in the possession of the company, and the balance, carried over to folio 10, is the same. The reason for this omission was now plain: the second cash-book began with the reorganization of the company at the Restoration.

The first cash-book continued until March 24, 1664. Folios 9 to 12 were copied into the new book and the first cash-book was discontinued. Folio 9 begins with the following statement:

"*The Statement of Mr. Henry Ashhurst his accompt, late treasurer to the late pretended Corporation for New England &c from y 20th of September 1660 to y 25th of March 1662*"

The receipts for the period were entered, but disbursements were not recorded, because it was a period of uncertainty whether the corporation would be allowed to live or would be suppressed.

* Briggs: "American Presbyterianism," p. xxxvi.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the front side of folio 10, in the middle of the page, is the following:

"*Here begins the Accompt of y Corporation by virtue of their charter from the Kings most excellent Majesty date 7th Feb. 1661*"

We have to do with the old method of dates. This is really 1662, according to our method of beginning the year with January.

The first entry is "Cash remayning in the hands of Mr Henry Ashurst Treasurer," March 25, 1662. It is evident, therefore, that the entries in folio 9 are entries of a treasurer who was doubtful of his position. The corporation was a "pretended" one because it did not exist under a royal charter, and it could not continue without a new charter. The treasurer also styles himself "late treasurer," because he had no legal status at this time under the royal government. He was simply holding his place and doing his duty with the funds intrusted to his care until he could make an account of them in a legal manner. Under these circumstances he deemed it best not to enter the disbursements during that time. He must have kept account of them in a private book, because they are entered in the second cash-book, and the balance is identical in both cash-books. Such a private book is indeed referred to elsewhere in this cash-book. It was a sort of a petty cash-book and has not been preserved. The disbursements are given on folios 10, 11, and 12, because the corporation was then in legal existence under the royal charter.

The acts of the corporation, during the period of the Commonwealth, were liable to be questioned, not only by the Government, but also by private parties, who might question the validity of the title to certain houses in London, and other landed properties in Suffolk and Northumberland. They had good reason, as we shall see farther on, to put their cash-book out of the reach of too inquisitive persons. It is altogether probable, therefore, that this cash-book was not stolen from the company, but was deliberately sent to an obscure American colony in order that it might be inaccessible —possibly in the hands of a Mr. John Lloyd, whose name appears in this early book of Deeds, probably a relative of the first treasurer who died in 1660. This opinion is justified by the fact that another book of records, discovered at the same time in the same place, contains the original rent-book of the company for the same period. These two folio volumes, through the scarcity of stationery at that early Colonial time, were used for records of deeds and contracts in the county in which the man having them in charge ultimately took up his abode, and so they were lost to sight for more than two hundred years.

The corporation was founded in 1649, by an ordinance of the Long Parliament, as a perpetual corporation called "The President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England." It was authorized to receive and dispose of moneys in such manner as "shall best and principally conduce to the preaching and propagation of the Gospel among the natives and for the maintenance of schools and nurseries of learning for the education of the children of the natives." The original act of Parliament is quite rare, but a copy is in the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. Another copy, found by the author of this article, is in the library of the Union Theological Seminary.

A general collection was appointed by Parliament to be made in all the counties, cities, towns, and parishes of England and Wales "for a charitable contribution to the foundation of so pious and great an undertaking." It was characteristic of the times that the whole English nation was summoned to take part in a great missionary enterprise by Act of Parliament. The cash-book gives us the only record, so far as is known, of the amounts contributed.

The first contribution entered is "The Army's Contribution." This also is characteristic of the times. The army was composed of pious men, who were evangelists, according to their notions, with arms in hand. They were prompt and ready to contribute liberally to the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians in New England. It would be difficult to find an historic parallel to such a pi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous contribution as this from Cromwell's army.

The second entry is London's contribution, and this is followed by those of the nearest counties which are now included in London. The entries in the first folio are as follows :

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To the Army's Contribution, received as in the Book of Receipts	511	03	07
To London's Contribution, received of several parishes as in the Book of Receipts	961	04	08½
To the Countie of Essex, Contribution, &c.	170	17	04
" " Middlesex, " "	202	12	10½
" " Kent, " "	365	06	10
" " Oxon, " "	155	05	10
" " Devon, " "	272	19	00
" " Warwick, " "	100	00	00
" " Cornwall, " "	281	06	08
" " Surrey, " "	41	06	01
" " Darbies, " "	100	00	00
" " Somerset, " "	436	00	00
" " Wilts, " "	100	00	00
To Personal gifts Rec^{d}, &c	861	16	07
To Rents Rec^{d}, &c.	22	15	00
	4,582	14	06

The national response to the call to take part in a great missionary enterprise in time of civil war is a marvellous exhibition of faith and courage.

The credit side of the cash-book is also interesting, especially to the student of American history. It tells simply and plainly what disposition was made of these funds :

Cr.	£	s.	d.
1650, August 22. By Books paid for to Mr. Thomas Jemser, &c.	30	00	00
1651, April 12... By goods sent to New England, consigned to Mr. John Cotton or Mr. John Wilson, by the ship New England, merchant, &c.	80	19	00
1651, June 12... More sent by the ship Mayflower consigned to Mr. John Cotton or Mr. John Wilson	275	08	00
August 23. For books	34	00	00
1652, April 26... Goods sent to New England by ship Canary, merchant, consigned to Edward Rawson	162	06	08
Sept. 11... More sent by the ship Johns Adventure, consigned to Mr. Edward Rawson	387	17	06
Dec. 27... Disbursements at times	359	07	05
Farm Rents bought of the State and paid for, including charges	320	19	05
By Bills of Exchange at times	158	00	00
1653, March 26.. By Balance	2,773	16	06
Total	4,582	14	06

This is audited by :
RI. HUTCHINSON,
THO. SPEED,
GEORGE CLARK.

This page brings before us vividly the history of the times. The ships New England, Mayflower, and Johns Adventure, are well-known ships in the history of the colonization of New England. The Canary is not so well known. The Mayflower bears the same name as the ship which brought the Pilgrim Fathers from Leyden to Plymouth, December 15, 1620; but it is doubtful whether it is the same vessel.

It is well known that there were many of the name at that period; and that ship must have been very old at this time.

John Cotton is the famous New England divine. John Wilson, the eminent minister of Boston, was associated with him. Edward Rawson was the secretary of the New England Commissioners who were appointed to represent the Corporation in New England. Goods were sent on these ships instead of funds, because it was a common method of making remittances at these times, and the investment was likely to yield a profit.

We notice that certain farm rents were bought from the state. These were probably sequestered, and on that account the investment was imperilled at the Restoration.

The sale would not have been regarded as legal, because the government had no valid authority to make such a transaction. But the sale was probably made valid by the Chancellor at the same time as the other property, in connection with the new charter.

According to the rent-book these farms were at Woodborne and Winchester, in Northumberland. They were rented to three different parties for the aggregate sum of £11 10*s.* 16*d.*

We shall give a summary of the entire receipts from and including folio 1 until the end of folio 8, 1659. These were chiefly the results of the collections ordered by Parliament, which kept coming in until the Restoration.

The grand total of contributions for missions among the American Indians during the troublous times of the Commonwealth was, therefore, as shown by the following table (page 366), £15,939 18*s.* 2½*d.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

	£	s.	d.
The Army	3064	18	3
Personal Gifts	1241	19	1
The City of London	1095	8	3½
The City and County of York	1119	3	5½
County of Somerset	968	15	5
" Devon	966	7	5
" Suffolk	773	17	13½
" Kent	742	15	2½
" Middlesex	667	6	5½
" Wilts	576	18	8
" Essex	453	10	15
" Norfolk	405	16	0
" Cornwall	401	1	7
" Hereford	397	8	7½
" Surrey	380	12	4
" and city of Hampton	370	0	0
Carried forward			

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward			
County of Derby	323	0	7
" Sussex	294	10	9
" Oxon	274	15	11
" Bucks	254	19	8
" Worcester	205	17	5
" Berks	198	11	0
" Warwick	154	19	4
" Southampton	145	0	0
" Lancaster	123	13	5½
" Dorset	120	0	0
" Salop	102	15	4
" Lincoln	57	13	6
" Huntingdon	44	4	5
" Chester	13	16	8
Total Cities and Counties.	11,633	0	10½
Grand total	15,939	18	2½

We shall classify the disbursements also without regard to folio.

Goods were sent to New England as follows:

April 25, 1653, by the New England	£39 12s. 00d.
Sept. 20, 1653, by the Mayflower, both consigned to Edward Rawson	6 17s. 00d.
March 14, 1654, by the Johns Adventure, consigned to Edward Hutchinson, merchant	515 15s. 06d.
May 24, 1656, by the Hopewell and Speedwell, consigned to the Commissioners for the United Colonies of New England	42 09s. 00d.

Subsequent to this date no more goods were sent, but instead bills of exchange to the Commissioners of the United Colonies, as follows:

January 19, 1657, "for the use of the Indians there"	£500
February 12, 1657 (8), "for phisicall drugs bought for the use of the Indians there"	10
April 1, 1658, "for the use of the Indian work there"	700
February 29, 1658 (9), "for the use of the Indian work there"	500
February 10, 1659 (60), "for the use of the Indian work there"	800
In all	£2,510

After the Restoration £800 was sent in 1662, and £300 in 1663. The ships Hopewell and Speedwell are well known names in the Colonial records.

The investments of the corporation are of interest. We have already considered the first investment in the fee-farm rents. The second investment was made November 21, 1653, "when the manor of Ereswell and Chamborlynes was bought" of Colonel Thomas Bodingfield for £7,000. The expenses for perfecting the purchase were £108 09s. 10d. This manor was in Suffolk, as we learn from the other books of the corporation, and consisted of seven thousand acres. It was rented according to the rent-book to two parties. Ereswell for £260 a year, and Chamborlynes for £210 a year, more than six and one half per cent. on the investment. At the Restoration, the corporation being dead in law, Colonel Bodingfield repossessed himself of the estate, and at the same time refused to pay back the money he had received for it. But his rascality did not succeed. Robert Boyle used his interest with the Lord Chancellor Clarendon to prevent that act of injustice, and the Colonel was obliged to give up the estate, by the decree of the Chancellor.*

This valuable property was retained by the corporation until recent years, when it was sold to an East Indian prince for a hunting park for £120,000.

The corporation on February 16, 1656 (7), bought lands of Sir Robert Josselyn, called Suffolk Place, for £1,700, and on August 22, 1659, an adjoining piece of land from Anthony Cogan for £40. Whether these were included in the sale to the East India Prince the writer knows not. According to the rent-books this property was rented to Thomas Denham for £80 a year.

* See Birch's "Life of Boyle," p. 140.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On April 9, 1655, several houses were bought in London: some of them in Bucklersbury of Samuel Veassel for £2,103 19*s.*, which were afterward rented to sundry persons for £160 a year; and a house in Trinity Parish, bought of James James for £653 1*s.* 10*d.*, which was rented for £50.

The rent-book mentions twelve pieces of property owned by the corporation, and let by them before the Restoration. The cash-book records the rents received for the three years before the Restoration as amounting to £1,064 19*s.*; for the last three years under the royal charter, as £1,908 8*s.* 17*d.* This shows a very remarkable increase of values in property and advance in rents at that time.

In 1656 there is the first reference to the printing of that familiar series of books relating to the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians in New England. An expenditure was made of £12 14*s.* for paper and printing of three thousand books entitled "A Late and Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel"; and "blue and marble paper, sewing and stitching 3,000 books above mentioned," £7 12*s.* This volume was published in 1655 under the title "A Late and Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England." It was preceded by a number of similar works.

The first account of missions among the Indians of New England was published in 1643, "New England's First Fruits." In 1646, John Eliot began preaching to the Indians in their own language. The results were reported to London in a series of tracts.

(1) "The Day Breaking if not the Sun Rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England," 1647, London.
(2) "The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel Breaking Forth Upon the Indians of New England," London, 1648.
(3) "The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England," London, 1649.

All these were printed before the Corporation was organized. Afterward were published:

(4) "The Light Appearing More and More toward the Perfect Day," London, 1651.
(5) "Strength out of Weakness," 1652.
(6) "Tears of Repentance," 1653.

So far as the cash-book is concerned there is no reference to payments for the publication of these volumes. Therefore the common opinion that they were published at the expense of the corporation, which was expressed in "American Presbyterianism, xxxvii.," must be given up. The first to be published at their expense was the seventh. They also published the eighth and ninth of these volumes. On May 27, 1659, is the entry, "Paper and printing 3,000 books 'A Further Account of the Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians of New England,' and for fine blue paper and stitching the said books, £24." June 27 and September 5, 1660, there are similar entries for printing 1,500 copies of a book of "The Further Progress of the Gospel." After the Restoration there is an entry, July 20, 1664, for "binding Indian Bibles, £10." September 19, 1660, is an entry of £5 18*s.* for passage of Marmaduke Johnson, and for other things; April 15, 1663, of "£29 paid Marmaduke Johnson, printer." He was brought over from New England to print the Bible. On February 16, 1664 (5), "salary of Marmaduke Johnson for printing Indian Bible, £35"; "paid Thomas Goring's for a font of letters, £31 17*s.* 08*d.*" These are items of great interest for those who would know the value of such things in those days.

There is a record, September 11, 1660, of £30 paid on the salary of Mr. Thomas Mayhew, Jr.; and February 16, 1664 (5), of a gift of £50 "to John Eliot as a gratuity given him for his extraordinary pains amongst the Indians in New England."

This will suffice for the cash-book. We may, however, mention the subsequent history of this first missionary society.

The members of the company established by the royal charter at the Restoration, February 7, 1661 (2), were forty-five, including churchmen and dissenters. Robert Boyle was made the first Governor. He took a great interest in the society, giving them £300 and afterward willing them £100, recommending his executors that after all debts and legacies were paid to use the greater portion of the balance of his estate "for the advancement of the Christian religion amongst the infidels." Eliot continued

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his work in New England and published Indian grammars, primers, a "Harmony of the Gospels," and a catechism. He also wrote the last tract of the New England Indian series, 1671—"A Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians in New England, in the year 1670." Eliot resigned the charge at Roxbury in 1688 and died in 1690. The corporation also supported Thomas Mayhew in his work among the Indians at Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, and Mr. Bourne, John Cotton, a son of the famous John Cotton, and Mr. Hawley in their work at Mashpee, fifty miles from Boston. A letter from New England in 1689 reports 6 Indian churches, 18 assemblies of catechumens, and 24 preachers.

The work of the corporation was carried on in New England until the war of the American Revolution. Then the funds were allowed to accumulate until 1786, when work was begun in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The funds were enlarged by a legacy of Daniel Williams, an eminent Presbyterian divine of London, who died January 26, 1715 (6). The three funds, the Charter Fund, the Boyle Fund, and the Williams Fund, gave them ample revenue. The corporation continues its work among the Indians in Canada at the present time. It is a well-endowed corporation; it makes no appeal for charitable contributions. It labors in a quiet, unostentatious, but effectual, way, having four missionary stations near the Grand River on the reserve of the Six Nations, also on the Rice and Chemung Lakes and on Kuper Island in British Columbia.*

It is very desirable that this first cash-book of the New England company should no longer remain buried among deeds and contracts of an American colony of the seventeenth century, but return to its original home, where, after an absence of two hundred years, it may be reclaimed by its real owners and where it may abide with its successors, along with the letters of John Eliot and other famous men of the seventeenth century, among the treasured historical records of this venerable corporation.

THE FRUGAL MIND

By Marie Frances Upton

Lydia came to the front of the store and stood for a moment gazing down the dusty New England village street as though looking for someone. Then a querulous voice jarred upon her revery:

"Lyddy, have you weighed out that sugar?"

"Yes, father."

"Have you got Mrs. Zenas Holt's coffee done up?"

"Yes; all ready, father."

"Well, why don't Lyman get around with that wagon if he's ever going to start on that route?"

"He's coming," she answered.

Lydia was a small, dark, busy young person. For half-a-dozen years she had been her father's constant help in the store. The whole place was cool and shady, and gave the impression of exceeding neatness. Inside the store Lydia had arranged the varied assortment of groceries, cotton goods, and hardware with a comfortable precision. The one large window showed forth a balancing series of glistening tins, glass jars of pickles, and golden-siruped fruits, arranged with her utmost skill; and in the vanguard, as it were, a thriving, happy-looking geranium scattered a scarlet-petalled shower.

There was another store in the village, but the Fairweather store was in an outlying neighborhood, and it had a small but steady and honest patronage. Lydia and her father had lived there all their lives, and were, of course, known to everyone.

* See "Sketch of the Origin and Recent History of the New England Company." By the Senior Member of the Company. London, 1884.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their lives were simple, faithful, and uneventful. The village said of Lydia, "She is a good girl, and such a help to her father." Lydia's mother was dead, and her father's elderly sister kept house for them. Their home was a small white cottage in the shady grass-plot back of the store.

The fortunes of the store had for some time bettered an almost imperceptible bit every year. Before that their property had been mortgaged, for there had been sickness in the family. No one but Elias Fairweather knew how it was really the saving of penny upon penny, the careful frugality that wasted no scrap of any useful thing, that slowly diminished the debt, until now he was quite a free householder and independent merchant.

Within a year of this coveted freedom from debt they had bought a horse and a delivery-wagon as a business necessity, and a young man was hired to drive for them.

This clerk's name was Lyman Holt. At first he had been awkward about the store, and ignorant of their modest commercial ways. But they had hired him because he could look after the driving, and they could get him for small wages; for he was ignorant of town ways, and yet anxious to leave his mother's farm. Then, too, they thought he could learn to work up custom in the country while delivering the groceries, and farm tools, and packages of cotton and print, among the people where he was acquainted.

Lyman rapidly outgrew his first awkwardness, and with the ready wit and ingenuity of a Yankee boy he learned from Lydia how to handle packages of sugar and coffee quickly, and to weigh and tie up with neat precision. He remembered prices, too, and in the country, appearing among his old associates in his new ready-made suit and white-sleeved arms, driving the trim delivery-wagon, he seemed quite a city person, and they were proud to know and patronize him.

He drove up now to the store-steps while Lydia was looking approvingly at the horse and wagon, in which she felt such a personal interest. Lyman had been down to the store very early, to sweep and put out the boxes and barrels, but that was before Lydia was up. He walked into the village from his mother's small farm in the gray and rose of the early morning; for he was not at all an indolent young man.

Now he sprang out of the light wagon with quite a show of manners, as he lifted his cap and said good-morning to Lydia. That was another late acquirement of Lyman's, an ease—almost an urbanity—of manner that he had learned in the store; and the village and country women found the manner very taking. The younger ones began calling him "Mr. Holt" because of it, and said he was getting to be "such a gentleman." Indeed, when he stood behind the counter, looking trim and business-like, with a sharpened pencil thrust through the light curls above his ear, Lyman could make almost a social event of the measuring of a yard of gingham, or of helping some young woman in the selection of a pattern of prints.

Lydia helped her father and Lyman put the packages in the wagon, and then she said to the young man, "Now be sure and trade for six dozen eggs, for we have calls for them right along."

"And mind you don't pay more'n eleven cents for them," Mr. Fairweather continued, as Lyman took up the reins. The young man said, "All right, Mr. Fairweather," lifted his cap once more, smiling at Lydia, and drove rapidly away.

Lydia looked after him a moment, then said, pleasantly, "Lyman is picking up to be right smart about the business, father; and he's sort of stylish about it too."

"Yes, smart enough," Mr. Fairweather slowly assented, as he turned indoors. "All I want is't he sh'd work up that route. I ain't paying for style."

"No, but did you see how sleek he keeps the horse, and how nice the wagon is washed?"

Mr. Fairweather did not answer. He was not a very sociable man. He seemed always preoccupied about his business. Perhaps that is why he made a success of it.

Lydia also turned in doors to copy out the bills of goods she had sent away. After that she went to an awning where she had piled alternating rows of fresh green onions, and ruddy radishes with rhubarb and asparagus, fencing off a dozen boxes of strawberries, in what she felt to be a decorative fashion. She selected four boxes of the berries, balancing them on her arm,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and taking her sun-bonnet from its nail back of the store-door, she went out at the side, and up the green-bordered path to the cottage kitchen. "Here are some berries, Aunt Sylvia," she said. "They are as cheap now as they are going to be, and these are a little bruised and won't keep fresh till night. I thought you might like to preserve them."

"Put 'em down," her aunt said. "I'm baking, and I can do 'em on the back of the stove, if ever I get time to hull 'em."

Lydia had set the boxes on a wide, freshly washed pine-table, and was turning away toward the store. She stopped in the doorway a moment, then said, "Well, Aunt Sylvia, I'll hull 'em for you."

"You'll be wanted at the store," the old aunt returned.

"No," Lydia answered. "We've got the things off for Lyman's route, and I'll sit here in the doorway, and I can see down the path if anyone comes. Father is sorting potatoes in the back of the store. I'll go caution him that I'll be here for a little while."

Before Lydia sat down to work she put on a checked work-apron. In the store, mornings, she wore a black one; afternoons and evenings she wore a white one; on Sundays, a better dress and no apron. Lydia's apron would have shown forth her virtues; a painstaking, steady-going care, and an abiding neatness. One could have known at any time of the year just what aprons she could be found in; just as one could at any time depend upon her steadfastness and truth and strength of character. She was the sort of New England young woman that New England boasts.

The new minister, a young person just from college, where he had shone in the study of Sociology, said that Miss Fairweather's face was Madonna-like, and that she was the sort of person one would like for an ancestor. Her younger friends thought her a trifle severe; the frivolous, ones said she was pretty, but somehow awfully stiff.

Lydia had not been ambitious for an academy training, a boon bestowed upon many of her schoolmates; but she was not without her ambition. She had naturally a sweet voice, and since she was sixteen had been a member of the village choir. Her one crowning definite ambition was to own an organ, to have music in her home. This idea was tangled up with all her sweet girl's afternoon dreams—the dreams that went with the white aprons. As she sat in the store, waiting for any occasional afternoon customer, she crocheted edging for those aprons, for herself and for her aunt; and as she worked she crocheted her dearest fancies into her pattern.

These days she was planning that their delivery-wagon would soon be paid for, and then—"I believe father will let me buy an organ," she said to herself.

Lydia had no regular share in the profits of the store, yet she knew the value of her services, and she felt that it would be quite right for her to ask for the organ and the music lessons.

She was sitting at her own little desk by the store-window late in the afternoon, watching again for the delivery-wagon. Her pet kitten played with some ribbons of paper in the waste-basket. A lilac-bush by the open window nodded a few late blossoms. The honeysuckle on the porch was promising its yellow horns of fragrance.

Lydia was so happy that she almost surprised herself into saying so.

"The world is so lovely to-day, and I'm happy—yes, I'm really happy—I wonder what makes me so!"

Lydia would not have said all this to anybody but herself. She had a New England girl's reticence about any emotion. But she was friends with herself, on occasions, to an extent that no one realized, because on those days when she was happiest she went most softly, scarcely humming a bit of tune for all those lovely afternoons, and her faint, fair fancies. She had almost a cautiousness about being so openly friends with herself.

The delivery-wagon came at last. Lydia went to the door to help Lyman with the eggs and butter and vegetables he had gathered up in the country. From beneath the spring seat the young man brought out a great bouquet—lilacs and buttercups and ferns.

"I brought these for you," he said, smiling pleasantly into Lydia's eyes as he gave them to her.

"Oh, thank you, Lyman," she said, with a deep, quiet note of happiness in her throat. "Did you gather them?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, out by Stony Brook, just this side of our farm. It's a pretty place there. I saw them yesterday, and I planned to get them for you," and again Lyman smiled down at the girl.

Lydia went into the store with her flowers and a basket of eggs. She got a brown earthenware pitcher from the shelves where she kept their stock of heavy tableware, and filling it with water from the wooden pail at the back of the store, she arranged the gorgeous yellow and the faded violet of the lilac blossoms in their setting of pale green, and placed the pitcher on the corner of her desk.

Before Lyman drove away to put up the horse he came in to Lydia's desk. There was just a trace of his old awkwardness remaining when he asked, "If there's not much doing in the store after supper, would you walk with me out to that brook?"

"Why, yes, Lyman," Lydia said at length, looking blissfully at her flowers and then frankly up at him, a wave of pretty color in her face.

"I'm glad," the young man said, speaking very low and with still awkward sincerity, "because—I want to tell you I—I love you." Then he had kissed her and had gone away, leaving Lydia standing before her flowers, an altar before which to keep yet an instant her vivid happiness.

"Lyman got the eggs?" demanded her father, coming into the back of the store.

"Yes, father." Lydia hoped he would go away for a little while. She so wished to be alone.

"Pay more than eleven cents?"

"I—I think not, father."

"Think! don't you know?"

"You better ask Lyman when he comes back, father, to make sure. I'll go and get ready for supper now." And taking up the brown pitcher in both hands, Lydia carried it away lovingly up the green-bordered path.

It was past eight o'clock when the young people returned from their walk. That was a late hour for them to be out strolling; so they felt, but there was so much to be said. And yet their young, unpractised natures were so lifted with emotion that they found themselves silent, almost without words for expression.

Yet it was plain that Lyman had thought it all out. He meant to work like a slave, so he told Lydia as they neared the little side-gate.

"Maybe some day I will be a partner in the store, if your father has no objection to me," he said, pausing, but holding still her hand.

Lydia smiled up at him reassuringly. "We'll be quite rich, some day, Lyman," she said. "Not that it matters—we're so happy—but we won't have to hire any help, you're getting on so well with the route, and I can always manage about the books——"

"No — no, Lydia," Lyman protested. "I won't have my wife working in a store—" and the late twilight made possible the kiss that was the only answer to so blissfully strange a suggestion.

In the peaceful quiet of the tidy old kitchen Mr. Fairweather sat waiting for Lydia. Her aunt had already gone to bed. Lydia sat down in the doorway. The crickets were making their steady din, so that the silence seemed arranged for their nightly performance. Lydia listened to them attentively for a little while.

"Go out to Lyman's place?" her father asked at length.

"Yes, but I didn't go in. We stopped this side, at the brook," Lydia answered.

"Likely place?" asked the old man.

"Yes, it is very pretty out there."

"Grow anything?" he continued, after another silence.

"Yes," Lydia answered. "Lyman says he's seeded it to grass, so he can be away from home. That doesn't need so much tending."

Mr. Fairweather made no further comment.

"Father," Lydia said, finally, with a pretty vibrant directness, "Lyman and I are engaged."

Her father answered nothing, but Lydia was not surprised. She knew her father's ways. That was why she had said to Lyman that she would tell him alone of their engagement.

"Do you care, father?" she asked softly, at length.

"Can't you do any better than marry a clerk?" he asked, when finally he did speak.

"Mother didn't," Lydia replied. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crickets had arranged a series of solos, duets, and chorus, and their performance received complete attention for a long time.

"And she died poor—and in debt, in spite of all I could do." Lydia's father spoke reminiscently, almost to himself.

"Mother was delicate, father, and I am very strong," was her final argument; but Lydia arose, and with what seemed a strange, bold tenderness she went and kissed her father's forehead for good-night.

In that way the engagement became accepted, though neither of them referred to it again. Lydia's Aunt Sylvia recognized Lyman Holt as the young man who was "waiting on her niece," and on Sunday evenings, before the hour for church, the little parlor was made bright and airy to receive him. That was the village way.

Perhaps Mr. Fairweather was a trifle more stern toward Lyman in the store; he would not let it seem that he accepted the situation lightly.

The days were long and quiet. These calm, northern temperaments held steadily to each day's petty round. Lydia's still steady happiness shone in her eyes, perhaps, but she was the same quiet girl, with all her thoughts toward Lyman, and all her actions directed by her father.

By fall the last of their debt was lifted. Lydia herself paid over the money to the man who had sold them their horse and wagon. When they were alone in the store after the man had gone away, she said, "Father, I've been waiting to ask you something: May I save out money for an organ now? You know I have wanted one so long." Then she went on, timorously, "Lyman and I are going to wait a long time—two years. He is saving money to build a cottage, out at the farm, by the brook."

Lydia looked down from her desk to where her father sat by the open door. He sat there in his leisure moments, in an old armchair. She waited for him to answer, then again she asked, "Don't you think I might have the organ, father?"

"How much does it take?" he asked at length, looking up at her through his bushy brows. His eyes were clear gray, like Lydia's own.

"Eighty dollars," Lydia answered. "I can get it now, and pay for it gradually, or I can save the money first." She was so eager!

Lydia really loved music, and then there would be another dear delight attaching to the organ: it would be the first piece of furniture for her little sitting-room in the new cottage.

Elias Fairweather was a gruff man. He seemed hard and unyielding, but in her heart Lydia did not believe that he was so. She was used to defending him to herself against her own accusations. She did so now, when he answered, "Save the money first; time enough to talk about spending it afterward."

With that Lydia made herself content. In her cash-drawer she had a thread-box marked on the inside of the lid, "Organ Money," and every day she put in a few cents.

Another of Lydia's new occupations, when the work was all settled for the day, was to plan the shape and furnishing of her little home. She planned vast amounts of needle-work for herself, household linen, and linen for her own small trousseau. It would have been plain to anyone who knew her thoughts that the diligent gentlewomen who were her ancestors were of the ones who had worked samplers, and whose chiefest pride was in their needle-work.

Lydia herself was one or two generations too late to have worked a sampler; but her grandmother's hung in its framed glass in Lydia's bedroom, a little old yellow square of linen, embroidered at the edges, darned, button-holed, and cross-stitched within. This, and an old clock with weights, and some spoons of thin silver, had played an important part in her grandmother's "setting out." Now Lydia would sew for her own "setting out," and the young girl was by no means ashamed of her needle-work. She felt this to be the supreme moment when needle-work was to show forth its own importance and her ability. She had a fancy for nice linen. Her table-ware should be very choice, and half, at least, of her pillow-covers and sheets should be really linen, and hemstitched.

It was a year from that fall before Lydia had saved up enough money for her organ; and then her father would not let her get it. He could not see his way, he said, into putting so much money into a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece of foolishness. They had better lay the money up, "against a time of need came," and so he put it in the savings bank.

Lydia cried about the fate of her little hoard of savings. She had denied herself many a bit of finery in order to save that eighty dollars. Her father became irritable, seeing her cry. He said it was all a piece of foolishness, and that if it was music she cared for there was her voice. Didn't she sing in the choir every Sunday?

Lyman Holt was getting on very well with his country trade. He had driven a bargain with Lydia's father that gave him a commission on his buying and selling, and Lyman was more than ever popular along his route; so now he felt that his part of the business was almost as good as a partnership. He suggested to Lydia that they should not wait until the end of their two years' engagement, but should think of being married sooner, and he began to build their house.

They talked about it a great deal, and finally decided that Christmas should be their wedding-day. The house was all framed, and ready for the inside finishing. But when December came, Elias Fairweather was not willing that Lydia should be married then. He had heard of Lyman's fine idea that his wife should not clerk in the store, and he needed Lydia's help. She had no right to consider her own plans instead of other people's, so he told her. Besides they had not enough money laid up for young people to begin on.

Lydia was so used to the habit of obedience that she yielded to her father's demand, and postponed her marriage another year. At first Lyman had been furious about it, but finally he gave in to Lydia's persuasions.

"You see, we can't displease father," she said, "we'd better wait another year than lay up trouble between us; and besides, he owns the store. Aunt Sylvia sides with father, too, and says we've only a little while to be young folks, and we've got all our lives to be married in."

That was Lydia's dutiful way of making the best of a disappointment.

"Maybe father will get me the organ this year, if I wait," she said to herself as a sort of promised recompense.

In the spring Lyman began work again on the cottage. The days were growing long, and instead of remaining at the store in the evening, taking supper with Lydia, as he had done for a long time, he now went early to his own home, and after six o'clock he was able to do much of the finishing about the house, saving the expense of a carpenter. He intended to do all the painting by himself.

Lydia had only been out to the house once since the floors were laid, but Lyman told her of the progress of his work. She thought he must be doing a great deal, and she cautioned him against working too hard.

"There's plenty of time, you know, Lyman," she said, with a half-lonesome note in her voice. He smiled his bright smile back at her.

"I like to work at it," he said.

One evening Lyman's sixteen-year-old sister, Dolly, invited Lydia to tea. She was a feather-headed school-girl, and she stood much in awe of Lydia's dignity; but she was receiving a friend on a week's visit, and felt that the occasion demanded some special display of hospitality, so she would invite her brother's betrothed to tea.

Lydia was seen at the Holts' home but seldom. She felt that it was not becoming that she should be there, or even at the new cottage too often. She would not seem to be pursuing Lyman.

Lydia sat with Mrs. Holt in the prim little parlor, working on some crotchet, while Dolly and her friend, Susie Temple, made things ready in the kitchen.

Lyman's mother was a half-paralytic, and Dolly was therefore in charge of the house.

At table, when tea was served, they were all somewhat constrained at first; but Lyman, looking his very best in a new light spring suit, strove to make their company feel at home, while he and Dolly helped their guests to hot biscuits, cheese, preserved cherries, sweet pickles, and cream-cake.

Mrs. Holt was able to pour the tea, and she had down some quaint old blue china cups and plates, of which she was very choice.

Lyman made jokes at the girls, and kept Dolly and Susie giggling. His mother said, "My, my, girls, how you and Lyman do train!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's a good thing; Lydia's solemn enough for both," Dolly put forth, as she brought in more of her light, golden biscuits, hot from the oven.

"Why, Dolly, am I solemn?" Lydia queried, pleasantly.

"Well, not just solemn," Dolly answered, "but kind of still, like."

"Something nobody ever accused you of, sis," her brother assured her.

"Maybe it's because Dolly isn't grown up yet," Susie Temple essayed.

"Neither are you, miss," Dolly retorted, and both the rollicking country girls were giggling again.

Lydia *did* feel herself much older than those chattering girls. She wondered how long it had been since she was as gay as they were. She doubted if she had ever been so silly.

Lydia's face was slightly flushed. Her gown was dark, close-fitting, and plain, but she had a bit of pink at her throat, and was very, very pretty; so Susie said to Lyman Holt, as they were helping Dolly to clear away the tea-things:

"But my! isn't she solemn!" Susie confided further, "Solemn as an owl!"

"Oh, you only think so because you're so lively, Miss Susie," Lyman answered, as they passed to the kitchen-table.

Indeed Susie was an airy little person, with a decided eye for pretty gowns and handsome folks.

"I'm as quiet as a mouse!" she declared, poutingly, to Lyman, and then, flirting a shower of water at him from her little finger-tips, she flitted airily away.

When they had quite finished in the kitchen the young people went over to the new cottage. The steps were not finished yet, but Lyman handed his guests up to the doorway with charming gallantry.

Lydia paused at the front windows, scrutinizing the prospect up and down the way. It was so strange to her. She had planned minutely the furnishing of all the little rooms, and every window was curtained in her fancy, but yet she could not get over the strangeness of it.

She stood in the window a long time, while the others scampered about from cellar to garret.

Their house was on the site of the home built by Lyman's great grandfather. The old house had fallen to decay. Nothing remained to show where it had been but a small orchard of gnarled and mossy apple-trees, a few great spreading cherry-trees, and the old lilac-bush from which Lyman had brought sweet spring blossoms on the day that Lydia had promised to be his wife. She had those blossoms still, in a little, fragrant box where she kept her girlish treasures.

Lydia looked long at the brave, ragged, old lilac, again putting forth its fragrant buds, and she thought of the home-making hands that had planted it there so long ago.

"Was theirs a happy home, I wonder?" she mused to herself as she stood long by the window. It had been a great care with Lydia that the old lilac, and the gnarled and neglected orchard trees should not be uprooted or injured in the new house building. She had a deep feeling of sentiment for the things that were so eloquent of the love and labor in those old New England fields. The mossy stone walls almost brought tears to her eyes, because she thought with what wearisome toil the stones must have been gathered from the fields. And now the patient toilers were gone. Some day she, too, would have vanished, and she wondered what of home-making love would survive her as those old mossy fences stood, the sole protectors of the small, barren pasture-lots, and the little grassy lane that led to the new dwelling.

Lydia started from her revery to find that it was growing late. She urged the two girls to walk with them when she had taken leave of Mrs. Holt, and Lyman was waiting for her.

At the brook the girls paused.

"Let's wait here till Lyman comes back," Dolly said. "It's too pretty an evening to go in yet, and mother won't want to go to bed for a long time."

They all felt that it had been a very social evening, and it was true that Mrs. Holt, whose life was quiet and lonely, wanted to sit and think it all over. She liked Lydia, and she was pleased to think her boy was going to do so well as to marry the store-keeper's daughter. That was better than that he should marry a farmer's girl, so she thought. She had been a farmer's daughter. Still, she felt that Lydia must see that she, too, was doing well. Lyman was getting right along

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in business, and they would start free of debt. That was a great deal. And then, of course, Lydia must see how handsome Lyman was, and how polite.

The deep-scented spring was very pleasant, and yet the days were long to Lydia. She would be glad when Lyman had finished work on the house. Then he would be with her again as of old. She had grown so used to having him in the store evenings, that she hardly knew how to go back to her lonelier, more quiet life. Her sewing had been finished for her postponed Christmas wedding. Now she was knitting bright-colored scraps of cloth into a rug, with great wooden needles. And then Lydia had another solace: she was taking music-lessons of the choir-director, and every day she practised an hour on the church organ. At least she would be able to play hymns, if she ever had an organ of her own.

But into Lydia's placid, if somewhat lonely, spring, came a crushing, cruel blow. It came in the shape of a letter from Lyman Holt, and was mailed at a neighboring town. The message was this:

"LYDIA: I can't ask you to forgive me, and I haven't a word to say for myself.

"Susie and I are married. I will do whatever your father says about the route.

"Lydia, you are the best girl in the world, and I know I deserve whatever you will say of me. LYMAN HOLT."

Lydia was sitting at her desk when her father brought her the letter. It was time for Lyman to return from the route, but he had sent her the letter, and gone to Marston instead. He had left the store very early that morning, with scarcely a word to anyone.

Lydia sat looking at her father, her eyes wide, the letter shaking in her fingers. Then she laughed unpleasantly.

"It's the only love-letter I ever had, father," she said at length, and giving him the letter she went out of the store and up to the cottage to her own room. She did not come down that night. Her old aunt took her supper up to her.

"Please set it down outside, Aunt Sylvia," she said, holding her voice steady. But she took it in presently.

The next morning she came down-stairs with a large bundle. She went to the breakfast-table, nodded to her aunt, and said, "Well, father," as he sat looking at her furtively and dumbly. After a conscientious attention to her breakfast she went with him down to the store, carrying her bundle.

On her desk she found the letter as her father had put it back. For a moment she bowed her head on her arms, and her shoulders shook.

"He ain't worth it, Lyddy!" broke out her father's smouldering rage. "He's a worthless scamp, and you're well off to find it out in time!"

Lydia looked up quickly. There were no tears in her eyes, and she answered with an amazing sharpness, "He was all right Christmas-time!" She had never spoken so to her father before.

That day no wagon went out on the route. Lydia went about her work as usual, with a hardness that surprised even herself. Occasionally, as when she came to a little set of steps Lyman had made for her to reach more easily to the shelves, she bowed her head on the counter, and forced herself to control the fierce gnawing at her heart, but there were no tears. She met the village people who came in with a hard smile, and no one presumed to speak to her of Lyman's marriage.

That night she sat on the kitchen steps, her father indoors as usual. Presently, when her aunt had gone to bed, he said, "Lyddy, maybe I ain't done just right by you. I did feel the need of saving—and I couldn't see any other way; but if you want that organ——"

"Thanks, father, I don't! Not now," she added, more softly, after a long, dismal tickling of the clock. "I know you couldn't help it," she went on. "You got saving when it was necessary till you couldn't stop when it wasn't."

They said nothing more until her father arose at bedtime.

"Lyddy," and there was a suggestion of tears in the old man's tones. "You ain't to think I don't realize—" he broke off. He had no words to express an emotion. They parted with nothing further said.

The next morning Lydia's father arose early and put on the sleek black he usu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally reserved for Sunday. He was silent as usual, but preoccupied. As they went down to the store Lydia asked, "You are going away, father?"

"Yes," he said.

"To see Lyman Holt?" Her direct gaze met his own.

"Well, Lyddy, I can't let him go, on account of that route."

"*Father!*"

But the girl's indignation found no further words. As they went into the cool, darkened store, they were dominated by the forces that had so long controlled them; Lydia bent with mute, tragic submission to her father's will, while he pushed on to what he would have called — if he had given it a name—"the best advantage."

When next Lyman Holt presented himself with the delivery-wagon, to get the goods for his route, Lydia met him with the package she had brought down from her room.

"Give these to Susie," she said, in even tones, as she faced Lyman, directly and calmly. "I made them for—you. They will do for a wedding present."

It was Lydia's needle-work; the hemstitched linen and muslins and towels.

Lyman took them without a word. As he turned away to the delivery-wagon the tears rolled down his weak, handsome face, and he lifted his cap to Lydia.

LUTETIA

1856

By H. C. Bunner

OFTEN in visions of the night I seem
To pace thy avenues with enchanted feet;
Walk thy broad boulevards from the mid-day heat
Till myriad gas-jets through the calm dusk gleam;
See moonlight crown Napoleon's tower supreme;
Watch in the Latin Quarter's darkest street
From revelling in some cavernous retreat,
Strange student-shapes into the cool night stream—
Young hungry gods of genius—or where beam
Lights of Lampsakian gardens: where is blown
White hot the fire of folly, to turn again.
Yet ever flies the spirit of my dream
To that high garret, where, sick, blind, alone,
Lies Heine on his pallet-prison of pain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

Tennyson's Life.

THE only regret about the Life of Tennyson which is at all common is that it costs so much. A great many people want to read it who have not read it yet, though almost everyone who cares at all for literature has got some notion of the quality and dimensions of the biography from the reviews. It is a book that many readers find it more convenient to get from libraries than to buy, which is a pity, since it is excellent company and the sort of book one likes to have within reach and live with a little while, the association being genial and elevating, and too good to be hurried. There is no disillusion in knowing Tennyson better. The biography is filial, as it ought to be, but one feels that it is a true book, and that, whatever principle of selection has been followed, the real man, in all essential thoughts and feelings, has been shown to us. It is the same man we have known so long, but brought nearer and seen more familiarly. Tennyson has always been picturesque. The "Life" shows more plainly what was already evident—that he was so because he was natural and let his inward man appear in manners and externals. In so far as he was a hero, he must have been a hero even to his valet, provided he ever had a valet; certainly he was a poet all the time, without apology or affectation, and in all companies. He was born to it, bred to it, devoted to it. His strength showed in nothing more clearly than in the inflexibility of his resolution to honor and heed the promptings of his spirit, and claim and take possession of his birthright. He would be a poet and nothing else. His dearest interests, the strongest promptings of his affections, had to wait their turn. He did not marry until he could marry as a poet, notwithstanding that the long delay of his marriage must have been a great hardship to him. Still he seems to have been neither selfish, nor egotistical, nor inconsiderate of any other person's happiness, but only faithful to a high calling. There never was a poet for whom there were fewer excuses to be made. This man had patience and worldly wisdom and thrift. He was a wise man. He professed to be able to take care of himself, and was willing to make his conduct square with all sound standards of upright living. He loved his friends and they loved him. Other great men of his time were his correspondents, and some of them his familiar friends. His correspondence with them shows impressively how very, very little a title and a seat in the House of Lords had to do with making him a peer of England. Long before he finally became Lord Tennyson, there had ceased to be any man in England whose place was higher than his, or more naturally and easily taken, or more generally realized and acknowledged. The man was great, the place he occupied was necessarily a great place, and there was no more argument about it than about the relation of McGregor's seat to the head of the table. He assumed very little. His realities declared themselves. He had a taste for solitude, but it was wholesome; he had a touch of austerity, but it was tonic; he had a certain grimness of manner, but it was the proper bark of a mighty tree, and behind it the sap ran full and strong from deep-sent roots up into spreading growths.

The letters which form the most indispensable part of the "Life," are important, among other reasons, for the showing they make of Tennyson's humor and of his prose. It is delightful to find this poet, whom most of us know only through measured utterances, most carefully weighed and polished, letting him loose in free words in letters to such correspondents as Monckton Milnes. When he jokes and laughs about ordinary matters, it gives a reader something of the sensation that one gets from George Washington's brief notes of his fox-hunting dissipations with Jacky Custis. There is the real Washington, the same man and the same sort of man we always knew, but out of regimentals and all the garb of office. So here, in the familiar letters, is the real Tennyson, not different or in any strong contrast with the one we knew, but easier, less restricted, playing, laughing loud, and so strenuous in his sports! When Carlyle told him to stick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to prose he gave bad advice, but still it was advice which, followed, would have seemed to justify itself. The prose would have been great prose; there are letters which make that manifest. Let us be thankful that he stuck to his true bent, looking inward more than far abroad, and recording the imperishable concerns of the spirit of man and the heart of nature.

The Education of the Unconscious.

MR. FREDERIC BURK, discussing, a few months ago, in the *Atlantic*, the educational code accepted by the normal schools of Massachusetts, touched upon a line of thought which has great significance for educators, and which to some other persons, interested earnestly if not professionally in educational problems, is calculated to bring the sense of relief that always accompanies the clear recognition of a difficulty commonly, and often wilfully, ignored.

Mr. Burk takes arms against the old, but still almost universal, assumption that the mental processes of childhood can be traced by the light of adult reasoning, and the logic of the adult mind infallibly applied to the proper direction and development of these processes. He lays stress on the fact, abundantly demonstrated by biology and embryology, that an organism may have many tendencies undoubtedly opposed to its best final ends, yet entirely necessary, in their own time and place, as conditions of transition, without a complete unfolding of which the next higher step in evolution would either not be reached at all, or reached in a partial and an imperfect manner only; and he insists that the mass of teaching, by omitting to take account of this hint, too often lops off, as unseemly and atavistic, the pollywog's tail; thereby effecting, when the right moment comes, that there shall be no properly developed frog. The old system of pedagogy chose, in short, to give but the smallest importance or attention to the mysterious forces that work below the level of consciousness; and the new, on the other hand, says that one cannot begin to give enough, if only one could understand these forces — which, as yet, no one has in the least been able to do.

It is not about these general principles, however, that I wish to linger, but about the particular fact of which Mr. Burk reminds us, that there are periods in child-growth essentially and exclusively absorbent, during which the sub-conscious activities are preparing the materials of thought and character, and in which there is a paralysis of the expressive power. Now, most persons must know, from their own experience, that such periods do not by any means cease with childhood or adolescence, but recur through life; certainly, those persons who live in and by the mind, people of artistic, literary, scientific pursuits, know it only too well. Men whose mental output is, as to quality, of the finest, suffer acutely from the intermittent visitations of these times of stagnancy. I say they suffer, because the absorbent periods are not always quiescent, lethargic periods; were they so, those artistic and literary spirits called "snoozers" could, at least, be happy enough. But they are, rather, often periods of great unrest and desire for production: and therefore, the discrepancy between the wish and the ability being so large, the resultant psychic discomfort is of the greatest.

The adult learns certain tricks for abridging these inarticulate "periods of dryness," as with application to spiritual things they are named by the Church. Practical tests have taught him the value of travel, of change of scene, of some stirring emotional experience, of hygienic reading, of that instinct in reading which the student acquires, and which yields alteratives, sedatives, stimulatives, curative agents for every state of mind-sickness, according as he has developed the *flair* to know just what to choose to read, and when to choose it. Physical means also men have tried, to lessen the duration of the uncreative times of apathetic dulness; poets drinking for inspiration, and one writer, at least, being known to have hit upon the original discovery that he could bring blood and thoughts to his brain by lying down with his head to the fire. But children have no such means of circumventing nature. They pass through stages when, while they may really be taking in much, they appear absolutely to have no power to give out anything; and for these stages education, as we commonly have it, makes no provision. The most intelligent teacher is apt to lose patience with what looks like stupidity or sloth; and, in any case, the teaching progresses in the customary order, with a constant pressure on the pupil for proofs of visible acquisition, regardless of whether the internal forces are intent upon other, and, at the instant, more imperative functional duties or no.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is true that some children have more of these absorbent periods, and longer ones, than others; but it is also true that these eventually do not prove to be the dullest children, but often the reverse. In conclusion of the whole matter what one would like to have answered is this: Are times of this sort, in which it seems impossible for the brain to discharge, or even to acquire, anything of value, to be considered as part of the inevitable constitution of things, something no more to be fought against than the farmer can fight with his fields because they must lie periodically fallow if they are to bear good crops; or can education, thanks to the newer and more enlightened recognition of mind-stages in which all growth goes on below the surface, so treat these stages in childhood that they will be less troublesome in later years? Do the semi-comatose mental periods come within the physician's jurisdiction—are they matters of bile or lymph, liver or spleen—or will future teachers reach them? Are they physical wholly, or also psychic? We know of instances, surely, where they have been triumphantly forced off, during a brilliant childhood and adolescence, by intensive instructors and a stimulative educational régime; and where, also, the pupil thereafter collapsed into insignificance, showing no power further of any sort, much less the enviable power that is ever available, in hand, ready for use.

This inquiry is not a light one; it is of great importance. Endless loss of time and irreparable loss of opportunity befall many mortals because of their inability to command their faculties with some evenness and regularity; and not infrequently they are those who have the best gifts. This will never be wholly obviated. The wind of inspiration bloweth when and where it listeth. But is some sort of education of the unconscious processes never to be practicable in childhood? This is still unknown land. May not data be accumulated in time that will help to map it out? Our fingers are ever busy with the child-mind; we seek to mould and bend it. If we more often should simply turn it toward the light, should place it in a rich and fruitful *milieu*, there to let it grow awhile of itself—educate itself by passive absorption of rich influences—we should perhaps strengthen some fibre of communication between the conscious and what lies beneath, that, later on, would give men the power to express themselves without the many lapses, the frequent hiatuses, that now distress us.

When Poets Disagree.

REREADING Tennyson's Memoir, the other day, I pondered long over a passage on page 14 of the second volume about the composition of blank verse; where his son, quoting the poet's words, cites among the essentials "a fine ear for vowel-sounds, and the kicking of the geese out of the boat (*i.e.*, doing away with sibilations)." Then he goes on: "But few educated men really understand the structure of blank verse. I never put two 'ss' together in any verse of mine. My line is not, as often quoted,

> And freedom broadens slowly down—

but

> And freedom slowly broadens down."

This emphatic rule of Tennyson, to which reference is made again later in the volume, seemed to me, upon reflection, needlessly severe. And I found myself wondering if other great poets would have insisted so strongly upon it. Then, choosing one who unquestionably did understand "the structure of blank verse"—the late William Shakespeare—I began to repeat detached lines of his from memory. In a moment I had recalled a remarkable one of "Macbeth":

> This my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

And in a moment more I had followed this up with another quotation, almost equally familiar:

> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.

Now, in the first instance at least, the effect of the line seems actually heightened by the "s" contact. The second instance is drawn from one of the finest scenes in all Shakespeare, the first of the second act in "Othello," and I looked it up, to verify my quotation. The lines conclude Othello's greeting to his wife when he lands in Cyprus, and Desdemona answers him:

> The heavens forbid
> But that our loves and comforts should increase,
> Even as our days do grow!

Another "s" contact in the second line! And Othello's reply has still a third in its last clause:

> That e'er our hearts shall make!

After this, I read on through the scene, finding no less than six other transgressions of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tennyson's law in its half-dozen pages. Then, plunging into the first act at random, I discovered many more, four of them being in Othello's splendid address to the Senate. I turned to "King Lear" with a similar result, and, finally, opening "Hamlet," which Tennyson calls the greatest creation in literature, I came at once upon

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold—

following this up with

I am thy father's spirit—

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave—

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

I have pursued investigation no farther than the four great plays. For aught I know, there may be some dark Baconian significance in these oft-recurring sibilations. I cannot speak of this; but it is quite clear to me that Shakespeare had no such formula of their avoidance as Tennyson invented. The poet of all time valued the "s" sound as much as any other. He chose the best words he could command to suit the sense, and trusted his ear to bring them into line harmoniously. He did not "kick the geese out of the boat"; he only taught them when and where to hiss. It is amazing to me that Tennyson, who loved Shakespeare, took no note of this divergence in dwelling upon his inexorable rule. There could be given, perhaps, no better short example of the difference between these two great men. Turning from Shakespeare to the "Idyls of the King," we find all there stately, musical, correct, polished to the last degree, flawless almost as King Arthur himself, yet somewhat cold withal. Tennyson's work suggests the beauty and splendor of the pearl, but Shakespeare's has the ruby's fire.

In the second volume of the "Memoir," at page 308, there is printed a short poem, hitherto unpublished, addressed to Gladstone at a political crisis. Here is its fourth line:

This goes straight forward to the cataract.

And from King Arthur's last speech to the Queen, in "Guinevere," I quote:

And all is past, the sin is sinned—

as well as

Where I must strike against my sister's son.

Here we have Homer nodding with a vengeance! This would seem to indicate that Tennyson, when he said "never," made the reservation of Captain Corcoran in Mr. Gilbert's libretto, and really meant "hardly ever." The whole comparison serves to show how dangerous it is to rely upon a technical formula in the matter of style, and how even the wisest law-giver may go astray when he lays down his law too rigidly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

GREIFFENHAGEN.

TO most of us Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has been known, until recently, as the author of some clever and very modern pen drawings, made for such publications as *Pick-me-up*, and of a well-known poster for the *Pall Mall Budget*. It may, therefore, be a surprise to many to find in him a very serious painter, in a vein entirely different from the "modernity" of such drawings.

The right to be one's self, and to see with one's own eyes, is a right that has always had to be fought for. Hard and fast formulæ for art were set by the old classic school, and any attempt at personal vision was frowned down. The men of 1830 revolted against the tyranny of these formulæ, and the history of painting in the nineteenth century has been the history of this revolt and of the slow conquest of the right to individuality. The landscape painters, the realists, the impressionists, have, each in turn, discarded one or another of the old traditions, and have set up the standard of individual perception. With the triumph of the last of these movements we might hope that the battle was finally won, and that henceforth every artist should be free to paint what he sees and feels as he sees and feels it, without having to fear set rules of criticism. Alas! Intolerance is immortal, and, in the hour of triumph, modernity and impressionism seem not a little

Greiffenhagen's "Judgment of Paris."

(By permission of the National Art Gallery, New South Wales.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disposed to proscribe in their turn, and the law "thou shalt be modern" seems to have taken the place of the law "thou shalt be classic." Admiration is reserved for those who have added "something new" to the study of nature or the practice of art, or at least to those who are doing the newest thing they know, and young painters make as much effort to be "in the movement" as young women do to be in the fashion.

So, when a young painter finds that the qualities which most appeal to him in art are not new qualities, but old ones—when he finds himself caring more about line or light-and-shade or color than about atmosphere or "plein air," and more about beauty than about modernity—his work is quite likely to seem strange to us, and his right to his point of view to need defending.

The point of view of Mr. Greiffenhagen, as shown in his "Judgment of Paris," is undeniably reminiscent. One feels that the painter has thought much of Titian and, perhaps, a little of Rubens, and there is something here also of Watts and the English Preraphaelites. The picture is certainly not realistic; it is not modern or original in the sense in which those words are ordinarily used. There is nothing "new" in it—the elements are as old as painting and as permanent as art. Only, those old elements are rearranged by a new personality and serve to express a new mind. Out of nature and out of the art of the past the artist has chosen what suited him, and he has put these things together in his own way. No other man could have produced just this result, and in no other century could just this sentiment have been felt or expressed, and, therefore, in the best and truest sense, the picture is both modern and original.

There is a peculiar glory for the great innovators in art, and to lead a movement requires vast and singular ability; but to stand aside from its march shows, perhaps, as much individuality as to join in it. And whether or not any artist belonged to any particular movement will shortly be of so very little importance! There is an historical interest in studying the sequence of the schools and the filiation of artists, but in the long run it is only the quality of art as art that counts. Schools pass, but art remains. It is one of the most permanent of all things, and what is good will remain good for all time, in spite of changes of manner and of fashion. The final question about any artist is, "Did he produce good work—work of essential artistic quality in any manner?" If he has done this, it does not matter what that manner is. Contemporaries may even have a special welcome for an artist whose manner is *not* that of the school most in vogue, and may thank him for reminding them of the qualities of art that are in danger of being neglected.

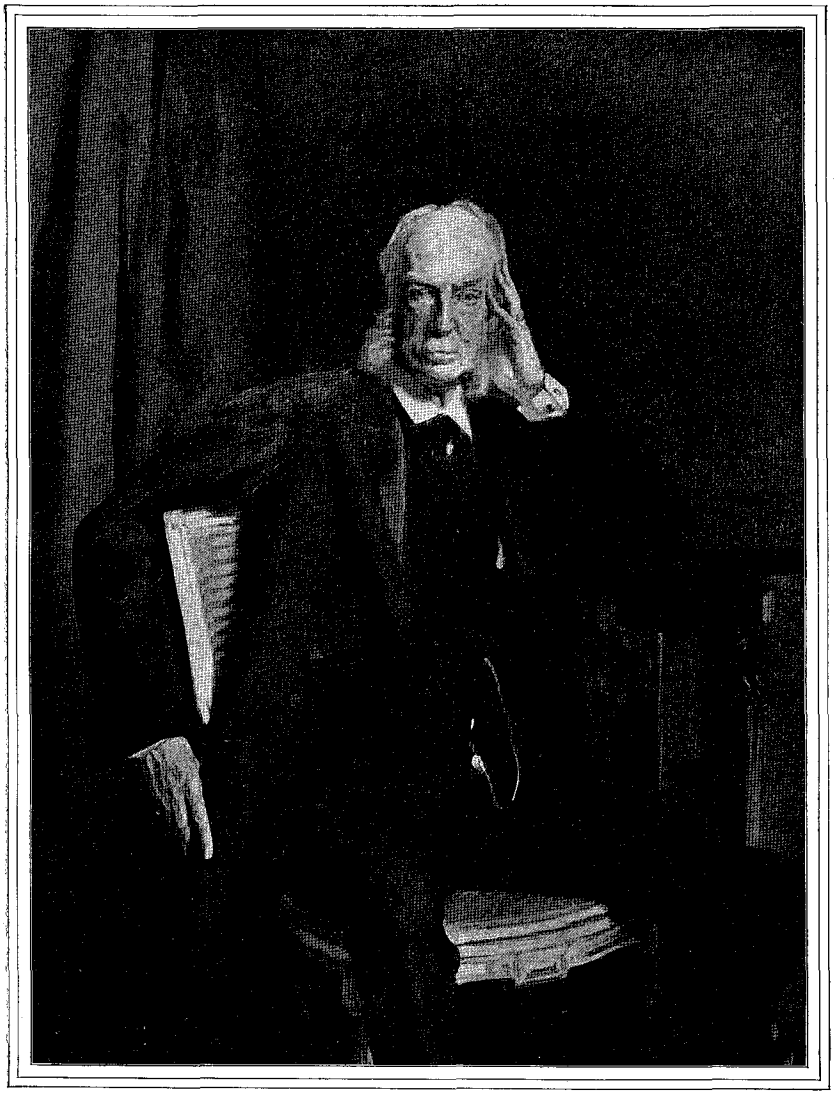
With regard to Mr. Greiffenhagen, this fundamental question may be safely answered in the affirmative. This picture is a distinct achievement and a greater promise. Its largeness of composition in a restrained space, its decorative flow of line, the absorption of mere form in the general glow of light, the fulness of color which even the photograph suggests—all these are admirable qualities, and all the more interesting because they are not the qualities most common in the work of to-day. It is not without faults, but were it more faulty than it is, it should be welcome as the revelation of a new and interesting temperament, and as a recombination of some of the great elements of art into a new vision possessing beauty, charm and distinction. It is the work of an artist, and before the work of any true artist we can afford to forget all questions of school or style and be content to enjoy and to admire.

K. C.

A PORTRAIT BY SARGENT

IN one of the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art now hangs a new portrait of Mr. Marquand, the president of that institution, by Mr. Sargent. On the other side of Lerolle's big picture of the "Organ Rehearsal," which it flanks, is M. Bonnat's portrait of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, the first president. Mr. Sargent has placed his sitter in the familiar camera-obscura, on a white-wood chair, over the back of which his right arm is hooked comfortably, while the elbow of the left is supported on a little table at his side, the hand being brought up to the cheek. The little table, on which it was at first proposed to place some rare object of art, is one of Mr. Sargent's favorite articles of furniture, found by him in Italy, and the portrait was executed in his London studio in the summer of 1897, Mr. Marquand giving him a number of sittings. The quality of the white of the chair is a faint echo of the olive curtain which hangs perpendicularly behind it to the left;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



John S. Sargent's portrait of Henry G. Marquand.
(By permission of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

the flesh-tints furnish pleasant, warm, complementary tones, and there is good color and a suggestion of fine material in the dark-blue suit which the gentleman wears. Notwithstanding the irritating reflections of foreign objects in the glass plate which covers the picture, it is evident that this is the work of a portrait-painter who has a great regard for color.

The flesh of the face and hands is constructed and painted with all Mr. Sargent's extraordinary ability, with that apparent summariness of procedure which is so striking. There is his usual complete avoidance of those muddy and slaty shadows in the flesh which the conventional painter employs, and which this one replaces with certain grayish-orange-pinks, sometimes deepening into almost vermilion, and certain greenish-grays which suggest raw umber and cobalt. These colors are not truly those actually seen in flesh, and the opaque bluish shadow is generally nearer to what the painter, and certainly the layman, really sees; but, as is known, good painting is effected only by declining to believe implicitly in our eyes, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by supplementing their testimony with general analytical knowledge. Certainly Mr. Sargent's pleasant translucent tones give very much more nearly the impression of what we see in human flesh, and what we know is in it, than do, *e.g.*, M. Bonnat's almost dirty shadows. The prodigious ability in the construction of the head and hands excites frank admiration; the careful rounding of the high forehead, the rendering of the lack of symmetry between the two sides of the face, the glassy quality of the eyes, which, at the same time, retain their curious, intent look; the very summary modelling and painting of the hands, which are full of action, and the action of which is of the greatest importance in the composition and in the general presentation of the living man.

All this very superior technical ability is supplemented by much of the true portrait-painter's instinct in divining character, general judgment as to what aspect of the character to present, and by a courage that is truly surprising. The result is a personification in paint of a living being that is so very vivid that even the usual indifferent Sunday-afternoon visitor to the galleries is arrested by it. Mr. Sargent's decision and hardihood are not the least surprising articles in his technical equipment. M. Bonnat, of the Académie, for instance, a few feet farther on, would never have ventured to present so distinguished a sitter in such an alert, momentary pose, and with such an almost querulous intentness of gaze. The contrast between Mr. Marquand and Mr. Johnston extends to every detail of the conception and the execution. The latter sits in a helpless condition in an upholstered chair, his body—wearied with the long sitting—settling down on itself, his face looking at you with an intelligent lack of expression of any kind, and his plump hands (very dirty in the shadows, these) clasping the tips of each other's fingers before him in a dull sort of way that was probably not in the least characteristic, and never should have been painted, if it were. The lack of real distinction, of style, of the best expression of character, extends even to the position of the legs, to the black velvet coat and gray trousers, and the commonplace red plush chair.

On the other hand, as there is no exact ground in the metaphysics of these processes which undertakes to represent immaterial things by tangible ones, there will never be unanimity over the peculiar side of his sitter's individuality which the painter selects to perpetuate. That, in this case of Mr. Sargent's, there is a superlative presentation of the sitter in one aspect, "in his habit as he lived," there is no doubt; there is only room for speculation as to whether there was not another superlative presentation possible of another—perhaps a more comprehensive, less momentary—aspect of complex human character.

W. W.

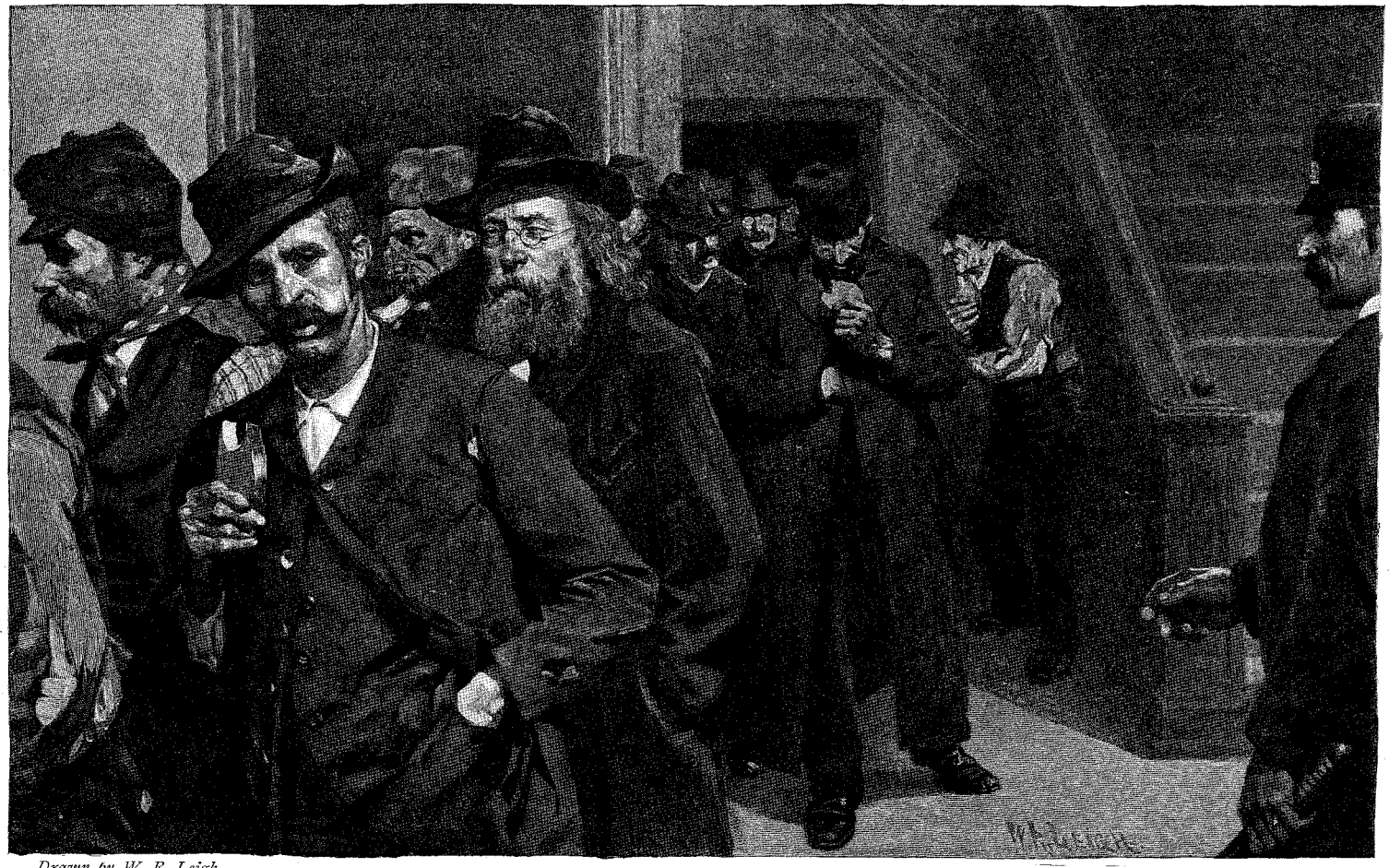
The placing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the valuable portrait criticised in the above notice gives occasion to comment upon the fitness of its presence there, and the great benefaction which, in a sense, it commemorates. Mr. Marquand's gifts to the Museum have been so great that their number and their pecuniary value alone make them very notable; but this is in comparison a trifle, nor is the mere extent and cost of the gift unexampled. That which makes remarkable this donation of Mr. Marquand's to the Museum is its high quality; the variety, at once, and the precious nature of the works of art included in it.

This is all spoken of together as one gift, although the works of art have been given at different times. It is fitting so to consider them together, as a single donation, because there has been an incessant following up of one gift by another. That beneficent spirit has never been weary, nor has the wisdom of choice ever been less visible than it was at first. The Museum is enriched by Mr. Marquand's purchases in a way in which assuredly no Museum was ever enriched before; they are so admirable in their choice as well as so abundant and varied in their kind.

It has not been given to Mr. Marquand's administration to put the Museum on the firm basis of intelligent and scientific management. For organization, for arrangement, for cataloguing, for the development of each department in the hands of a competent expert, for the true creation of a permanent museum-establishment, we have still to go to our neighbor city on Massachusetts Bay. What has been Mr. Marquand's work he has done exceptionally well, and when the time comes for skilful and scholarly management of the great institution in Central Park, the managers will find a wealth of material in their hands of which a most notable proportion is the gift of Henry G. Marquand.

R. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

THE WORKERS.—THE POLICE-STATION BREAKFAST.

—See page 429.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED